BY MARY DAVENANT.

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AN EXPERIMENT LIVING. TN

BY MARY DAVENANT.

Fleming, as he drew off his overcoat, to the servant that answered the bell.

stairs, while the gentleman walked into the dining room and took up a newspaper, as he stood warming himself before the fire.

Mr. Fleming had read the newspaper before he went to his counting-house, in the morning, so he soon got tired of his occupation. The dinner did not appear, and after looking at his watch, he gave another thundering pull at the bell. This time it was answered by his wife, a pretty, intelligent, quiet-looking woman.

"Why can't we have dinner?" said her husband, frowning in reply to her smiling salutation -"I have been waiting for it this half hour."

"I did not think it was more than ten minutes since I heard you come in," she answered-"but table." I will see what detains it."

After a few minutes further delay the dinner; housekeeper." was served, and Mrs. Fleming, with fear and trembling, took her seat opposite her husband, who began to carve the dish before him.

"Done to a chip, of course-after keeping us! Fleming. waiting such an interminable time-not one drop of red gravy, though it was as fine a piece of beef? as ever came from market. This is too bad, Julia. Yesterday the meat was raw, to-day it is burned to a cinder—and the potatoes, hard as Stones!"

"It is very bad indeed," said Mrs. Fleming, looking distressed.

"Very bad! it is intolerable-not to be borne with for a single moment-but it seems to me you can bear anything," said Mr. Fleming, whose irritation was increased by his wife's imperturbability. "Why don't you turn the woman out? of the house at once?"

"Because I had a very good character of her, ? Vol. XIX.-14

"DINNER, dinner at once, Martha," said Mr.; and she is so civil and obliging, that I hope after a little instruction she will do better."

"Nonsense, she will never do better. But it "Yes, sir," said Martha, disappearing down; seems to me you have the luck of getting all the bad servants in town, and then are afraid to turn them off. We have not had a decent cook in the house for months."

> "No, not since Catharine left us—and yet when she first came she knew but little, but she was apt and patient, and soon learned."

> "The folly is in taking people that are so ignorant."

> "But there are so few good cooks to be had," said Mrs. Fleming.

> "That is the truth, women are seldom good cooks, men are far better. They are better housekeepers too-look at Ned Harcourt-you would never see such a dinner as this on his

> Mr. Harcourt is very rich, and has a first rate

"No-he sees to everything himself, and says it does not take him fifteen minutes in the day."

"I wish I could learn his secret!" sighed Mrs.

"I wish you could with all my heart, but you have no talent for housekeeping. Indeed I am often tempted to undertake the business myself, just to show you how things could be managed."

Mrs. Fleming's face brightened, and there was a wicked little sparkle in her eye as she said-"oh, if you only would I should be too glad!you will then know something of my difficulties." "Pooh!-they are all in your own imagination. The way is plain enough-get good servants, provide them with good materials, and give them plain directions, which they must obey. I declare if I thought you would not interfere with me I

"I promise you on my honor, I will not inter-

would begin at once."

fere by word, look or sign with the servants. They shall go to you for everything, and I will be just like a visitor in the house. Oh, it will be too delightful!" said Mrs. Fleming, clapping her hands with child-like glee—"and how long may my holiday last?" she added.

"How—let me see—my busy time will not begin for a month at least, and by then you can learn how little time and thought these things take when they are properly managed. I will begin by clearing the house of this woman—Martha, go and tell the cook I shall have no further need of her services. I will stop at an intelligence office as I go down the street, and tell them to send me a first rate cook by to-mor-

The wicked twinkle in Mrs. Fleming's eye grew brighter as she listened to this auspicious commencement. "I have a bargain to make with you," she said, "it is that if I find no fault with you when you happen to make a mistake, that you will promise to be equally forbearing with me when I resume the reins of government."

row."

"I promise certainly. But I am sure I never do find fault except when things are past all bearing——"

He was interrupted by the dining-room door

being flung open, and there, "fierce as ten furies," stood the discharged cook, to whom Martha had just delivered, with sundry improvements of her own, the orders of the master. Mrs. Fleming, to avoid the scene that was to ensue, slipped out of the room and sought refuge in her own, where she could just distinguish the loud and angry Hibernian intonations, and her husband's authoritative voice in reply.

Though rather frightened, Mrs. Fleming did not regret the turn affairs had taken. She felt that her domestic happiness had of late been fast slipping away from her, owing to the captious, dissatisfied spirit that was growing upon her husband. They had married two years before from the purest and most disinterested affection, an affection tried to the uttermost by the opposition of friends and untowardness of fortune.

Julia Wilton, high-born, beautiful, accomplished and intellectual, was intended by her family to make a brilliant match, and when it was found she had given her hand irrevocably to William Fleming, "a youth to fortune and to fame unknown," the same affectionate family were extremely indignant, and insisted she should sacrifice her fondest feelings to their ambition. Various were the domestic persecutions she endured unflinchingly for his sake, clinging only the more closely to him because she felt he was unjustly dealt with by others.

Fleming on his part was equally devoted, and

energy with which he overcame obstacles, which to feebler characters would have seemed insurmountable. The love of both had only strengthened in the ordeal it had passed through, and when at last fortune smiled and friends consent was won, they believed themselves, and were the happiest of mortals.

But it often happens that a spirit that rises

under great trials, sinks when it comes in con-

proved the strength of his attachment by the

flict with the minor miseries that make up so large a proportion of the unhappiness of our life. Julia's marriage removed her from a luxurious home, where a striving, active mother, who made her housekeeping the business of her life, and almost the sole subject of her thoughts, had left her at entire liberty to indulge her intellectual and social tastes, and devote her time to her various accomplishments. Her mother's entire absorption in household cares had had the very common effect of leading her daughter to underrate their importance, and while she revelled in the luxury of the thoroughly regulated domestic machinery, she undervalued the skill and talent of the engineer who kept its springs in motion. Indeed her notions at the time of her marriage were very much like those just expressed by her husband-that housekeeping was the simplest thing in the world, and that it would require but

than housekeeping in practice. She had conquered difficulties in science, difficulties in art, and difficulties in love—but to the difficulties in housekeeping she saw no end. She set herself bravely to work, however, and though often discouraged, felt she made some progress in acquiring the knowledge she found so necessary to her, but she never could bring herself to take pleasure in the duties it involved. They were always onerous to her, and when she had wearied and denied herself in their performance, she needed the encouragement and support of him for whose gratification alone they were made.

a few minutes in the day to regulate everything.

housekeeping in theory was a far easier thing

But alas! poor Julia soon discovered that

At first they had laughed together over her ignorance, but as time went on and Julia felt she had gained both knowledge and experience, she was often sorely tried by the greater pleasure her husband took in criticising the failures in her arrangements, than in praising her success. Indeed the former often put him into such an ill-humor, that poor Julia often sighed in secret at remembering how heartily she had laughed at hearing a witty friend assert as the result of her observation, "that a lover could bear a great deal, but that she never yet had seen a husband whose love could stand the ordeal of a badly boiled potato."

Fortunately Julia had been blessed by heaven with a gentle temper, as well as an excellent judgment. She bore her husband's sarcasms with admirable patience, but it grieved her to discover that instead of welcoming, as she once did, his return to dinner as a period of unmixed enjoyment, she would often feel a sort of fear that all her love could not cast out. She did not, therefore, regret then this comfort she saw would ensue in the experiment he wanted to make, hoping its results would teach him forbearance for the future.

When the storm below had stilled, Mrs. Fleming returned to her husband, and found him walking the roof in high excitement.

"Well, Julia," he said, "you did well to beat a retreat before your 'civil, obliging' cook. You should have heard the torrent of Irish billingsgate she poured out upon me."

"I am thankful I did not," said Mrs. Fleming, "but when is she to go? I am afraid to have her in the house with us when she is in such a fury."

"Oh, she will be off at once, and without her wages which I offered her, but she would not touch because I refused to pay her until the end of the month. She threatens to sue me for them! By Jupiter! it is too provoking to be brought in contact with such an abusive creature—but she is the last of that class that shall ever enter my doors—it is indeed high time I should take the law into my own hands." So saying, Mr. Fleming left the house to cool his indignation by a walk to his place of business.

In the evening, instead of the cosy little teatable his wife always took pleasure in having prepared for him, there was a loaf of bread, a pound of butter, and a cup of weak tes, which Julia declared he should pour out himself in accordance with his newly assumed position. As there was no cook in the house no fault could be found, but they had promised him a first rate one at the intelligence office, so Mr. Fleming lived in hopes of better fare. At breakfast next morning it was worse yet. The coffee was not drinkable, yet wretched as it was, Martha had been so occupied by its concoction, that she had neglected to attend to the dining-room fire. with chattering teeth, Mr. Fleming forced down half a cup of the detestable mixture with a piece of cold bread, and then rushed off to his counting-house in a thorough ill-humor.

When there he became so absorbed in business that his domestic cares were forgotten, and it was not until he bont his steps homeward at three o'clock, that Mr. Fleming began to reflect upon the possibilities of his getting any dinner. He found the cloth nicely laid, however, and his wife beautifully dressed, ready to receive him

with her sweetest smile. She had spent her morning delightfully. First she had taken a good practising on her piano-forte. Then she had finished a pleasant book, and afterward had paid some very agreeable visits. Indeed she had so much that was interesting to tell him, and looked so very pretty, that Mr. Fleming could not get into an ill-humor, even though the only dish that appeared on table was the identical piece of over-roasted beef, which had been the cause of all his privations for the last twentyfour hours. Still, cold beef will keep even an epicure from starving, and Mr. Fleming's dinner hour passed away so pleasantly, that it was with difficulty he could leave his bewitching little wife to attend to an indispensable engagement.

Just as he was about leaving the house, he was accosted by a tall, raw-boned Irish woman, who announced herself as the promised artiste from the intelligence office, and Julia could not help listening to the colloquy that ensued.

"Are you a first rate cook?" her husband asked.

"Sure I am y're honor," was the prompt reply. "Haven't I cooked three years for Counsellor Kasey, in Dublin, to say nothing of two years for his honor's worship, Judge M——, in New York, and five years for Senator N——?"

"Well, if you have lived in such excellent places, I think you must understand your business."

"Not a woman knows it better in all the states, your honor. Roasting, boiling, stewing, frying, baking and confections, I understand them all entirely."

"Can you obey orders implicitly?" asked Mr. Fleming.

"Sure I can, your honor."

"Well, that is all I ask—you can come to-morrow morning early," and so the bargain was concluded without a reference to moral character, cleanliness, or any other important requisite.

In the morning, Mr. Fleming left the house with an order to his new domestic to cook in her best style whatever he should send from market. In total forgetfulness of the nature of his directions, he sent home, as usual, a supply for several days, all of which, to his consternation, was served, very poorly cooked, for that one day's dinner.

"The woman must be an idiot," he said, "as well as an impostor, that knows nothing of her business—but I believe an Irish woman would answer 'yes, your honor,' if you were to ask her if she could calculate an eclipse."

"This one knows how to obey orders, however," replied his wife, "yours were very positive."

"Well, we must make out with cold dinner

for a day or two—meantime I can tell them to to a crisp was before the fire—a costly china dish send us somebody else." lay shivered on the hearth, and the cysters it had

To Mr. Fleming's surprise, however, when his new official presented herself, looking disgustingly dirty, to receive his orders next morning, she informed him "there was nothing in the house—just nothing but a scrap of the mate and some of the turkey's bones," which on investigation was found to be the truth; the rest of the provision which should have lasted three days having entirely disappeared—probably into the basket of one of Biddy's family.

Mr. Fleming was indignant beyond expression, dismissed the offender on the spot, after paying her two dollars, which she demanded as a week's wages, and sent a dinner from a restorateur's, for which he was obliged to pay two more. same day he was summoned to appear before a magistrate on a suit from Biddy's predecessor in office, and found himself obliged to pay the sum she demanded, which so irritated him that he vowed he would never have another cook in his house, but provide himself constantly from a restorateur's. This he did for some days at about three times the usual cost of his meals, until Martha proving restive and threatening to leave in consequence of having double duty to perform, a colored woman was procured, who brought a recommendation as a first rate cook, which she really proved to be, and then Mr. Fleming flattered himself everything would go on smoothly.

But though his dinners were now done to a turn, the constant annoyance about domestic matters jaded and irritated him, besides which he could not help missing a certain nicety of arrangement which he had never valued until deprived of it. Faithful to her promise, Julia never interfered by giving a single direction, and the result was that a general air of neglect began to pervade the whole establishment. Things got broken and out of place-rooms were cold and ill-arranged, lamps unfrimmed, and gas not lighted at the proper hours. Though suffering from all these inconveniences, Julia never seemed to observe them. She was always in a good humor, sympathized with her husband's self-imposed trials, but never by wood or look offered either reproach or advice. Indeed she enjoyed her exemption from domestic cares as a child does a holiday, and made the most of her leisure by visiting long-neglected friends, and resuming long-neglected studies.

One day on her return home before dinner, Martha met her with a face of terror, and begged her to come down stairs. On entering her formerly well-arranged kitchen, Julia could hardly restrain a cry of affright. Pots, pans and kettles, broken plates and dishes were strewn about in dire confusion; a turkey half raw and half burned

to a crisp was before the fire—a costly china dish lay shivered on the hearth, and the oysters it had contained were strewn around it. It was a perfect pandæmonium, and the "first rate cook" lay dead drunk upon the floor!

As Julia was standing in helpless consternation amid the wreck of matter that surrounded her, she heard her husband enter the house. He had not come alone, for certain, as he thought, of a very good dinner, he had on meeting his friend Ned Harcourt invited him to come home and dine with him; and he was running down to his wine closet to select a choice bottle for them to discuss together, when his wife's voice summoned him to her side.

moned him to her side.

"What shall we do?" she asked, after he had stood a moment surveying the scene in horror.

"Nothing, my love," he replied, with a sort of desperate calmness—"but send off to F——'s and get another dinner as fast as it can be got. Harcourt has come to dine with me, and he shall not leave before I tell him what a deuced fool I have made myself by believing all the nonsense he told me. If you served me right you would not speak to me for a month for bringing this trouble upon you—but you are an angel, and always seem one—and if I ever find fault with your housekeeping again, may I be—divorced!"

So saying, Mr. Fleming kissed and soothed his frightened wife, and then went to his wine closet, in which he found he had left the key some days before, and where the disappearance of six bottles of his choicest wine soon explained the state of affairs in his kitchen.

When Julia had recovered herself sufficiently to present herself before her guest, she found her husband had laughed himself into a good humor over the history of his misfortunes.

"Look here, Julia," he said, "I have just been calculating how much my experiment has cost in money, to say nothing of two weeks worriment that no money can pay for. Two weeks wages in advance, three dollars—Biddy two dollars—dinners from French cook twelve dollars—lawyer five dollars. Breakage at least ten—dinners spoiled and stolen five dollars—six bottles choice wine ten more. Total forty-seven dollars!—why it would have bought you the suit of furs you wanted so much, Julia, and thought you could not afford to get."

"The money has been better spent if I mistake not, my dear madam," said Mr. Harcourt, laughing. "From his own account of matters, my friend here does not seem to have been fully aware till now what a happy, enviable fellow he is. But he will never find fault with your management again, my word for it."

Mr. Harcourt spoke truth. Mr. Fleming never forgot the lesson he had learned; and Julia,

and character. Since his marriage he often her housekeeping rather a pleasure than a toil. laughingly thanks his brother-in-law for his hap-As to Mr. Harcourt, he actually lost his heart to piness, and declares he owes it to having listened his friend's wife on the memorable day we have to his confession of the result of his EXPERIMENT described, but soon after transferred it to her

who he thought resembled her both in person

vounger sister, who came on to visit her, and IN LIVING.

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secure of his approbation, from that time found

DORA ATHERTON;: OR, THE SCHOOLMASTER'S DAUGHTER. BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM."

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DORA ATHERTON;

OR, THE SCHOOLMASTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM."

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 162.

MEANWHILE Dora toiled on, in her arduous occupation, endeavoring to maintain a cheerful spirit, and hoping for a brighter future.

How or when that better day was to come she could not even imagine, for every prospect alike appeared dull and comfortless; but, without that hope she would almost have died, and so she clung to it tenaciously.

It is true she was never now without work, for the foreman of Mr. Thomasten, finding how well she sewed always had a job for her, when there was none even for Susan. But the very care which Dora took lessened her gains, as it prevented her doing as much as others. It was, indeed, with the utmost difficulty that she could earn sufficient to defray her expenses: and the prospect of a possible sickness, for the confinement already began to affect her health, sometimes nearly discouraged her.

Often she had to sew, far into the night, in order to finish a piece of work in time; and then, with weary eyes and a painful chest, she would lie down to a troubled sleep, waking, the next morning, only to resume the same harrassing labor. Her cheek paled and her strength gave way under all this; and often the tears came into her eyes as she thought of the old happy days with her father and Paul. Oh! how she longed, at times, for the breezy hills where she had lived so long; for a sight of the clouds sailing over the placid pond; for the sound of the wind in the forest; or for the perfume of wild flowers or new mown hay.

Dora had other troubles too. From the day he had first beheld her, young Thomaston had not ceased to insult her by his notice. He had never, indeed, spoken to her as yet; but, in spite of her avoidance of him, she feared he would. To prevent this she always waited until Susan could accompany her, before she would go to the elothing store. Yet, even in this, there was much that was unpleasant. Susan was weak enough to be flattered by the notice of this profligate, which she appropriated entirely to herself; and was continually talking of him.

"Don't you think he looks like Lord Mortimer?" she said to Dora, one day. "I'm sure he does. I got the 'Children of the Abbey' from the Circulating Library, last week, to read over again, for I felt confident that Amanda's lover was just like Mr. Thomaston; and it is so. He has exactly the same colored eyes."

"I never read the novel you speak of," replied Dora. "But, indeed, dear Susan, I wish you would not talk of this young man. He is vulgar as well as wicked, depend on it."

"La, now, you can't mean what you say," said Susan: and then, looking back, she exclaimed with a heightened color, "I declare if he hasn't followed us all the way home."

As Dora led the way into Mrs. Harper's house, she did in fact see the young man, loitering at the corner. He caught Dora's eye, and lifted his hat. Our heroine indignantly hurried into the house, dragging Susan after her, but not until the latter had dropped a courtesy in reply to the salute.

About a week after this Dora found herself compelled to go out alone to the clothing store. Susan had been confined, to the house, for several days, by a sore throat, and it was absolutely necessary that Dora should carry back the work of both, and obtain more. Accordingly she left Mrs. Harper's toward sunset, thinking that at this period of the day she would be less apt to meet her tormentor; for she had been informed that he, in common with other young bloods, generally rode out of town in the afternoon.

She had completed her errand, and was hurrying home, for the dusk drew rapidly on, when, to her dismay, she beheld the object of her aversion sauntering toward her.

She hastened to turn down the next street, hoping thus to avoid him. But he had already seen Dora, and thanking his lucky fortune, he proceeded, at a quickened pace, to follow her. Dora, hearing a rapid footstep behind her, became conscious instinctively that it was his, and, with a beating heart, increased her own already swift gait. Still the pursuing tread was heard,

and not daring to look around, she hurried on until she almost ran. Once or twice there was a cough, as if to attract her attention. Meantime few persons were in sight, for the twilight was fast fading. Nearer and nearer the footsteps approached. Dora's nervous alarm now amounted almost to agony, for her antipathy to this young man was that of positive horror, and she saw no way of escaping the insult of being addressed by him.

Suddenly she beheld a form, that struck her

Suddenly she beheld a form, that struck her as familiar, a little in advance. It was that of a man, somewhat roughly attired, but walking with a certain erect and independent air that inspired confidence, for it bespoke the perfection of manly fearlessness. A second glance assured her that the person before her was a fellow boarder, a young painter named Butler, whom she had often received small civilities from at table. Her acquaintance, indeed, was of the slightest; but sufficient for the present emergency; so accelerating her pace to a run, she was soon at the young man's side.

"Miss Atherton, I declare," he exclaimed, looking around at the sound of footsteps, "running too—how you surprised me." Dora was out of breath equally with agitation

which he offered; but it was a minute before she could speak.

"I was belated," she said, at last, with some confusion, "and believe I became frightened.

and with her rapid pace. She took his arm,

confusion, "and believe I became frightened. But you are going home? If not," and she suddenly withdrew her arm, and blushed, "if not I will not trouble you—"

"I am going home," he replied, presenting his arm again; and then he added, "excuse me, Miss Atherton, but I fear that coxcomb yonder has been following you. If so, only give me leave, and I'll make him rue it, the longest day he lives. The conceited, perfumed monkey," he added, bitterly. "Does he think his father's money gives him the right to insult females? I funcied, once before, that I saw him following Susan and you."

Dora was alarmed at his vehemence. She had long guessed, from Butler's manner, that he loved Susan; and she thought it best to soothe him; for she saw that personal jealousy would otherwise aid his class-hatred against young Mr. Thomaston.

"Oh! don't—for the world," she said, "take any notice of it. Perhaps I was mistaken. I'm from the country, you know, and easily flurried. Pray, pray, don't get into any foolish quarrel."

From that day Dora took more notice of the young painter, and often wondered that she had neglected him so long. Butler was an extraordinary person. He had been, as she learned from

Mrs. Harper, with whom he was a great favorite, an orphan, who, from infancy, had never known a parent's care. How he passed the first ten years of his life no one knew but himself; for it was a subject on which he was studiously reserved: but he had endured every physical privation, and been entirely without mental or moral education. Originally, however, of a strong mind, which had become sharpened by necessity, he had gradually fought his way upward until he had become a house and sign-painter, the business which he now, as a journeyman, followed. Most of his evenings were spent at home in reading or drawing, for he was ambitious to acquire knowledge and to become a great artist. Occasionally, however, he went to a club, of which he was a prominent member, and where all the great political, social, and religious questions of the day, as they came up, were discussed.

Dora was much struck with his fine, intellectual face, as well as with its expression of energy and manliness. His forchead was square, massive, and full of character; while the overhanging brows gave the dark eyes unusual meaning. Altogether, in looking on Butler, Dora felt, unused as sho was to studying physiognomy, that she beheld the fit tenement of as wild and rugged, yet powerful mind as God ever bestowed on a man. Education, as yet, had evidently done little for that great soul; but there it was, like a slumbering volcano; and woe to the world if, when it blazed forth in the maturity of its powers, it was not rightly controlled!

"It's strange," said Mrs. Harper, who though unable entirely to comprehend Butler, yet saw the discrepancy to which she was about to allude, "its strange that he loves Susan. Have you ever noticed how he watches every movement of hers? He seems to worship the very ground she treads on. Susan is a good girl enough, and pretty; but she's not the one for him. No—no."

"I think I can explain it," said Dora. "Susan is exceedingly graceful, and Mr. Butler has an artist's eye. He is attracted by her elegance, so different from what he usually sees."

But, notwithstanding this, Dora often wondered

at the adoration which Butler displayed for Susan. Dora well knew the latter's faults, and especially her frivolous intellect. Between Susan and her lover there could be no real sympathy. However, in spite of his love, or rather perhaps in consequence of it, Butler rarely attempted to converse with his mistress; but watched her at a distance, like that Indian worshipper, to whom Helena compared herself, adoring the sun, content to look and reverence. On her part, Susan, though she saw her lover's devotion, neither permanently encouraged nor rebuked it; but by a

system of coquetry, natural perhaps to her, now smiled and now frowned on him. In her secret heart she despised the humble station of her adorer, though she could not but see his great talents. She possibly intended to marry him, after awhile, if none of her romantic visions should be realized; but as she felt certain, foolish girl as she was, that some rich and handsome lover would yet present himself, she only, at present, amused herself with Butler for want of a better admirer.

Meantime this vain, giddy creature, who was thus selfishly speculating on as ardent on affects.

thus selfishly speculating on as ardent an affection as was ever entertained, formed a part even of Batler's dreams of ambition. His most enger wish was to become-how he knew not as yeta great artist, like Michael Angelo, or Raphael, or Rubens, or Titian, or Guido; but, in his visions of a bright career in the future, the form and face of Susan ever came, the one attired in the luxury befitting its graceful movements, the other levelier than even now, and beaming with happy smiles for her artist husband. She was, indeed, his divinity. He reproduced her continually in his drawings; he took her part in every discussion, no matter what she had asserted: and a poem, which he published, full of rugged, Titanic power, addressed to an ideal spirit, was evidently intended for Susan.

Mr. Thomaston. Not having met him when she had been out lately, she began to hope he had given up the pursuit of her: and, to assure herself, she asked Susan, one day, if she had seen him lately; for Susan had generally gone to the clothing store alone, and for both of them, and hence had been abroad the most.

The girl blushed, and was embarrassed, but

The spring was now half spent. A month had

elapsed since Dora had been dogged by young

The girl blushed, and was embarrassed, but Dora scarcely noticed this, though, at a later day, it recurred forcibly to her.

"I have seen him once or twice," said Susan, stammeringly: and then she started another subject. Neither of this did Dora take note, though she recollected it, subsequently, with sorrow.

At last, one Saturday, Dora stole a half day from her task, in order to take a walk into the country. The trees were leafing in the public squares; the air was balmy; and the sky fleeked with white clouds on a clear azure: it was a day to fill the votary of rural life with irresistible longings for green fields and violet fringed brooks; and Dora resolved to steal away, for a few hours at least. She asked Susan to accompany her; but Susan wished to buy some ribands: and so Dora set out alone.

What a happy afternoon it was! A cheap, public conveyance carried Dora to the edge of the city, where she stopped awhile at a public

promenade; and thence she extended her walk into the country. She passed up a hilly road, alongside of an old wood, and, entering the precincts of this bit of forest-land, hunted for the blood-root and anemone, till, emerging suddenly upon a piece of wild mendow land, she discovered a nest of the sweetest and finest violets that her eyes had ever beheld. With what delicious emotions she ran hither and thither, plucking the fragrant flowers, or paused to hear the cow-bells tinkling softly, while occasionally the bleating of sheep rose from a neighboring field. By-and-bye she wandered further on, and came to a patch of new-budding wheat: and oh! how intensely green it was, with its millions of young shoots. seemed to her as if she could never be satisfied with gazing on that green field, she who had been so long blinded with sewing on dark cloth, or with the cheerless prospect of brick houses beheld from her window. And so, all that bright afternoon, she wandered on. Eve was not happier in Paradise, before she fell, than was Dora.

At last the declining sun warned her to return. She had overlooked, however, the distance she had come, and by the time she retraced her steps to where she found a conveyance, it was nearly dark. Long before the coach reached the heart of the city, night had fallen; and when, at last, she was set down, she had several squares yet to walk.

As the moon would rise about nine o'clock,

none of the public lamps had been lit, and consequently the streets were unusually dark. Dora was so clated, however, that she never thought of danger, until she found herself suddenly opposite the clothing store, which lay directly in her route homeward. Then the idea of her persecutor flashed upon her. At that instant a young man, who had stood at the dager, idly watching the passers, crossed the street with a quick step and followed Dora.

Our heroine knew at once that it was young Mr. Thomaston. Her heart leaped into her throat; her knees tottered; she thought she was about to fall: but summoning all her energies, she hurried on, hoping to shake off her tormentor.

A quick, clastic footstep, however, followed close after her; it drew nearer; it was at her side. She did not look around, or take any notice of it, except to quicken her pace, breathing hard and fast like a frightened deer.

"Allow me, miss," said a voice beside her, "to see you home."

The words were respectful enough, but the tone was conceited and insolent. The first impulse of Dora was to turn and strike the man; but she feared, on second thought, to do this, for no one else was in sight; and what might he not do? Fear followed this sudden courage, fear

deeper than before: and her only reply was to increase her pace almost to a run.
"You shouldn't go so fast, miss," said her pertinacious insulter, keeping close at her side.

"You shouldn't go so fast, miss," said her pertinacious insulter, keeping close at her side. "There's no harm meant you—I'll take care of that. Come," he added, after a pause, "don't coquet any longer. You're a handsome gal, by Jove, and you know it: and I'm ready to do any thing to prove that I adore you."

How insufferably disgusted, yet indignant Dora was at all this. Yet what could she do? To call for help was only to make a scene and give publicity to the insult. She hurried on, therefore, in silence, but kept her face turned from her companion.

"I say, my pretty bird, don't tire your little feet: its no use," resumed her tormentor, "for I'll stick by you whether you go fast or slow. You're not in earnest surely, in seeking to avoid me. By Jove, miss, I can make it a thousand times more to your advantage to love me, than to keep on working for the governor—."

He would have said more, but, at this insult of insults, Dora's indignation blazed to a height that extinguished all fear. Stopping suddenly, and facing around at her persecutor, she said, while her form seemed positively to dilate before his astonished eyes.

"Leave me, sir, this instant. How dare you speak to me?"

For an instant the young libertine gazed stupified upon her: then, noticing that no one was near, he seemed to collect his faculties again. He gave a low significant whistle.

"By Jove," he said, "you're sublime—positively sublime. Gad, I love you better than ever. Come, miss—you act splendidly—but let's lay off the tragedy-queen and speak in earnest."

And, with insufferable self-conceit, for he really seemed to think Dora was acting, he offered her his arm.

This last indignity was too much for Dora. In all her visions of the hardships of a poor and unprotected young female in a great city, the possibility of being thus persecuted, by infamos addresses, had never entered her mind. She felt degraded immeasurably, and almost loathed herself. This, and the utter helplessness of her situation broke down her courage; and she burst into tears, hurrying forward again.

Her repulsion toward her tormentor was now too plain for him to mistake. But anger came to his aid when his self-assurance failed; and though he hesitated for a moment, he finally, with a secret oath, followed Dora. At first he threatened, but soon he began to plead, and, as no reply was made to him but sobs, he became enraged once more, and again used threats. She should lose her employment, he said; she should

rue her coquetry, for he still persisted in calling it such; she had some low fellow of a mechanio, he said, with an oath, whom she liked, he supposed, and he would teach the lout not to come between him and his betters.

At last Dora reached Mrs. Harper's. Eagerly

she rang the bell, and, half dead with shame, affright and indignation, leaned her tottering limbs against the lintel. Not a word had passed her lips since she had faced her tormentor, for that brief moment; and now, as he saw his prey about to escape him, rage overcame every other feeling in the base young libertine's heart.

"By G—," he said to himself, "she shall not

escape me so. I'll have a kiss, at least, to punish her for her insolence. She'll not dare to make a fuss publicly about it." He was a coward, a pitiful coward even then. "I'll not be foiled for nothing." And, with the words, he suddenly seized. Dora by one arm, and wheeled her, little expecting so gross an assault, directly around, facing him.

Bewildered and weak, yet with all her dignity aroused, Dora pushed him from her, by a violent effort, in which she had concentrated all her strength. At the same instant the door opened, and Mrs. Harper appeared, bearing a light.

Like a frightened fawn Dora darted forward, rushing past Mrs. Harper, who stood, for a moment, holding the door open, unable to comprehend the scene.

It was a moment, too, before the discomfited libertine could understand this sudden turn of affairs. His first impulse, after being thrust away by Dora, was to return to the attack; and he actually advanced as far as the threshold for that purpose; but here the form of Mrs. Harper, who now saw the whole mystery, interposed.

The good landlady, as we have seen, had a

tongue that never spared wrong; and her blood was now all on fire. She thrust her candle in the young man's face, till he started back affrighted.

"You impudent rascal, what are you doing

here?" she said. "You call yourself a gentleman, and yet insult young ladies because they happen to be poor. Get away, this instant, or I'll have you soundly whipped, for there are men inside, who, though they don't wear as fine a coat as you, have the hearts of real gentlemen, and would, if they know you had followed this young lady home, beat every bone of your body into a jelly. Yes, you may well skulk away," she said, raising her voice, as the baffled coxcomb sneaked off, "I wish I had a dog to set on you, for you're worse than a common thief. If it wasn't for involving the young lady's name with such a dirty one as your own, I'd call the police and hand you over to justice——"

But here Dorn, who had stood, half fainting, behind Mrs. Harper, recovered her senses in part, and came forward.

"For mercy's sake," she said, putting her hand on the angry woman's mouth, "don't raise the neighbors, dear Mrs. Harper. Oh! I wouldn't have my name," she continued, bursting into tears, "mixed up in this terrible affair for the world."

By this time the aggressor, hastening his pace, for he began to be seriously alarmed for the consequences of his late conduct, had passed almost out of hearing; and Mrs. Harper allowed herself to be drawn back into the hall, and the door to be closed. This had searcely been done when the boarders, who had been assembled in the common parlor, began to flock out, attracted by the noise. Dora, however, did not stop to be questioned, but whispering into Mrs. Harper's ear not to explain, darted by the curious crowd and hurried up to her own apartment, where she

Mrs. Harper, though indignation had carried her away so entirely, at seeing her favorite insulted, immediately recovered her presence of mind, and to the score of questions addressed to her as to what was the matter, answered curtly, "oh, nothing to make such an inquiry about—perhaps it was a drunken man, perhaps not—there's been noise enough already—and now, as supper's waited this half hour, we'll have it if you please."

sank on the bed in a fit of hysterical weeping.

Dorn's secret was, therefore, religiously kept: not even Susan acquiring it, though she made several indirect efforts.

After that evening Dora went no more to the clothing store. At first she expected that work would be supplied to her no longer; but in this she was mistaken; Susan, who always went alone, invariably brought back something for our heroine as well as for herself. Dora frequently remarked that, on these visits, Susan was absent longer than she need be; but this awakened no suspicion; indeed, why should it? Alas! in subsequent times this, with other pregnant facts, was re-called, but too late.

Meantime weeks passed. One evening, late in May, when the rain beat against the house, and the wind howled down the streets, the landlady, Dora, Susan and Butler found themselves sitting around the stove, in the public parlor, after the rest of the household had retired to bed. Butler had just came in from his debating society, and was drying his wet feet at the fire. He was moody and abstracted. The landlady undertook to soothe him.

- "You are dull, to-night," she said.
- Butler looked up, with a start. Her words dissipated his fit of abstraction.

"I was thinking," he said, "of the wrongs of we operatives. The great question of social reorganization was discussed to-night, and it has left me in a whirl of emotions both inexplicable

and painful."

The landlady smiled, shaking her head.
"Take care," she said, "that you are not med-

dling with subjects too deep for you."

"Too deep for us," said Butler, with startling vehemence, rising. "Can wrong be too deep for remedy? You profess to be a Christian, Mrs. Harper, yet hint that God sends us evils which we cannot overcome."

"And you, James," said the old lady, sadly, believe not, I fear, in God."

It was the first time that Dora had heard this intimated of Butler, and she looked at him with something of a shudder. She could scarcely believe that the massive forehead, so like solid granite, the intelligent eye, and the fine expression of the manly, though rugged face could belong to an infidel. Yet she knew enough of his early history, how he had never had any one to teach him the truths of Christianity, partly to understand this mystery. She pitied, therefore, rather than censured him; for she felt that, in spite of his irreligion, he had the elements of a noble character: it was a temple in ruins, but a temple still.

"And why should I believe, ma'am?" he replied, shaking back his shaggy hair, as a lion would when rousing himself from his lair. "When I look around me and behold the misery in which three-fourths of the world lie; when I see some men born to ease and opulence, and others, no worse, to suffering and poverty; when I mark how this bright and beautiful earth is filled with pain, woe and death; and when I find that civilization, ay! and Christianity itself, instead of remedying these natural evils, increases them by a defective social organization, can I, even if I would, believe in a God?—for a God, to be just, beneficent, or even wise, would not permit these evils, when a single word from his Omnipotent voice would destroy them forever." There was an eloquence and sincerity in this

There was an eloquence and sincerity in this impiety which profoundly interested Dora. Yet not for one moment, was she affected by the sophistry of the speaker: her clear mind, aided by the teachings of her father, had long ago resolved these questions; and she looked on this fervid, earnest soul with deep commisseration.

"You make me shudder, James," said the landlady. "I pray God to enlighten your heart. I can't answer you, but my faith tells me you are wrong."

Butler; who had been pacing the floor, stopped before the speaker.

efore the speaker.
"I believe you to be sincere, and I know you

to be good," he said, "but, if there is a God, why does he suffer all this evil? Why was I, with the aspirations of a Michael Angelo, born in this narrow sphere, and forced to drudge for my livelihood, when I ought to be devoting all my time to that study which is necessary to make me a true artist? Why was Susan, who is as elegant as the wealthiest of her sex, doomed to toil with the needle, and, perhaps, unless fortune interposes, die of a consumption, the fruits of stooping at her work? Why was Miss Atherton?"

A sudden impulse came over Dora to answer this great, but misguided soul, to answer him, at

this great, but misguided soul, to answer him, at least, as she had heard her father answer similar infidelity. It was, as it were, an inspiration. She forgot she was but a simple maiden, and only remembered the glorious truths which she had been taught in childhood. "Oh," she thought, "if I could, under God, make this man a Christian!"

She looked up with a heightened color and interrupted him; her voice at first a little tremulous, but gradually gaining strength as it proceeded.

"It seems to me, Mr. Butler," she said, "that you misapprehend the question. If there was no world beyond this, and to 'eat, drink and be merry' was the all in all of a created being, then God might be expected to be such as you think he should be, and pain, wee and death be unknown. But this is not the teaching of Chris-The Bible tells us that man is an imtianity. mortal soul, and that his existence here is but probationary. If so, all these trials, in which you think there is so much injustice, are but the discipline to prepare us for a better and eternal The oak attains its full majesty and vigor. not in summer weather alone, but amid the snows and storms of winter; and so the sorrows and temptations of this temporary existence educate us for the loftier career of eternity. Even, in this world, they who have never seen trials, are comparatively weak and characterless; it is those only who have fought and conquered who are truly great."

She had spoken, toward the close, rapidly and enthusinstically. Butler stood astounded at such words from a female, and one so young; while the landlady and Susan were silent with amazement.

"You are eloquent," said Butler, thoughtfully, after a pause. "But," and he smiled, "is it not an illusion? Even if Christianity, as you say, is intended to prepare men for another world rather than to make them happy here, still, if it was a true religion, it would necessarily elevate, refine, and spiritualize them, more or less, even here. Does it do this? Has it ever done it? Are men better, now, than they were a hundred years ago? Is society better than it was under Pagan Rome? Do not even your professing Christians cheat,

lie, traduce, and oppress each other? Do not the rich tread down the poor as much, in this Christian land, as in countries where Brahma is worshipped, or Confucius followed? Your religion. with its pretended heavenly origin, has now been at work for eighteen hundred years; and what has it effected? The many are still hewers of wood and drawers of water to the few; luxury is as great, crime as prevalent, poverty as grinding Things grow worse, too, instead of better. Look at England, where every eighth man is a beggar, and where only every twelfth man was, a century ago: is that what your boasted Christianity does? I tell you, Miss Atherton, there is no help for society, no hope for the poor, but in a reconstruction of the social fabric: in association, in fraternity. The gospel of the

At this impetuous outburst, Mrs. Harper, who felt the truth of parts of it, and felt also her own inability to answor what there was of error in it, looked with alarm on Dora. As for Susan, the conversation had passed entirely out of her range of thought, and she gazed at Butler and Dora, by turns, in open-eyed wonder.

people is the gospel for me."

But Dora, after a moment, replied quickly, "What is this gospel of the people," she said, "of which you speak? What does it mean?"

"It means," answered Butler, his eye kindling triumphantly, "the doctrine of humanity, of a common brotherhood, of equal laws, of social regeneration."

"It is, in other words, so far as its earthly aims are involved, but a bad copy of the gospel of Christ."

Butler gave an incredulous sneer.

"You discredit it. But have you studied the New Testament? Do you know what the gospel of Jesus of Nazareth was?" And, as she spoke, her check lighted up with emotion. "If ever there was a gospel for the people, believe me, His was it. If ever there was a friend of the poor, He, who was called 'the man of sorrows,' was emphatically that friend. Where, in the range of history, can you find another reformer, who so systematically and perseveringly denounced the abuse of riches? Which of all your infidel philosophers has united, as He did, the practice of poverty to the preaching of our common brotherhood? Unlike even the birds of the air or the beasts of the field, He knew not where to lay his head. To the impoverished He brought patience, to the suffering hope; while the criminal found pardon and words of encouragement at his hand. Who consorted, more steadfastly, with publicans and sinners? Who, in the very high places of Jerusalem, dared to stigmatize, as He did, the usurers and others who 'dovoured widow's houses' and pilfered the orphan's

gospel of the people?"

mite? Find me a man, who before His day,

taught, so boldly, the great doctrine of the bro-

therhood of our race; or one, since His day,

who, in enforcing that doctrine, has added any

new arguments in its favor; and I may possibly

believe that this carpenter's son was, perhaps,

only a mere man after all. But you cannot point

out such a person. Your gospel, of the people,

where it has aught of truth in it, is but a copy

of the gospel of Christ: and wherever it differs

.' She had spoken so rapidly and enthusiastically,

with such a beaming eye and rapt look, that she appeared almost like one inspired. It was some

moments before Butler replied. In fact he was,

for the time, overpowered by her fertile illustra-

"You place the subject in a new light," said he, at last. "I confess, with shame, that I know

less of the New Testament than I should: but,

I believe, you have quoted its great doctrines

aright: though, until you arrayed them thus before me, I had never seen them in that aspect.

You say, however, that, in whatever my social

philosophy differs from the gospel of Christ, it is in the wrong. How can you make that out?"

"Easily," answered Dora. "Is not the principle of association a prominent feature of your

from that creed, it plunges into error."

tions and fervid eloquence.

"It is." "And in that feature your philosophy differs from the true gospel, which, instead of inculcating the associative principle, enforces its very opposite. It is a fatal vice of your system that it holds out to mankind the hope that, by a rearrangement of the social fabric, he may escape undue toil, if not sorrow; and association is the talisman which you offer to work this cure. The gospel of Christ, on the contrary, tells every man that, in himself only, lies the remedy; for it teaches the doctrine of individual effort and personal responsibility. Your gospel asserts that the way to make the individual happy is to reconstruct the community aright: the gospel of Christ inculcates the opposite, and holds that the method to render the community perfect is to raise the man toward perfection. Which of the two doctrines is sustained by the analogy of Nature? Do the fibres make the oak, or the oak make the fibres? All created things, from the mountain to the pebble, from the ocean to the rain-drop, are made perfect by the perfection of the atoms of which they are aggregated. The laws which govern the moral world, cannot differ, in this respect, from those which control the physical. To make the social system perfect, therefore, we must begin with the individual. Let each person do his or her duty and the world is reformed at once. When every member of the Vol. XIX.--13

eloquence are such as to make me mistrust myself." Dora remained silent, for a moment, and then resumed, "You said, awhile ago," were her words,

commonwealth becomes a Christian, the state,

in all its relations, will be Christian likewise:

wrong, of every kind, will disappear; the rich

cease to envy the rich; jails will be useless;

unjust laws will be repealed; and exorbitant

wealth will cease, because, under such a condi-

tion of society, no citizen will consent to roll

in wealth, while a brother descendant of Adam

suffers for the comforts of life. This is what

the gospel of Christ will do, in time: and the means of regeneration, as you see, are logical

and plain. Can your gospel of the people do

as much? Can you, even in theory, show how

before had ever she felt so forcibly the immeasurable superiority of Christianity, even as a

code of human philosophy, to all other codes. Butler stood, leaning against the mantel-piece,

"I cannot answer you," he said, finally, with

the frankness characteristic of him. "But still I am not quite convinced. All this bewilders

me, and I must take time to study, to examine

for myself, to reflect; for, to speak truth," he added, with a sad smile, "your earnestness and

She paused, excited, and triumphant. Never

it can do half of this?"

in deep thought.

will no more oppress the poor; the poor will ,

"that, if Christianity was a true religion, it would spiritualize men, more or less, even on earth. And does it not? A great proof, to my mind, of the heavenly origin of Christianity, is its elevating influence, not only now, but in all past ages, as compared with human philosophies or false creeds. The entire scope of your social philosophy is contracted to the mere animal instincts of this life, for it seeks to solve no problem beyond that of 'how we shall cat, and where withal we shall be clothed?' Do you not see, that, even as regards this life, such a creed must have a brutalizing and selfish influence? How much nobler is the mission of Christianity! The happiness of man, in this world, bountifully as it provides for that, is but its incidental aim: its grand purpose is to fit him for an immortal existence, and one infinitely loftier than this, as both reason and revelation tell. Yet, as regards

merely this temporal life, the gospel of Christ,

because of this eternal character of its mission, is immeasurably more spiritualizing than your

gospel of the people, which has nothing in it

that might not as well apply to 'the beasts that

feel, as acutely as you can, the fleshly hard-

ships of an operative's lot; but I find, which you

perish' as to man.

Believo me, Mr. Butler, I

do not, a sweet balm for them in Christianity: a balm that, in its personal influence on myself, reconciles me almost to them as a part of the discipline of life; a balm, that if all men would take it to their hearts, would regonerate society entirely and banish all that is really hard in the operative's lot, by more completely equalizing the gifts of fortune."

Mrs. Harper's amazement, at hearing Dora thus silence Butler, whose infidel philosophy had so often silenced her, Christian as she was, had gone on increasing, until now she clasped the speaker's hand, drew it to her lips, and kissed it fervently.

Butler also was deeply moved. He approached Dora, and standing respectfully before her, said, with enthusiasm.

"You remind me of a saint. You must let me paint you, as one, when I come to be an artist. If all, who call themselves Christians, acted out, in their lives, the gospel as you explain it, there would soon be nothing of infidelity left."

Dora colored, with embarrassment, at these encomiums.

"You must not speak to me, in this way," she said, earnestly. "What I have said, I learned from my father, who used often to talk of these He was accustomed to remark that Christianity was misunderstood, even by some of its sincerest advocates: and that it consisted less in forms than in 'doing unto others as you would be done unto.' He often expressed his wonder that men should lament the apparently incurable evils of the social fabric, when, in the gospel of Christ, rightly understood, was to be found a remedy for them all. He firmly believed that, in time, the efficacy of this remedy would be acknowledged; and that all men would become Christians, not in name only, but in reality: and he used to say that the prophets, in foretelling the Millenium, had given us glorious assurance of that blissful era."

Dora now rose, as if to retire; but Butler intercepted her, for a moment.

"A single word," he said, "before you go. You spoke of the spiritualizing and elevating influence of Christianity: how do you reconcile that with the cowardly fear of hell-tortures which it teaches?"

"A true Christian, my father used to say," replied Dora, modestly refering to another's authority, "looks up to God as to a father; and is sensible of love to such an extent that he has no room for fear. The believer can never be a coward. But the strongest of us experience moments when our self-reliance fails, and when, but for the assistance we find in leaning on him, we should give weakly up. Oh! believe me, I have often, especially since I came to this city,

felt thus. The gospel of Christ offers to us a precious comforter and friend, to be with us in the trials of life and lead us through the dark valley. Thank God therefor!"

She spoke those words, with uplifted eyes and a countenance glowing with holy gratitude; while Mrs. Harper, deeply affected, answered with an audible "amen!"

Butler respectfully opened the door for her.

"I admire your faith," he said, "there is something beautiful, and even captivating in it: but it is the point in which, of all you have uttered, I feel the least sympathy. For myself," he continued, proudly, drawing himself up to his full height, "I am equal to my destiny, be it good or bad; and shall meet it, I trust, like a man. I have never, even in the darkest hours of my life, felt the necessity of which you speak; I am sufficient for myself."

Dora gazed at him sadly, but made no reply: but her soul, within her, mournfully whispered, "Lucifer, Lucifer, thy pride was thy ruin."

Mrs. Harper, however, spoke.

"James," she said, "I would pray God that you might never have a great trouble, but that, without it, I fear you will always be an unbeliever. Oh! what a woe it will require to break that haughty spirit."

Having pronounced these words, to which Butler made no reply, they separated for the night.

With truth had Dora spoken, in this conversation, of the support which religion had been to her since her orphanage. Often and often, indeed, she would have become the prey to despair, but for the consolation which she had found in laying her griefs at the feet of her Creator. At such moments, after an agony of supplication, it would sometimes seem to her as if her father's spirit, commissioned from on high, came down, unseen, to cheer and sustain her.

Occasionally thoughts of Paul visited her as she sat solitary at her work. She had often wondered that, though in the same city, she had never seen him; for she had yet to learn how easy it is to be lost in a great town. Not that she supposed, any longer, that Paul loved her; for she persuaded herself that, if he had not deserted her, he could have discovered her retreat long before: but she wished to see him, to ascertain whether he would not, with all his riches, shrink from her presence, self-convicted.

Fortune, at last, brought them together, though only for a moment. Dora had some business, which led her by one of the public quays; and, as she passed, the passengers of a ship, about to sail for Europe, were arriving. Suddenly a carringe drove up from which Paul descended. The press of people momentarily held Dora fast, and

she remained within touch of her lover, for a full She reproached herself now for not having spoken minute. to Paul, and so rendered plain the cause of his She noticed that he looked pale and languid. desertion, which had ever been mysterious. She as if he had been severely ill; and, in spite of would, at that moment, have given worlds to have her indignation toward him, her heart smote her. re-called him. Once, under the influence of this emotion, she "Why should he have been ill?" she said, "if was on the point of pulling at his sleeve; but he wantonly deserted me. Perhaps I have done pride prevented her: and, the instant after, Paul him injustice. But alas! alas! it is too late now moved onward without having seen her, stepped for regrets." And her tears flowed fast. into a boat which waited for him, and was pulled Yes! it was too late. A touch, a word, the out toward the packet. recognition of her face, would have kept Paul in The crowd pushed Dora, meanwhile, away from America: and have spared her from untold woes.

The incident had quite unnerved her. Alas! and alas! (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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DORA ATHERTON:: OR. THE SCHOOLMASTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM." Peterson's Magazine (1849-1892); May 1851; VOL. XIX., No. 5.; American Periodicals

DORA ATHERTON:

OR, THE SCHOOLMASTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY PARM,"

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1851, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 203.

Away, away over the broad Atlantic, to scenes of classic renown and romantic legend. Italy and Greece, England and Germany, the gay Loire and the castle-crowned Rhine!

Paul was again in Europe. Once more he saw the moonlight silver "sweet Melrose," and heard the ivy rustle amid the ruins of Kenilworth. Once more his soul thrilled to its profoundest depths as he listened to the organ peal in York Minster, and his imagination took fire as he gazed over the sterile, but memorable plain of Bannockburn.

He crossed to the Continent. Before the tombs of the French Kings at St. Dennis, he stood reverent and uncovered, republican as he was; for he saw, in those storied monuments, the history of a thousand years of glory. He knelt, at midnight, on the arena of the Coliseum, awed not merely by the majesty of the ruins, but by the mighty recollections of the place; for there, eighteen centuries before, a hundred thousand spectators had applauded, there emperors had triumphed, there Christian martyrs had died. He passed over to Egypt, and stood beneath the pyramids, on the very plain, perhaps, such was his reflection, where the children of Israel had defiled, when they went forth out of Egypt. wandered amid the ruins of Memphis, where Abraham had conversed face to face with Pharoah. He lived, in fact, in the world of the past, seeking there to find relief for the present; for when sorrows overpower us, we flee either to memory or to hope, blessed comforters both!

Paul was not weak, however, in his repinings. He regarded Dora as lost to him forever, yet as she had been lost in a way that did not lessen his love, he mourned for her with keener pangs even than if she had been dead. This was nature. He believed she despised him for his desertion, which to her must seem without cause: and to be misjudged by one we love, to a right character, is the severest of all pains. Then, too, he was uncertain as to her fate; and this added indescribably to his anguish.

summer night, as he watched the stars shining him toward the ideal, he was fully competent to

on the bay of Naples, "if, indeed, as wise men have asserted, ye watch over mortals here below. be my messenger to her, and tell her that I am true still. Sainted father of my Dora, bear to her the deep woe of my soul, whisper to her how I love and suffer!"

Paul, as we have said, was highly imaginative; and he was, on this evening, rapt, as it were, out of himself. His words came from his heart, like drops of blood wrung by agony. For a few minutes he was silent. Then an inexpressible calm stole over his spirit. The sensation of woe had past, and one of delicious pleasure succeeded. It seemed to him, in this mood, as if a voice spoke to him, out of the depths of his heart, assuring him that Dora yet lived, and that, notwithstanding all, she loved him. Have not others had similar experiences?

That summer loitering in storied lands bore rich fruit. To occupy his leisure, and find aliment for a mind, which otherwise would have devoured itself, Paul flew to composition. His book was a record of travel and a revelation of the heart. When he returned to London, in the autumn, it was published; and the sensation it made was great. The critics saw in it the traces of a mind equally powerful and delicate. The public beheld in it freshness, originality, enthusiasm, qualities which the people appreciate far better than critics. Everywhere, from all classes, it met with a warm welcome: and Paul suddenly found himself famous.

He had made engagements, in the spring, to spend a portion of the autumn at Henley Abbey. When he reached England, Lord Henley's family had already left town, so he followed them immediately. An unusually brilliant circle had assembled to participate in the noble earl's hospitalities; statesmen, orators, warriors, savans, each distinguished in his peculiar walk, each with a world-wide fame; yet Paul was not the least striking of them. The events of the last year had transformed him from the idle student "Oh, spirits of the blest," he exclaimed, one to the energetic thinker; and though his taste led

grapple with the abstrusest questions of government and science. The old liked him for his vigorous and clear intellect: the young were fascinated by his lofty presence and eloquent words.

It was a dangerous trial for a young man, to be thus treated as an equal by the wise, and caressed as a favorite by beauty. Paul had retained the image of Dora sacredly in his break, while wandering alone, and in classic realms. But would he continue faithful to a vision, for the lost Dora was no more, when flattered by rank, wit, loveliness, and, most perilous of all, female sympathy? Could he withstand the ordeal? He would have been more than human if he could.

We are writing no silly, romantic tale, but narrating a story of the heart; the heart with all its lofty impulses and sacred memories, but alas! its unknown weaknesses also. The perfect are not of this world. The tempter is ever at hand, not as "a roaring lion" always, but disguised more often as an angel of light. It is to the subtle, unsuspected foe, not to the open enemy that the good fall victims. Yet do not utterly condemn Paul till you have heard all.

The Lady Alicia was the youngest daughter of the Earl of Henley, and first arrested l'aul's attention by her fine voice. The day after his arrival, it was a Sunday evening, as he wandered through the rooms, he surprised her at an organ, where she was accompanying herself to the anthem which Paul had heard Dora sing, in the little country church. He stood enraptured. The fair vocalist either did not see him, or pretended not to see him, until she had concluded the piece, when she gave a start of surprise, blushed, and rose in confusion. Paul had been profoundly affected. The anthem had vividly re-called the past, and opened anew his wounds. The Lady Alicia, with a woman's fine tact, and few women had tact like the Lady Alicia, saw that something was on his mind; and accordingly she spoke of subjects that she thought would soothe him, raising her eyes to his with frequent glances of sympathy; for the Lady Alicia had fine eyes, and handled them superbly.

Paul was beguiled into being interested. His companion reminded him, by her enthusiasm, of Dora. She really cared but little for music, yet she discoursed of it with an affectation of feeling, which completely misled him. It was no imputation on Paul's sagacity that he was deceived. The Lady Alicia was a born flirt, and so accustomed to simulating a part, that she might easily have deluded those more suspicious than Paul.

"I told you," she said to her elder sister, as they chatted awhile in her dressing-room that night, "that I would bring the handsome young American to my feet. I knew from the dash of melancholy in his look that he loved music, and Vol. XIX.—16

as one can't play opera airs on Sunday, I thought I would try the organ and a bit of Handel. has the air of a man, you see, that couldn't resist a St. Cecilia." And she laughed as she spoke, her eyes sparkling with mischief and vanity. "So, perceiving he had set forth on a tour through the apartments, il penseroso, I slipped around into the organ room, to which I knew he must come, and, as soon as I heard his grand seigneur footstep, I began my anthem. don't know how it took," she exclaimed, jumping up, and clapping her hands with glee. at my side in an instant. And when I had done, of course we talked of music; and so of chaunting; and then of the solemn awe of a cathedral; and at this I did quite a pretty little bit of religious sentiment-you should have seen it, Anne -and told him of my charity scholars-"

Her sister laughed.

"Your charity scholars. Mamma's, you mean!" The Lady Alicia pouted her pretty lip, and looked demure.

"I go there sometimes, you know," she said,
"and expect to be quite constant in my attendance hereafter; for Mr. Sidney is an adorer of
Lady Bountifuls, and, to tell the truth, he is a
catch worth having."

And this was the creature who had resolved to enthrall Paul, and whom he thought not unlike Dora! The artful, coquetting Lady Alicia like the true-hearted Dora! Yet, when an unprincipled, scheming woman, and one of tact too, sets out to deceive a frank and noble nature, the task is not so difficult as might be supposed.

From this time forth, Paul, without being aware of it, was the mark for the Lady Alicia's attrac-She besieged him with all the weapons of an art in which she was an adept. Love of admiration was her ruling foible. In the very nursery the Lady Alicia had been a flirt, coquetting with her boy cousins in turn, or rather with all at once. Later in life, but still in early girlhood, it had been her boast to have three young Master Honorables dying for her; and nothing filled her with such glee as to bring them together, and watch their mutual jealousy and rage, which she managed to feed by a dozen little coquettish tricks. Since her coming out. she had spent one season in London, running, according to her private opinion, the most brilliant career of any beauty of the day; for she flirted with all, whether elder sons or young guardsmen, and this in spite of her mother's Argus eyes and constant rebukes; and when admirers were diffident, or dancing partners seemed careless of being admirers, she had always an irresistible glance or smile that was sure to bring them to her side, each fancying that no lady could bestow such a look unless where her heart was touched. Ah! they little knew the Lady Alicia.

At Henley Abbey there was no one to put Paul upon his guard. The few young gentlemen visiting there were either ignorant of the coquette's arts, or were willing enough to see another become her victim. The Lady Alicia managed her arsenal of smiles, glances, whispered words, almost imperceptible pressures of the arm, and other weapons of assault all the more adroitly now because her heart, so far as she had a heart, was really interested in what she called Paul's grand seigneur air. She was not without talent, was this little lady, and reverenced genius; and with an instinct of her sex she wished some one to look up to, as an admirer.

There was nothing obtrusive, however, in her attentions. Paul did not suspect her purpose. As she could counterfeit a love for music, so she could also imitate deep feeling: she was one of those extraordinary moral monstrosities indeed who can assume the appearance of profound emotion without even experiencing it, and pretend to a fervor of religious sentiment with souls abandoned entirely to selfishness, vanity, and conceit. As she had talked of her charity children, so she spoke of all that was good and noble. Thus those who did not know her well, and few except her own family did, were enraptured with her enthusiasm.

A few days passed. One morning most of the gentlemen went out shooting; but Paul preferred to accompany Lady Henley, with a party, on a visit to a remarkable ruin in the neighborhood. It had been the Lady Alicia's intention to drive the pony phæton, but when she heard that Paul was to be of the excursion, she suddenly changed her mind and appeared in her riding-dress.

Though few of her sex rode more fearlessly in general than the Lady Alicia, on this occasion she was, to use her own expression, "all nerves." Never had she been known to be so timid. herd of deer, that dashed across the avenue as the gay cortege swept through the park, startled her into a half suppressed shrick; and her eyes, on the instant, sought Paul with an appealing glance, followed by a deep blush, as if fear only had surprised her into seeking his aid, and as if her modesty already dreaded the interpretation he might put upon it. Once at her bridle rein, Paul somehow forgot to leave it. Her occasional starts of timidity, indeed, forbade this; but her conversation, in which so much poetic feeling was mixed with historical and traditional lore in reference to the places they passed, left her cavalier no wish to desert her side. He found himself, long before they reached the ruin, wondering not less at the knowledge of this fasci-

nating young creature, than at her delicate task and her enthusiasm for the beautiful.

The ruin was that of an old castle, perched on a rocky eyrie; and the principal tower was still standing. But the stone staircase, which led to the battlements, was, in many places, broken; and none of the party cared to risk the difficult ascent, especially as they had all been on the top before.

"What a pity," said the Lady Alicia, gracefully gathering her riding-dress up, so as to erhibit the prettiest of all pretty feet, "that none of you are going up. Mr. Sidney will ascended course, as the view is too fine to be lost; and with no one to point out the various localities in the landscape, he will miss half the pleasure of the sight. Some of the gentlemen should have thought of our guest, and not strolled off out of hearing." And she assumed an air of vexation. Mr. Sidney," she continued, suddenly turning to him, "I feel ashamed of our party; so I will go with you myself; though, as I am a little timid, you must bear with me if I scream, should those tottering steps shake beneath us. Mamma will let me go, I am sure-won't you, mamma?"

But Paul interposed.

"Not for the world, Lady Alicia," he said. "If the staircase had a proper balustrade, indeed, I should be glad for you to accompany me; for you seem to know every remarkable spot in the county; but I will remember the most prominent localities," he added, smilling, and it was the first time Paul had smiled on her yet, "and, when I descend, will ask you what they are."

"No," she replied, "I must redeem the lest character of my countrymen. You Americans, I have heard, think us not near so polite as the French."

"I discredit it then," said Paul, gallantly, "only don't venture the ascent."

"But I am not afraid," she answered, raising those large, dark eyes overpoweringly to him. "There really can be no danger. Is there, mamma?" And she turned to Lady Henley.

The latter had sat silently watching this little manaeuvre of her daughter. She knew that the Lady Alicia had often ran up those now dreaded stairs with a laugh at their tottering condition; but it was not her business to tell this to the rich and handsome young American, who would reake such a desirable match for an earl's almost portionless daughter. So she replied. "Go, if you wish it, dearest: I am sure Mr. Sidney will take the best care of you."

Paul would have expostulated still further; but the Lady Alicia would not allow it. Playfully taking his arm, and looking confidingly up to him, she drew him forward to the foot of the staircase, and urged him up, laughingly slipping

around to the side next the wall, with the pretty threat that "if they were to fall, Mr. Sidney should at least go first."

They reached the battlements out of breath, the lady having behaved, as Paul thought, very heroically, never screaming, though a loose stone, displaced by his foot, went thundering to the bottom. He had supported her indeed over the most difficult places; but, as the stairs were really very shaky, he was astonished at her selfpossession.

She sank on a projecting stone, and taking off her broad brimmed hat, fanned herself with it. Fatigue had made her look more pensive than usual; and she seemed positively beautiful: at least Paul thought so, for she now resembled Dora more than ever, and Dora was still his secret standard of loveliness.

At last she rose languidly, with a "dear me, I'm ashamed to be such a weak creature," and began to point out the different parts of the landscape to her companion.

"That is Walthold Castle," she said, pointing to what seemed only a pile of stones in the far distance, "it was a Saxon erection, and is now but a shapeless mass of ruins. Yonder, on that bit of rising ground, was the village of Grusbuard, which the Danes burned: and there, just beyond it, is the ancient borough of Beltane, where, as the termination of the word implies, the Danes themselves afterward settled. Here, in the foreground, amid that dark woods, is Delancourt Chase, an old Norman appanage; but now the Delancourts are extinct, alas!"

She sighed as she spoke; and, after a pause, resumed,

"It is a sad thing to see an ancient name die out; and I feel it the more acutely because such is to be the destiny of our family. Papa, you know, has no son."

She leaned heavier on Paul's arm as she uttered these words in a plaintive tone, and looked up at him with eyes half humid with emotion. companion insensibly pressed that lovely hand to his side; for words, he felt, would have failed to convey his sympathy.

"I wish I had a brother," said she, after a silence of some moments. "I often experience the want of one, when I do thoughtless things. Brother and sister is such a holy relation, don't you think so? Have you a sister, Mr. Sid-

Again those large, dark, dewy eyes were brought into requisition, and Paul, as they gazed up, with an almost sisterly confidence, into his, thought that the soul which they represented must be second in purity only to Dora's.

"I have no sister," he replied, with feeling, and a look that thrilled his hearer. "I never

world, the last of my line." His companion did not reply for a moment,

had. Nor have I a brother.

but, with instinctive tact, drew closer to his side. When, at last, she spoke, it was in a low, confiding tone.

I am alone in the

"How like we are," she said, lifting her eyes, full of sympathy, to his. "You are without a sister, and I without a brother. Do you know," she continued, "that I am going to say something, which I fear you will think foolish; but I am frank, too frank my friends tell me; and I always speak what is uppermost, silly as it may be."

She paused here, for an instant, as if afraid to proceed without encouragement; while her eyes drooped before Paul's, and a blush rose to her check.

Her companion, at that moment, could think only of the innocent, trusting creature at his side: he felt for her profound sympathy; and he expressed it, in few, but emphatic words, spoken in a low, earnest tone. He would have been wiser than most men indeed, or more callous, to have resisted that exquisitely managed appeal. "It is so short a time since I have known

you," she continued, thus encouraged, "that, were you anybody else, I should fear misconstruction. But it seems to me that I have been intimate with you, not for a few days, but for years; I feel, in your company, exactly as I have always pictured to myself I should feel with a brother: I want to be asking your advice about my conduct, for I know I am often a sad, sad creature, and you have seen so much of the world; in short, I would have you for a brother. Oh! you don't know how I should prize your counsels," she continued, with a fine affectation of enthusiasm. "Men generally are either too backward, or too presuming. Now you," and again those well managed eyes poured a whole flood of coy, bashful tenderness into those of Paul, "are neither one nor the other; but seem like an elder brother, a true, true friend. you be my brother?"

In her earnestness she clasped both hands over her companion's arm, looking up at him, with a sweet, untutored frankness that was altogether irresistible. Paul gazed down on what he thought this picture of confiding innocence with strange, vet pleasurable feelings. Had he analyzed them they would have said to his heart that Dora being lost to him forever, this lovely, artless, confiding Lady Alicia was, perhaps, destined to be to him, not what Dora might have been indeed, but something akin to it; and that so, in time, from being an adopted sister, she might become even dearer. But he did not analyze them, and only felt, therefore, a strange delight. It was with a serious

tenderness in his voice and manner that he said,

"I will be your brother, dear Lady Alicia, on condition that you play a sister's part to me."

"And will you tell me of my faults?"

"I will."

"Fully and fearlessly?"

"I will."

"It will be a hard task, for I am very naughty sometimes." She said this with artless simplicity.

sometimes." She said this with artless simplicity.

She did not look, Paul thought, as if she could

be guilty even of a foible. He answered,
"But, on your part, you must tell me of my
faults?"

She opened those large, full orbs to their widest limit: nothing was said, but they expressed, more eloquently than words, her surprise that Paul could think he had faults.

He colored with conscious modesty.

"Indeed," he said, quickly, "I need advice as much as any one; more, far more than you---"

Again that look of surprise, followed by a sad, deprecating shake of the head; and Paul went on.

"You don't know a tithe of my faults. I an haughty, head-strong—"

But now she spoke; and it was with a sigh.

"Ah!" she said, "I wish I was as condescending as you. And yet you call yourself haughty, though you have listened, so kindly, to my silly talk. You head-strong!" And again she shook her head, as if words failed her. Then, suddenly starting, as though something had, that moment, caught her eye, she exclaimed. "But see, they are waving a scarf for us—the luncheon is set out—and I suppose we must go down." And she gave another sigh.

Paul was already sufficiently within the spell of the syren to wish that the signal had not been seen; and, for an instant, thought of imitating Nelson at Copenhagen, and declaring, while he looked away, that he did not discern it. But his companion drew him to the head of the steps, and, almost before he knew it, he was lifting her light form over a slight clasm.

From this day forward the Lady Alicia became more and more intimate with Paul. If she rode out, it was only when Paul was of the party, and, on such occasions, it was remarkable how often her bridle required arranging, or her stirrup shortening; and it was equally remarkable that these accidents always occurred when Paul was the nearest cavalier. If she adjourned to the library for a book, it was generally while Paul was there on the same errand; and, in such cases, she invariably consulted him on the author most likely to be useful to her; it was astonishing, indeed, to those who knew the Lady Alicia, to see what a sudden taste for literature she had

countries was great: she was never tired of ating questions concerning them; and she was particularly interested with regard to the Unitel
States. She declared, in her most animatel
manner, that republicanism was infinitely the
best form of government; and that her beau ide;
of happiness was the free life of the prairie, when
all were alike equal, and where greasy operative
and sullen peasants were unknown.

imbibed. Her curiosity, also, respecting foreign

"What a noble idea it gives one of your institutions, Mr. Sidney," she said, during a conversation of this kind, "to read that the great said good Washington, when President, walked the streets without a guard, lifting his hat to the poorest street-porter who addressed him, as well as to the richest gentleman. How charming, also, to think that Lady Washington never affected any state. And then to remember dear, delightful Dr. Franklin, refusing to wear shoe-buckles at the French court, and adhering to his leather

"You would like, I suppose," sneered a sacastic young man, one of her former victims, now transformed from a dandy into a member of Parliament, "to live in Arcadia, carrying a crook, tending sheep, weaving chaplets of flowers, and listening to handsome shepherds playing a the pipe."

strings."

the pipe."

She gave the speaker a look of ineffable seem.
"It is easy to turn the noblest aspirations into
ridicule," she said. Then, with marked emphasis, she continued. "To play the shepherdess to
simple swains is not my ambition, sir: they my

lead their sheep, but they shall not lead me."

The retort silenced all further sneers from that quarter; and left her, as she wished, mistress of the field.

On another occasion, Paul, who was an early riser, surprised her in the garden, where, with a pair of thick gloves on, she was assiduously a work, much to the astonishment of the gardeners, who had never seen her little ladyship thus occupied before. Had they remembered that, only the day preceding, one of their number had casually mentioned to her that the American gentleman was accustomed to walk in the garden overy morning, and that he seemed very fond of flowers, they would have felt less surprise.

The interview, so accidental as Paul though, led to a long conversation on flowers, in which the Lady Alicia displayed equal botanical knowledge and sentiment. She asked her companion innocently in what part of the United States the cacti grew most luxuriantly, and when, with a smile, he informed her that they belonged to Mexico, rather than to his country, she blushed and hung her head at what she called her deplorable ignorance.

especially that immortal one on the "Marriage one so enger to learn. The chance interview of true Souls." Many of Milton's exquisite verses on that morning was followed by many others were there also. At every leaf, Paul's admiration equally accidental. Frequently also the Lady deepened. Alicia's thirst for botanical knowledge led to But how shall we describe his delight, and

The

manuscript volume, containing poems from the

most illustrious writers, copied by the Lady

Alicia, and evidently her favorites. It was a

study to him to trace the peculiarities of her

mind, as thus exhibited; and he had no reason

to be dissatisfied with her taste, or her poetical

sympathies. There were several of Wordsworth's

best poems on womanhood, and who has written

more truly of our sex? There was "Locksley

too, were the choicest of Shakspeare's sonnets.

wonder, when, toward the close, on one of the

few blank leaves left, he found a poem of his

own; one he had published in his late volume,

and which he had entitled "True Womanhood."

He had flung it off, that midsummer night at

Naples, when the thought of Dora had come

over him so overpoweringly; and every line of

it breathed the inspiration of her pure and

lofty character. It was, indeed, a poet's ideal

that was refined, sympathizing, exalted, heroic,

Paul remembered well the night when these

with a sigh, as one thinks of the dead; and

then-is it strange?-he thought of the Lady

Alicia. Her copying these verses, with her own

hand, into this, her secret repository of treasured

poems, was a proof that there was a sympathy

in her for the aspirations there breathed; for

Paul was too severe a judge of his own compo-

sitions to believe that it was the merit of the

poem merely which had won it this exalted com-

pliment. He was still gazing, in dreamy delight,

on the delicate chirography, when a slight scream

startled him, and looking up he saw the Lady

Alicia, her eyes fixed in terror on the volume,

and her face crimson with confusion and shame.

She snatched the book from his hand imme-

"Oh! Mr. Sidney, how could you?" she ex-

Paul rose to his feet, as embarrassed in reality.

He thought of Dora

of womanhood, and Christian womanhood.

and divine in woman was there depicted.

lines had been written.

Hall," and others of Tennyson's gems.

conversation on Paul's book of trave's, though every other person in the house had complimented him, with more or less extravagance. She had noticed that he was annoyed by this flattery; and hence her silence. The adulation, she saw, was too gross, and therefore distasteful. For a long time Paul had not reflected on this omission. But it suddenly occurred to him one day; and the more he thought of it, the stranger it appeared, since she was fond of books, reading all the new ones that came out. He arrived at the conclusion finally that she had not been

"But," she said, at last, timidly raising her !

eves, "you must excuse me, Mr. Sidney; for

neither pa nor ma care much for flowers, to

teach me these things: and books written, by

my countrymen, about your great republic are

so deplorably profound, or pretend to be so, that

they never mention such facts at all. You must

tell me all about the wild flowers of America.

And then followed innumerable questions,

which Paul answered, smiling, well pleased to

instruct so ardent an admirer of nature, and

meetings in the library, that treatises on that

subject might be studied, and colored plates of

There is always a pleasure, to a man, espe-

cially to a youngmene, in imparting knowledge

to a pretty pupil of our sex; and the pleasure

is enhanced if the subject is a poetical one, and

wisest are not able to resist this sort of flattery.

periority it tacitly acknowledges on the part of

the teacher is a most dangerous bait to human

weakness. It is almost impossible for a bachelor

to resist a young, pretty and obedient pupil, with

a handsome pair of eyes: and this the Lady Alicia

had known ever since she read of Abelard and

As yet the Lady Alicia had never turned the

the lady has herself solicited instruction.

the more potent because unsuspected.

plants examined.

Heloise.

however-oh! I dote on wild flowers."

pleased with his volume, and had consequently avoided, with delicate consideration, any reference to it. It shows how far the Lady Alicia had already succeeded in her designs, that this persussion annoyed and even piqued Paul.

But, one day, having sauntered into the music

room, he found an elegantly embossed album, marked with her name in gilded letters, lying }

open on the piano. Mechanically he turned over the leaves, to amuse himself, for neither she nor {

"I-I really," he stammered: and then came to a full stop; for he did not know what to say. The Lady Alicia was the first to recover her

as she was in appearance.

diately.

claimed.

composure.

"It was my fault, after all," she said, with what Paul thought inexpressible kindness, "I her sisters were present, though one of them, at } should not have left the book here-it was very

least, he had expected to find there. The book, silly of me," she spoke, brokenly, with eyes "The whole thing

he discovered, was not strictly an album, but a laverted, blushing rosily. Reproduced with permission of the copyright owner. Further reproduction prohibited without permission. should be forgotten-I was on my way to my room, and stopping a minute to search for some music, forgot my album."

Paul had now gained courage.

"It was an unpardonable offence in me," he "I should have seen that the volume was private."

"A foolish, school-girl whim of mine," said his companion, embarrassed.

Paul was growing bolder and bolder. "One, however," he said, "that has flattered me beyond expression, dear Lady Alicia. I cannot be insensible of the delicate compliment you have paid me, by introducing my poor verses into such company."

The Lady Alicia lifted her long lashes, and flashed a look of admiring surprise on Paul.

This embarrassed him again. Could he doubt the sincerity of such a glance as that? To have his verses thus regarded, by one so lovely, pure, and intellectual, was the greatest triumph of his And he felt a self-accusing pang, remembering that he had believed the Lady Alicia could not comprehend his book!

If there had not lurked, in the recesses of his heart, a deep and holy memory of the lost Dora, like that which a widowed husband may be supposed to feel in the first weeks of his bereavement, and if this profound and sacred feeling had not, as yet, prevented his thinking of loving another, we fear he would, at this moment, disarmed as he was by the syren's arts, have poured

out, unguardedly, passionate words of affection. But, though already in the meshes of the fowler, he was ignorant of it. He thought not of love, but friendship.

"Indeed," he said, "you flatter me too much: and it is such sweet, insidious flattery! I will not, however, allow myself to be deceived. It is your own purity of heart, and not the merit of the poem, which has obtained for my peor verses such a distinguished honor."

"How can you say so? Indeed, indeed," and she spoke cagerly, as if surprised and hurried out of herself, "I really think them divine-and I have so longed to tell you-but, if you are like me, you shrink from open praise, and I feared to offend you-yet now that you have, by chance, discovered the truth, I will, I must say how true, how eloquent I have found your book. And you have suffered too-that I see in it. Ah! Mr. Sidney, you are a great writer, and I am but an ignorant girl; but you have promised to be my brother, and I your sister; and if I could-oh! if I could"-how feelingly she spoke-"do something to allay your grief-women have an instinct in these things—I should be so glad."

She broke off abruptly. Her eyes, which, dilated and earnest, had gazed full at his, now

again covered cheek and brow; and her bosom palpitated hurriedly. Paul seized her hand, transported. "God bless you!" he cried, in agitated tones.

fell in confusion to the floor: the crimson blushes

"I have, indeed, had a great sorrow-and you shall know it, some day."

How her eyes thanked him, as she lifted them for an instant, and then let them fall again to the carpet. She answered timidly, "If I can comfort you—but I'm afraid I've been

foolish—so young and inexperienced as I am:" "You are a woman, and noble-hearted!"

He spoke with enthusiasm, his fine eyes all admiration; and insensibly he pressed that fair hand.

Again the Lady Alicia blushed.

"You praise me too much, my brother," she said, frankly regarding him, but quietly withdrawing her hand. "You will spoil your sister." Paul became sensible, on the moment, of his inadvertent offence. Yet what could he do to explain it? His eyes fell before hers: he was embarrassed as a child.

But the Lady Alicia came to his relief, with sweet forgiveness.

"I shall not let you forget your promise," she said, smiling kindly, "for, perhaps, the very narration may soothe you. I can, at least, promise you my sympathy." And so the interview terminated. Would you

have believed, reader, any more than Paul, that this whole scene had been planned and rehearsed by the Lady Alicia beforehand; that she had learned Paul's favorite poems from conversation with him; that she had copied them into this volume solely to introduce his own verses toward the close; and that she had left the book where he would be sure to see it, and watched, from behind a French door, for the result? not every flirt who is a Lady Alicia!

The next day, Paul, returning from a saunter through the park, saw a light female figure, in advance of him, which seemed familiar. He would have thought it the Lady Alicia's, but for the extreme plainness of the dress, and from a somewhat heavy basket carried on the arm. Suddenly, however, attracted by the sound of footsteps, the stranger looked around. It was the Lady Alicia after all.

Paul hurried forward. His first movement, on reaching her, was to extend his hand for the basket.

She seemed quite embarrassed, indeed a little annoyed.

"You here, and in this dress," he said, "and carrying a basket! But I see it all, you have been on some visit of charity," and his manly face brightened with admiration.

I known, however, that you were bent on a mission of charity, I should have solicited permission to accompany you. It is a far better employment of time to relieve suffering than to indulge

"I did not expect to meet any of our guests."

said she, artlessly, blushing at Paul's undisguised

pleasure. "I thought the gentlemen had all gone

She knew that one, however, had not; and

"They all did, except me," replied Paul. "But

I felt more disposed for a quiet stroll in these fine

old woods, than for slaughtering pheasants. Had

hence her appearance in the park, in this sweet

out shooting."

righteous."

little masquerade dress.

in selfish reverie." His companion deprecated the implied compli-"Is this like a brother, Mr. Sidney?" she said, frankly laying her hand on his arm. "You flatter

me, instead of telling me my faults. Indeed you will spoil me. I have only done my duty." "Yes, but, my dear Lady Alicia," replied Paul. regarding her kindly, "in this world so few do

petted, and wealthy like you, that your conduct really is deserving of praise." "Don't say so again," said she, beseechingly, lifting her eyes. "Even if true, I had rather not hear it. It may make me vain and self-

their duty, especially so few who are well-born.

It was on Paul's lips to say something more complimentary than ever; but he felt that this would be doing injustice to one so sensitive and pure. So he walked, for a few minutes, in silence.

"I have never asked you if you belong to the Established Church?" said his companion, sud-

Paul smiled as he answered,

"We have no Established Church in America.

But I am an Episcopalian, like yourself, if that

is what you mean." "Oh! I knew you had no church established by law," she replied, archly. "I am not so ignorant as that, for, you must know, I have been

reading a good deal about America lately.

I meant were you an Episcopalian? I've a great notion not to forgive you," she added, playfully, "for thinking me quite so stupid as that," And, as she spoke, she stopped, and putting

one little finger to her lips, pouted prettily like a child of six years old. It was done with such apparent arch simplicity, that Paul, serious as he generally was, smiled at the artless air.

"Forgive me," he said, imitating her playfulness, and bending on one knee.

She smiled and extended her finger. "Rise," she said, "recreant knight; I pardon

you this once."

He got up demurely, still in his boyish mood,

been as silly, he reflected, as herself. Yet, in a moment, he rallied, his good sense coming to his support. "Nay," he said, smiling, "we must not always

for the wiles of the enchantress had mastered

Suddenly, however, she assumed a look of self-

"Ah," she said, "how thoughtless I have been

Paul blushed, and felt the reproof, for he had

-how silly-I told you, Mr. Sidney, I was but a

be grave men and women: it is wise, as well as pardonable to play the child occasionally." The Lady Alicia heaved a deep sigh.

"You can say that," she answered, "with impunity, for it is but rarely you forget decorum: and then only when, for politeness, you join with

him entirely.

giddy child."

reproach.

those who break it continually. It was all my fault. This is one of the weaknesses against which I struggle, and for which I asked you to censure me frankly."

Paul was really pained to see this self-abasement. "Seriously," he said, "you look at this harmless gaiety of yours in too severe a light. I should

never have thought," he added, "that you were

giddy, if you had not asserted it yourself; and even now allow me, as far as I dare, to differ from you as to the fact." He smiled encouragingly as he spoke.

she shook her head sadly. "You spare me," she said, "and I do not de-

serve it." "Indeed I say nothing which I disbelieve,"

replied Paul, earnestly. "But you asked me if I was a Episcopalian?" "Oh! yes," she answered, her face clearing

up. "I had forgot. Are you what we call evangelical or Oxford?" The fact is Paul's opinions on this point had

puzzled Lady Alicia, and as she wished to make a demonstration on his religious side, she was anxious to know the ground before proceeding. If he should prove a Tractarian, it was her fixed resolution to begin embroidering an altar-cloth at once. If he was on the other side she intended to commence the distribution of tracts on a large

scale. Paul answered, in all sincerity, "I am for neither party," he replied.

abhor all dissension, but especially dissension in religion. As for my belief," he continued, seriously, "it coincides with Mother Church on all cardinal points; at least as, by the light of Scripture, I read and interpret her creed. Minor

matters I trouble not myself about. If candlesticks, genuflexions, or altars facing the east assist the religious sentiment in some characters,

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persons wish to worship God in barn-like meeting-houses, and prefer to throw aside even the
surplice, it is a matter of taste, and not my
affair. Let the heart be right, that is all I ask!"

The Lady Alicia had now her cue; and accordingly coincided with him entirely.

the medieval age as if, with it, true religion had died out, and was only being now rescuscitated in the few churchles where candlesticks were affair.

But we must leave the fair hypocrite to complete coincided with him entirely.

let such call in these sensuous aids. If other, a Puscyite curate, the Lady Alicia had talked of

He little knew that, the year before, when the meek, the suffering, the true-hearted Dora. there had been no one else to flirt with except' (TO BE CONTINUED.)

there had been no one else to firt with except' (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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DORA ATHERTON;: OR, THE SCHOOLMASTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM." Peterson's Magazine (1849-1892); Jun 1851; VOL. XIX., No. 6.; American Periodicals no. 264

DORA ATHERTON;

OR, THE SCHOOLMASTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM."

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 240.

Since that passing glance of Paul, on the quay, Dora had often thought of her absent lover.

There had been that in his face, indeed, which had awakened her sympathics, notwithstanding his base desertion; a look of secret sorrow, which, she thought, was irreconcileable with the idea of guilty abandonment.

"He has been compelled to give me up," she said to herself, "by his father, and he feels regret, perhaps remorse for his conduct. He loves me yet!"

It was with something of exultation she thus reflected. But soon other thoughts suggested themselves.

"Yet he vowed to remain true, come what might! It was weakness then that induced him to surrender me." And a perceptible smile of contempt wreathed her lips. But immediately she continued, "no, perhaps I do him injustice. He may have reflected anew on his duty to his parent, and have shrunk, on such reconsideration, from open disobedience. It is that which causes his look of sadness. In the struggle between filial piety on the one hand, and affection for me on the other, his health has given way, and he has gone abroad to recruit it. Paul is not a coward; he never could be one: he has not deserted me because he fears the loss of wealth."

Thus it was that Dora began to think of her absent lover with less bitterness; and gradually, from partially excusing him, she passed insensibly to thinking even kindly of him.

He was always present to her imagination now as the conscientious son, who had sacrificed a sacred love on the altar of duty: and regarded in this light, his memory was inexpressibly dear to Dora. Not that she did not often sigh as she thought of the sacrifice; not that she did not sometimes even doubt whether he was right. But she looked on him, with all this, more leniently than at any time since her father's death.

One summer evening, when she laid down her work, at twilight, her thoughts turned to Paul with irresistible power. She fell into a reverie, which was full of delicious happiness. Gradually the assurance of his truth pressed forcibly upon her. As she looked up to heaven, and saw the stars come out one by one, it seemed to her as if some invisible presence infused sweet comfort into her soul; and finally, so vivid became this impression, that she started up, with the strange feeling that this presence was actually in the room. A cold shiver ran over her: but immediately she grew re-assured; for it now appeared to her as if this spiritual presence, unseen but felt, was that of her lost parent.

"Father!" she cried.

Was it his well known voice, or her own imagination merely, that, in answer to her passionate addresses, said, "daughter, be of good cheer. Paul loves you still. Bear the cross yet awhile, and God will bless you in his own good time."

Whether fancy or reality, whether a wild dream or a whisper from heaven, those words of consolation were never forgotten, and, in many an after hour of trouble and even agony, soothed, comforted and re-assured her fainting soul.

Meantime a change had taken place in the little household of Mrs. Harper. Susan had suddenly announced that some country relatives had sent for her to spend the summer with them: and with no greater delay than was necessary to pack up her wardrobe, she departed.

"Its odd though," said Mrs. Harper, when Susan had gone, "that she did not say when she would return. One nover heard her talk of these relations before, nor has she now told us where they live: and Susan generally used to tell all she knew, and sometimes more. I wish she had accepted Butler. I'm sure he has either been refused, or has been frightened, by her manner, from proposing. Have you noticed how strange he has acted for the last few days?"

"I have," said Dora.

In fact, Butler had scarcely been himself during the two days between Susan's announcing her intention and her departure. Both evenings had been spent at home: and his eyes had followed Susan continually. Sometimes she and Dora remained in the parlor, and when this was

the case, he would come and sit by them, joining awhile in the conversation; but suddenly, as it unconscious of what he was doing, he would break off: or again he would rise and pace the room; or he would scize his hat, go out for awhile and return as unaccountably. Sometimes he would sit, in a dark corner, peering at Susan, who meanwhile chatted with all, in the highest spirits. Indeed she seemed to be more gay than ever before. She had a smile for every one, except Butler, whom she treated with marked contempt.

"Poor fellow," continued Mrs. Harper, "he seems almost distracted. If Susan had known when she was well off, she would have been glad to get a husband like him. However, I suppose this invitation, from her relatives who overlooked her so long, has set her crazy."

Susan had been gone more than a week, yet Butler did not shake off his moodiness. ever he was at home, he was absent minded; and, if spoken to, answered irritably; but he was now almost always out. He neglected his work, spending his time walking about the streets, as if to dissipate his thoughts. The kind landlady grew concerned for him. She feared he would take, like others, to intoxicating drinks as a relief; so she watched him narrowly, but found no confirmation of her suspicions. However late the hour at which he came home, and she always managed to have some excuse for being up, he was sober, though evidently harrassed at times by mental and bodily fatigue.

One night, however, he did not return until long after midnight. Mrs. Harper had dozed and waked a dozen times, in her arm-chair, when suddenly the door-bell rang. Sleepy and vexed, she rose up, snuffed her dim candle, and went to let Butler in, resolved to berate him roundly for his late hours.

But when the door was opened, and he strode past her, there was something so haggard in his looks that she felt afraid to speak. She believed, indeed, that he was at last incbriated; but for once the landlady, herself generally the terror of offenders, dared not say a word.

Butler staggered in, his cap pushed low on his brow. By the faint candle Mrs. Harper saw a dogged, fierce, and desperate expression in his eyes that made her blood run cold. She stood close to the wall to let him pass, expecting to see him ascend immediately to his room.

But, after he had reeled forward a few steps, he stopped. By this time Mrs. Harper had closed and locked the door.

"Oh! Mrs. Harper," he said, brokenly, every muscle of his face working, "I have seen her—it was as I feared—God of heaven she is lost forever!"

His look and attitude were so wild, his tones to have no control over himself.

so heart-broken, that Mrs. Harper saw, at once, that her suspicions were wrong, and that something dreadful had occurred: something dreadful to Susan apparently.

Her hand, her whole frame trembled, and the candle nearly fell from her grasp.

"What is it? You frighten me. Don't look so, dear, dear James."

She said this with a tremulous, eager voice, for the workings of his countenance appalled her. It must be something awful, she knew, which had happened, to convulse that iron nature

"I wish I was dead," he cried, with sudden vehemence, striking his forehead with his clenched hands, "I would die willingly if I could kill him first...."

"James!"

He turned fiercely upon her.

"Yes! kill him," he hissed, between his teeth. "Murder him, if that suits better."

He seemed so like a madman, as he said this, that Mrs. Harper retreated, from before him, in affright.

But he followed her up, his eyes flashing insanely.

"Murder him, I repeat," he cried, hoarsely.
"Has he not murdered her, soul and body, doomed her to shame here, and perdition hereafter; and is death, a bloody death too good for him? Oh! I wish I had him here—I wish I could have reached him to-night—I would have sent his profligate soul to hell forever!" And he clutefied his hand, as if holding an imaginary dagger.

The landlady had now retreated into the parlor and set the candle down on a table, which she interposed partially between her and the phrenzied man. She began to have a glimmering of the truth; and was paralyzed with horror.

"In the Lord's name, James," she said, her voice shaking, "tell me what has happened. Is it Susan?"

He glared at her like a wild tiger for an instant: then he replied savagely, striking the table with his fist,

"Yes!"

But he had scarcely spoken, when a revulsion of feeling came over him, and he added, keeping his face in his hands,

"Oh! God, she is lost forever."

The mantel-piece, against which he leaned, shook with his convulsive sobbings. Mrs. Harper had seen many varieties of emotion, but nothing like this. Both in its rage and sorrow it terrified her; for it seemed superhuman.

She stood, for some minutes, watching Butler, awed and terrified. Her companion appeared to have no control over himself. Once or twice

he struggled to be composed; but it was in vain: the sobs broke forth anew in spite of him: it was as if a demoniac was being cast out, struggling to the last.

Finally, Mrs. Harper, her heart melting with pity, ventured to approach him. She laid her hand soothingly upon his shoulder.

"James," she said.

He winced and shrank away: but immediately, as if ashamed of this, removed his hands from his face. He still kept his back, however, toward the landlady.

"The Lord will give you strength to bear this blow," said she, with tears in her eyes.

Butler started as if he had been shot: then wheeled around, and looked at her intently. That rugged face was seamed and scorched with the fiery tracks of such tears as manhood only sheds: those deep-set eyes blazed, lightning-like, beneath the wet lashes.

"Do you mock me?" he cried, fiercely, after gazing at the landlady, as if he would read her very soul: but, seeing that her looks expressed only heartfelt commisseration, and not scornful irony, he went on, in a different tone. "Oh! Mrs. Harper, I believe now in a God; and terribly has he avenged himself on my incredulity. I told you once I was equal to any misfortune; but I spoke in impotent pride, for I am not: the oak, that is shivered by the tempest, is not weaker than I am, when God levels his thunders at my head." And, as the picture of his misery rose up before him again, a second paroxysm seized Sobs shook his voice while he proceeded. "To think what a hard life she had-and how, oh! how I loved her-Mrs. Harper," he cried, seizing her hand passionately, "you don't know 'how I loved her! And now she is lost, lost for-Think of her-think of it all-caressed ever. for a little while by her profligate seducer, and then," he set his teeth hard, "flung on the highway like a wilted rose that all may tread her down. The devils in hell laugh to see it. There is no hope for her-I feel there is none-others might return-but not she. It was her vanity that led to all this-I always knew it was her weak point-but I never thought it would end thus." And his sobs broke out afresh. In fact, during this whole scene, his mood was not the same for any ten consecutive seconds. dear Mrs. Harper, won't it be so? You shake your head. But you needn't try to comfort me, by saying what you don't believe. No, no, she has passed through the gate from which there is no return; and the fires of eternal woe already blaze in the distance."

As he uttered these words, he shuddered with horror, so vivid was the picture his imagination had conjured up.

"You speak too hopelessly," said the landlady, breathlessly, taking advantage of the pause. "Perhaps you are mistaken——"
"Never," interrupted Butler, energetically,

looking up again. "I have made too sure of

that. I saw him dogging her and Miss Atherton before——"
"What," exclaimed Mrs. Harper, and, at the supposition, hope went out forever, "it is not

supposition, hope went out forever, "it is not young Mr. Thomaston?" "Yes!" he answered, savagely. "God curse

She clasped her hands and looked to heaven.

him!"

"Oh!" cried Butler, "pray for her—I cannot pray as yet. Try to intercede for me. The Almighty knew he could strike me nowhere so surely as through her."

"Hush," said Mrs. Harper, "don't, don't talk so. You almost blaspheme. Besides, Susan has had all this in her own weak heart. Sometimes I feared something like it: but never believed it would be half so bad."

She was weeping aloud, a sob between almost every word.

Butler began to walk the room with hasty strides.

"And you tell me nothing can be done?" he

said. "She must be lost forever. Couldn't you go to her and try to bring her back to virtue! You know what the end of all such things are." "Yes, alas!" said the landlady. "Lower and

"Yes, alas!" said the landlady. "Lower and lower every year; first sin in silks and then in rags; now a splendid lodging; by-and-bye the watch-house; with no solace, as the victim nears the goal, but gin or opium."

"Oh! my God," cried Butler. Then, stopping

"Oh! my God," cried Butler. Then, stopping in this excited walk, he lifted his face to heaven and exclaimed, "Lord Almighty, I believe. But mercy—have mercy on her! Save her, though you destroy me."

Mrs. Harper waited till his agitation had in

part subsided: then she said,
"But where did you see her? You have given

me no details."

"At the theatre. I have suspected it ever since she went away, even before she went in-

deed. She spoke so vaguely of her relations, that I pressed her on the subject—some secret instinct prompted me to it, I believe, for I can account for it in no other way—and she evaded, contradicted, grew embarrassed, till finally I told her that I thought she was uttering falsehoods. Then she grew angry; and would scarcely speak to me, as you perhaps noticed, for the rest of the time she staid."

Mrs. Harper nodded assent.

"After she left, a strange suspicion scized me. To satisfy myself I spent most of my time, day and night, in public places, where, if my fears fashionable streets, at places of public amuse- happened." ment, on the accustomed roads for persons who drive out of town. But, till to-night, I never once saw her. I was beginning to think my suspicions wrong, to feel easier in mind, when, at the theatre, this evening, she came into a private box with this profligate. She was dressed magnificently: all laces and silks: and he, the double-dyed scoundrel, tempter, devil, destroyer, how he smiled, and whispered, and leaned over her-oh! I could strike him dead, if I had the power-no, God help me, I would not do that!-I am too great a sinner myself, for have I not denied heaven, and, perhaps, by my scorn of a retribution to come, helped to soothe her conscience, and give her over to her enemy? Lord have mercy upon me."

"There-don't take it so to heart," said Mrs. Harper. "Its done, and can't be mended. You are not to blame, believe me, dear James. If anything could have saved her, it would have been your love."

"No, no, it was this cruel life; the miserable wages and incessant toil."

"The Lord forgive them," said the landlady, "that keep the poor, weak creatures at the point of starvation, and finally force too many of them, who are not upheld by religion, into evil courses, as the easier living of the two. But," she quickly added, fearful lest she should be misunderstood, "it was Susan's fault, in part, also. She wes vain, foolish, credulous, indolent; it was this that made her fall. I have no-doubt she looks back with scorn on her laborious life here; but she will yet find, deluded girl, that the wages of sin are death."

"God help us all-God help us all," said Butler. "Pray for me, Mrs. Harper-pray for Susan -pray that she may repent even on a deathbed."

He seized her hand in both of his, and looked imploringly into her eyes.

"I will," she answered, almost choked for utterance, the tears blinding her sight.

"God bless you," he ejaculated, passionately, and wrung her hand: the next instant he had fled the room.

Butler's chamber was directly above Mrs. Harper's, and when she ascended, she heard him walking overhead. All through the night, as often as she woke, and she slept brokenly, she heard still that heavy and sorrowful tread.

When Dora heard of Susan's guilt she burst into tears.

"Alas! poor Susan," she said.

"Poor, weak Susan!" answered Mrs. Harper.

"Ah, Mrs. Harper," replied Dora, "don't be too severe upon her. Perhaps, if she had been

were true, I would be likely to meet her: in the born to ease and luxury, this would not have

But the good landlady replied sternly,

"Every lot in life has its temptation, and poverty was hers."

Dora was silent for a moment.

"You are right," she said, at last: and then she sighed.

"It was slothfulness and vanity that ruined her," said Mrs. Harper; "as I often feared. Yet better had she starved than have fallen. 'Fear not them which kill the body, but rather fear Him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.' We cannot serve two masters, and Susan has made her choice."

"And you think it would be visionary," said Dora, hesitatingly, after a pause, "to seek Susan's reformation?"

"Since we could not keep her from going astray, we cannot recall her to the path of duty: at least not yet. She would only laugh at us. You cannot gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles. Susan must first discover how hollow are the oaths of seducers, and how hard are the wages of sin: and, that, poor girl, she will find soon enough. Verily the way of the transgressor is hard; but the path Susan has chosen is hardest of all."

"Oh!" cried Dora, with generous enthusiasm, "I wish that I was rich, that I might do something to save from this horrible pit, weak creatures like our poor Susan. Christ himself pardoned the Magdalene-"

"God bless your kind heart," interrupted Mrs. Harper, "but I fear the task would be hopeless. However there is no telling what might be done, if women would unite earnestly in the work. But now, instead of extending a hand to save their sisters from the gulf, too many, even of those who call themselves Christians, drive the poor victims over the brink by beating down wages already too low."

"If I ever become rich," said Dora, "I will try what can be done."

Mrs. Harper looked at her admiringly, and replied, "you are an angel, and if any one can do it, you can."

The knowledge of young Thomaston's agency in Susan's disappearance rendered Dora's connexion with the clothing store even more disagreeable than before, especially as the son had lately become associated with the father, in business. Since Susan's departure, Dora had been compelled to visit the store again. Fearful of meeting the profligate, she sought employment from other establishments; but work was now scarce, and she could find no encouragement. Necessity, therefore, compelled her to return to her old employer's.

For some time she saw nothing of young Thomaston. But one day, late in October, when she carried back some work, he confronted her at the door of the establishment.

Her heart beat fast. She, however, summoned all her self-command, and advanced up the store, taking no notice of the insolent smile with which he greeted her.

When she had concluded her business, and turned to depart, she saw that her persecutor had disappeared; and with a lightened heart she left the establishment.

As usual Dora had chosen, for her walk, that part of the day, when it being yet too light for candles, and too dark to sew, she could go out with the greater economy of time. Her heart fluttered a little as she left the store, fearing the profligate might be waiting for her; but it was not with fear. Loathing, detestation, even hate, if one like Dora could be said to hate, were her sensations toward this bad, vulgar man; but as she would have shuddered at a foul snake, so she sfirank now from the presence of this detestable betrayer.

The evening was beautiful, and Mr. Thomaston not making his appearance, Dora, re-assured, enjoyed the loveliness with a zest all the greater for her confinement during the day. A slight shower, just before she started, had passed over the city, and the air was full of the fragrance of flowers and wet grass, which, at such a time, impregnates even the atmosphere of a town, bringing up visions of mossy brooks, scented violets and new-mown hay.

Dora was walking leisurely along, her spirits rising even to buoyancy, when, on turning into a bye-street, a sharp, quick tread sounded behind her.

She knew instinctively whose it was. In fact, Susan's betrayer had been dogging her, on the opposite side of the street, all the way from his store. With a sudden resolution, as he addressed her, she turned boldly upon him.

"Sir," she said, "if you don't cease this insolence, I'll call the police."

"Hush!" said he, deprecating her fury by a look—"have you no curiosity to hear of Susan?"

Dora made no answer. Fallen as her late companion was, she yet longed to learn something respecting her. Perhaps she was ill? Perhaps repentant? Yet our heroine loathed the betrayer too much even to ask him. Her interest and anxiety, however, were perceptible in her eyes.

The profligate smiled, with grim satisfaction at the success of his stratagem.

"We will talk of that presently," he said. "But, first, a word with yourself-"

Dora's eyes flashed indignantly, and she turned half aside, as if to go.

Her companion, however, put out his hand and took hold of her shawl.

Instantly, as if an adder had stung her, she sprung back; her face blazing with scorn, anger, and outraged modesty. She even raised her hand, in the first impulse of the moment, as if to strike him dead at her feet.

So threatening was the gesture, so indignant her whole air, that the profligate stepped quickly to one side; and, even in the dim twilight, Dera saw that he turned as white as a grave-cloth. At this sight a contempt as utter as her anger had been high, took possession of her, and she turned from him with a sneer, walking with rapid steps away.

Her pursuer stood, as on a former occasion, thunderstruck for a moment. In spite of two several repulses, in spite of Mr. Harper's fiery eloquence, he had brought himself to believe that Dora, sooner or later, would listen to his miserable vows. Base himself, utterly base; knowing nothing of womanhood but in its degradation; and persuaded, from his success with Susan, that others who toiled like she did, would also accept his infamous propositions, he had convinced himself that, if he made another overture to Dora, it would be received at once. He had even flattered himself that Dora envied Susan her success—vain and contemptible fopling as he was!

In truth, ever since he had first seen Dora, this despicable profligate had loved her, or fancied he did, for a soul so vulgar and wicked could not really experience a true affection. He had, therefore, persecuted her with his addresses. Foiled in his base purpose, he had waylaid Susan, who, he more accurately judged, would prove less inflexible; for he had noticed the simper of vanity with which, when he had impudently touched his hat to her, she had betrayed her gratification. The silly admiration of Susan for all he said and did, joined to her pretty person, had pleased him for awhile; and he had finally persuaded her to leave her friends and place herself under his protection. But he already began to tire of her. Morcover, Susan, silly even as regarded her own interests, could not help talking of Dora, whom, in truth, she almost idolized, in her weak way: and thus his downcast, but not extinguished passion was aroused once more.

He had resolved accordingly to make another trial; and, for the reasons we have stated, he had really believed in success.

As on the former occasion he railied, after a moment's astonishment; and, as then, rage succeeded to his late feelings; only now the rage was so intolerable that it almost smothered him. He dashed forward on a run, and was soon at Dora's side.

She heard him approach, and stopping, faced him, with dilated form. Brave, high-hearted girl!

But before she could utter a word he broke forth,

"I ruined your mate," he said, his face livid with passion, and looking, in the dim light, more like a fiend, as Dora thought, than even imagination could depict, "because you rejected me; and I will have, by ———, other revenge before I am done."

He had advanced his face almost to hers, hissing the words between his teeth, like a serpent in its rage.

in its rage.

But Dora's lofty spirit was now fairly roused to the utmost. She threw back her head, her fine eyes darting lightnings, and, with her small hand, in which was now concentrated the strength of a man, she struck her insulter a blow, full in the face, that sent him receing from her.

And that was her only answer! For an instant, like an enraged lioness, she stood motionless, regarding him steadfastly: then, with a proud, defying curl of the lip, she turned and walked away.

He did not dare to follow her. He was cowed completely. Yet his soul burned with all the fires of hell nevertheless: rage, shame, revenge fanning and feeding the flame. He even might have rallied and followed her, but that, when he first saw clearly, after the blinding flash was over that followed the blow, he beheld her several pavements distant, and, close by her, a policcman, sauntering toward him. This man, as he passed Dora, eyed her curiously, which the defeated profligate saw. Alarmed lest the officer might have seen the interview, and might choose to arrest him, the libertine turned quickly, darted around the corner, and sought refuge in a cigarshop, two doors off, where a snug back room, used for smoking, afforded, he knew, an unsuspected retreat.

Little did even he, however, imagine the consequences that were to flow for that night's work. Little did Dora either. She had noticed the policeman also, and at first, had thought to ask his protection, but had finally, in the fearlessness of her spirit, decided that it was unnecessary. Better, oh! better if she had.

On reaching home, Dora made Mrs. Harper her confident at once.

- "The villain!" said the landlady. "Not satisfied with destroying Susan, he must persecute and insult you. My dear child it will not do for you to go near the store any more."
 - "I fear not," said Dora.
 - "The base scoundrel," exclaimed the landlady,

her anger rising. "He thinks because he is rich that he can do what he pleases. But, thank God, though he may triumph in this world, there is one coming where he will get his reward."

"I suppose," said Dora, with some anxiety, "I shall have no more work from the establishment."

"Never mind, dear," replied the landlady,
"you will not suffer. Why can't you, indeed,
give up this sewing at once, and help me about
the house? You are not very strong, but we'll
manage to do. You confine yourself too much:
you are pale; and your chest must hurt you, I
know——."

"No," interrupted Dora, "I will go on, at least for awhile. Thank you kindly, Mrs. Harper."

She knew that the good landlady was little able to support her in comparative idleness; and though she felt her health failing, and feared further insult, she resolved heroically to persevere.

"Well," said Mrs. Harper, "you must not go to the store any more."

"I am not rich, and can't keep a lacquey," said Dora, with a smile.

"But you can send," said Mrs. Harper, "there's a little lad here, who runs errands, we'll get him to go for you." And so it was arranged.

Meantime the autumn months came and went. Butler continued as unsettled, as reserved, as irritable as ever. His was one of those natures which trouble hardens, for the time, instead of softens. He was sullen, angry, defiant. Yet, under this, the germs of a radical change in his views, and in his character were vegetating silently, and slowly. As he had told Mrs. Harper, on that night of agony, he no longer disbelieved in Providence; and often, in his secret chamber, he struggled, in supplication, for strength to bear his trial.

Yet often also his wild nature almost hurried him into crime, allured by the tempting bait of revenge. Once especially when, in the evening, .he came unexpectedly across Susan's seducer, in a lone street, he could scarcely master the devil within him, which prompted him to fasten upon his enemy then and there, and not leave him till life was extinct. "Strike now and show him that, if richer, he is weaker than you: let him learn, in blood, that a poor man cannot be wronged with impunitý:"-thus whispered Satan. But another voice also was heard at his ear, "vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord," were the words; and they seemed actually spoken, by some person at his side. He started in amazement, and looked around: but no one was there. The warning, however, saved him from being a murderer. Was it an unseen spirit? God only knows!

"I cannot endure this any longer," he said, to Mrs. Harper, one day. "These temptations make me tremble for myself. Without the aid of heaven—left to fight with Satan alone I should imbue my hands, I know, in blood—and, even as it is, I sometimes fear the Evil One will catch me unawares. Oh! I comprehend now what John Bunyan felt. Besides this place is hateful to me."

Mrs. Harper did not discourage him from leaving the city; but said what she could to hasten his departure. She saw that this volcanic soul was at the crisis of its fate, and that to remain might, as Butler feared, prove his ruin.

So the day was fixed for his departure. As he was to go in the evening train, Butler devoted the morning to calling on his few friends. He had promised to return to dinner, but did not come, of which, however, Mrs. Harper thought little. Dora had set apart that afternoon, after a week's almost incessant labor, for a ramble in the country; and, when she started, she left her adieus for Butler, in case she did not return before he departed.

"Tell him," she said to Mrs. Harper, "that I hope to see him come back, in a few years, a famous artist."

All that afternoon Mrs. Harper waited in vain for Butler. As evening drew on she began to be alarmed; but, about half an hour before the train departed, he made his appearance.

He seemed heated and excited as if he had walked fast and far. There was barely time to get down his luggage, and call a porter, before it became necessary for him to depart.

"Good-bye," he said, to Mrs. Harper. "You will not see me for years, if ever. Hereafter I shall have no love but for Art." He moved away a step; then came back; and taking the landlady's hand, added with emotion, "pray for me—you don't know how much I want your

prayers—perhaps, after all, I am an outcast, predestinated," and he smiled grimly, "to eternal ruin. God help me!"

He spoke incoherently, and was again going, when Mrs. Harper, remembering Dora's message, detained him to mention it. She thought its praise might soothe him.

"Miss Atherton is an angel," he said. "But I saw her at—," and he mentioned a public promenade, on the outskirts of the city. "She told me I would be a great artist. We walked a bit in the fields and woods together. Ask her, too, to pray for me—I did not, when I saw her, feel that I was so heaven-abandoned a wretch as I am. Surely prayers from one so pure as she will be heard."

His broken sentences and wild looks alarmed Mrs. Harper. Could he be intoxicated? No, she knew he was not: his very carnestness forbade the idea. Before she could express her thoughts, however, he wrung her hand, and darted away on a run, without once looking back.

But the events of the day were not over. Two hours had passed since Butler's departure, and Mrs. Harper had long been alarmed, in turn, at Dora's non-appearance, when the parlor door was pushed rudely open, and a neighbor rushed in breathlessly,

"Oh! Mrs. Harper," she said, "what does all this mean? Young Mr. Thomaston has been carried home dead, murdered, and your Miss Atherton has confessed to the deed. My Jim saw the crowd at the court-house, as they were carrying her in. They caught her in the act."

Mrs. Harper rose to her feet, pale as ashes, but with an inflexible face.

"I don't believe it," she said, indignantly.
"Yet, God help me," she added, bursting into tears. "What if he has been insulting her again." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

DUTY. A TALE.

BY R. K. SMITH.

"Why do you dwell so much, dear mamma, upon the necessity of acting from a principle of duty? It seems so cold and severe a word! and it is so much easier and happier to obey you and papa because I love you, than because it is my duty to do so."

As Lucy Edwardes gave utterance to these words, she fixed her eyes with so fond and earnest a gaze upon her mother, that Mrs. Edwardes looked sadly on her for a moment; but her pale countenance was soon lighted up by a soft, tender smile, such as mothers only can bestow upon their offspring, and she replied,

"May it long be your privilege, my child, to obey your parents joyously and freely as you do now, but, perhaps, in after life, you may remember your mother's word, that affection is never so pure or steadfast as when it is guided and controlled by duty. Duty, not cold and stern, as it exists in your imagination, but tender and gentle amid its high and irm resolves. Duty, such as I trust will be familiar to your heart, when the earlier and more ardent impulses of affection may perhaps have passed away. But I will not enlarge on this subject now, as it seems distasteful to you, my love," added Mrs. Edwardes, while her head sank back upon her couch, as if she were wearied by the effort of speaking.

Lucy pressed to her lips her mother's hand, which she had held within her own during the brief moments of their conversation; and rising from the footstool whereon she had been seated, entered the conservatory, near whose open door, the invalid's sofa was placed, and plucking a sprig of heliotrope, which she knew to be her mother's favorite flower, laid it on the work-table at her side. Mrs. Edwardes smiled gratefully upon her daughter; and Lucy inquired whether she would like some music.

"Yes, let me have one of your beautiful Scotch airs."

"Or my last new Italian song, mamma?"

"Whichever suits your own taste best, my

Lucy scated herself at the piano and poured forth a full tide of song, which at other times would have gratified her mother's car; but the closed eye and hectic flush bespoke suffering too acute to be soothed by mortal melody.

All this while, Mrs. Edwardes had been watched by another anxious eye; for Lucy had a sister, about a year older than herself; and just then, Marion Edwardes was scated at the other end of the drawing-room, seemingly engaged in sketching, but her pencil was held in silent thoughtfulness, while she looked earnestly toward her mother. After a moment's hesitation, she arose and going into the next room, brought back a restorative which she offered to the invalid; a look of grateful love rewarded her consideration, and she inquired in a low voice,

"Is the music too much for you, mamma?"

"Oh, no; don't mar Lucy's pleasure; I am stronger again." But Marion turned round and whispered to her sister,

"I think, Lucy, some simpler melody would please mamma better, for she does not seem well enough to day to enjoy such brilliant music."

"That is just one of your old-fashioned notions, Marion; as if an air of Bellini's could be more hurtful than some ditty which has been sung for ages by shepherds and ploughboys!—but if mamma is suffering, I had better not play at all," she continued; and closing the instrument, rose up from her seat.

Observing that Marion looked grieved, she added, in a contrite tone, "I hope, dearest Marion, you are not displeased with me; I would not vex you for worlds." So saying, she kissed her cheek, and resuming her embroidery, seated herself once more at her mother's side.

This little scene had passed behind Mrs. Edwardes' couch, but she had overheard some of her children's words, and her inquiring eye rested anxiously on them both. The entrance of her husband introduced new topics of conversation, and as she exerted herself to enliven the leisure hour which was always devoted to her, he could not realize to himself that the being, whose soft cheerfulness and harmless wit formed the delight of his home, was about to pass away like a shadow from the face of the earth.

A year had elapsed since the day just alluded to. The sun shone as brightly as ever upon the gay conservatory, whose fragrance had often been so grateful to the drooping invalid. The sound of music was still heard within that pleasant drawing-room. Books and work were, as heretofore, scattered throughout the apartment. But she, whose presence had once shed a calm joy around these household comforts, was gone; and her young daughters looked sad and desolate in

their sable garments. Yet theirs was the sadness of a spring morning, whose clouds and sunshine are so happily blended together, that one would not give up the tempered brightness of that changeful sky for the brilliancy of the noontide hour. She who was gone hence, had spoken words of peace and hope which dwelt within their hearts, as pledges of their mother's bliss; and her spirit seemed to hover around their domestic hearth, binding together more closely than ever those who were dearest to her on earth. Her widowed husband seemed to centre all his love and all his hopes in his two daughters, who now formed his only household treasures.

Marion and Lucy were at an age which pecu-

liarly needed a mother's care, for they were just springing into womanhood; but all that a father's tenderness could supply was bestowed by Mr. Edwardes, who in each leisure hour directed their studies, shared in their pursuits, and gave them every healthful recreation they could desire. He seemed to live for his children, and they loved him with that devoted affection which is the happiest bond between a father and his daughters. Marion was his daily counsellor and stay, for she united to all the freshness of seventeen, the ripened judgment of a more advanced age; but Lucy was his pride and his darling. Her dark eye rested on him with such fond affection-her child-like playfulness was so bewitching-her voice so full of sweet modulation! Yes, Lucy was her father's favorite, and she knew it.

In the earlier days of his widowhood, Mr. Edwardes had turned chiefly to Marion for comfort, and her silent tears were his best earthly solace; but as his grief became less poignant, he found relief in the society of his younger daughter, whose occasional bursts of sorrow were less oppressive to his spirits than the quiet sadness of her sister.

As time wore on, Marion spoke more rarely than heretofore of her beloved mother, whose image, however, dwelt within her heart, and whose words she treasured up as a storehouse of wisdom and consolation. Lucy, on the other hand, loved to talk with her father of the being so dear to them both; and these conversations tended to lighten the burden of their sorrow, and to prepare them for a participation in other thoughts and joys, connected with the present rather than with the past.

It was a calm autumn evening. The sisters were standing together in a bay window, from whence they watched the setting sun as it sank behind the distant hills which bounded their horizon. Marion's hand rested on her sister's shoulder, and it seemed as though some painful recollections had been awakened by the beauty of the scene, for a tear stole down her cheek,

which, being observed by Lucy, she gently kissed away. At this moment their father entered with an open note in his hand.

"Here is an invitation for you, my children, to Mrs. Leslie's."

"Are we to go?"
"May we go?" escaped, at the same moment,

from Marion and Lucy's lips.

"Just as you please; for I have no wish to deprive you of any innocent enjoyment. What say you, my grave and gentle Marion?" inquired .

Mr. Edwardes, addressing his eldest daughter.

"Oh, papa, as far as my choice is concerned," began Marion, but perceiving a shade of disappointment on Lucy's countenance, she added, "let dear Lucy decide; I will do whatever she likes best."

Lucy's features lighted up as she expressed the delight it would give her to accept Mrs. Leslie's invitation, saying that Isabella Leslie was such a charming person that she longed to see her again.

"Well, my little enthusiast, you shall go there; but this is rather an impromptu friendship you have formed for Miss Leslie; you have met but once—besides, she is several years older than you are."

"Yes, yes, papa; but she is so beautiful and

"res, yes, papa; but she is so beautiful and so kind, and sings so divinely! I cannot help loving her."

Mr. Edwardes rallied her for a few moments

longer, and then returned to his study. Marion looked rather graver than usual; but Lucy was too happy in anticipation of the morrow, to observe her sister's saddened aspect.

The second year of Mr. Edwardes' widowhood had passed away, and the beloved mother of his children was about to be replaced by a younger and more beautiful companion. Isabella Leslie was on the eve of becoming the mistress of Hazlewood. Lucy's heart leaped with joy at the prospect of having her friend the inmate of her home, so that she could enjoy her society without the many interruptions which had of late somewhat excited her impatient disposition. There was but one drawback to her happiness. She could not conceal from herself that the union in which she so fondly rejoiced, was painfully unwelcome to her sister. Marion's calm smile and quiet demeanor might have deceived an ordinary observer; but the eye of affection could detect a struggling heart beneath this peaceful exterior. This discovery would have affected Lucy still more deeply had she not thought it strangely unreasonable of Marion not to share in the ardent attachment she felt for her friend. At times the remembrance that her mother had not desired the acquaintance of Mrs. Leslie's family for her children, would give her a momentary pang; but

this unwelcome thought was quickly expelled by her determination to believe, that had Isabella's? her sister's ardent temper, looked perplexed and excellences been known to her mother, she would? gladly have chosen her as the companion of her? daughters.

The bridal pair had returned from their wedding tour, and on their arrival at home Isabella was greeted by Lucy with the same ardent en-} thusiasm, which had marked her attachment since the first day of their meeting; Marion was there too, and in the cordial welcome she gave her father's wife, no shade of gloom was suffered to overcloud this their first family meeting. Mr. Edwardes was too much engrossed with his own happiness to observe the changing color of his eldest daughter at this trying moment; but the haughty expression of Isabella's eye, as her glance rested on Marion, showed that there was { one at least who had detected the hidden feelings of her heart. Isabella was not destitute of many good qualities, but her natural vanity had been fostered by an injudicious mother into arrogance and self-conceit. Alas! how often does mistaken affection check the unfolding of kindly virtues within the bosom of its idol! even like some parasitic creepers which stiffe the blossoms of those fragrant shrubs around which they have entwined themselves with an aspect of clinging tenderness.

The sisters were now emancipated from the restraints of the school-room, but their old place of study was still appropriated to their exclusive use; and there, a few hours were daily spent by Marion in reading or in other favorite pursuits. There too, she often sought refuge from petty mortifications which awaited her in the drawingroom; nor did she ever trust herself to rejoin the domestic circle, until she had obtained strength; to fulfil cheerfully the new duties which were now allotted to her.

In this quiet apartment she was scated one afternoon, when Lucy rushed into the room, and throwing her arms round her sister's neck, exclaimed passionately, "you are the only one now left to love or care for me, dearest Marion! Oh, how bitter it is to be deceived where one has trusted so fondly-so entirely."

Marion, with an anxious look.

"You know, Marion, how I have devoted every thought to my father and Isabella-how I longed for their union-how I rejoiced at its accomplish-Well, they no longer care for me. I am not necessary to their happiness; nay, my presence seems unwelcome to them; but," added she, rising up with an air of offended dignity-"I will not tamely submit to such insulting treatment. They shall learn that I can exist without them. The world is wide enough for them and me."

Marion, though used to occasional outbursts of grieved. After a moment's hesitation, she said, "surely, you are mistaken, Lucy; although papa has, of course, less leisure to bestow on us now than in former days, yet he is very kind; and as for Isabella, it is impossible but that she should love you."

"Yes, with such love as a step-mother may bestow, but not such as I have a right to expect from my chosen friend. And, as for papa, he is so engressed with his young wife, that I believe. at heart, he cares very little for you or me, although you may choose to believe the contrary; for my part, I will not be deceived by him or by Isabella either."

"Dear, dear Lucy," said Marion, gravely, "do you remember that he is our father, and that it is our duty to love him, and to love her for his sake?"

"Duty! that is so like you, Marion. a very wise teacher truly, but you cannot make me love by rule," said Lucy, scornfully.

"Indeed, I did not mean to teach you, dear Lucy; but you cannot forget who it was," she added, with a trembling lip, "who it was that taught us that Duty was the highest and holiest principle of life. You cannot forget who it was that warned us how the strongest affection might sometimes waver, if not controlled and guided by a sense of duty."

Lucy burst into tears, and throwing herself anew into her sister's arms, cried out, "ah! my beloved mother, would that she were here again, to pity and direct us."

"We cannot recall her, dearest Lucy, nor, perhaps, ought we to wish to do so; but may we not best cherish her memory by endeavoring to obey all her wishes concerning us?"

"It is so hard! so very hard!" observed Lucy. "You cannot know, Marion, how difficult it is to be gentle and loving to those who are wounding and annoying you; for you are naturally so kind and good that you have no struggle in doing what is right."

"No struggle!" replied Marion, mournfully. "What do you mean, my love?" inquired Oh, Eucy! how little do you know of the long, bitter struggles I have had before it was possible for me to overcome painful and rebellious feelings, so as to be able cheerfully to fulfil the duties of my present position."

> "Is it possible, dearest Marion? and I knew nothing about it. How cold, how hateful, you must have thought me!"

> "No. no. I always felt sure that you loved me. although we seemed unhappily to be estranged for awhile."

> "Oh! I shall never, never be like you, my dear, good, Marion," said Lucy, in an agony of grief.

"Say not so, dearest Lucy; for are we not both { in all its gentle and unalloyed purity, fresh from equally weak and frail in our best resolutions? and have we not the same unfailing promise of strength to cheer and support us in every time of trial? Only let us ask earnestly for it, and act honestly up to our convictions of what is right, then all will be well, and happy too."

"Happy!" re-echoed Lucy, with an incredulous smile.

"Yes, happy, my dearest sister; for we cannot but remember how often our beloved mother told us, that the path of duty is the way to happiness, even in this present life."

We will now pass over two years of the domestic life at Hazlewood; and, at the end of this period, we find Isabella the mother of a lovely boy, whose birth had made her dearer than ever to Mr. Edwardes; indeed, the little stranger seemed to be a sweet bond of love, drawing the whole household nearer to one another.

Hour after hour Marion would steal into the nursery to gaze upon her new-born brother, and her gentle caresses soon made her welcome to the infant. As for Lucy, her admiration of him was unbounded; and Isabella, whose whole being seemed softened and elevated by the new sensation of maternal love, could not but look kindly upon those by whom her little one was so tenderly cherished.

Alas! a worm was within this early bud of domestic joy. Isabella saw her babe droop and wither at a time when her own failing health rendered her unable to yield all those fond offices of love which a mother best can bestow. Marion supplied her place with untiring devotion; nor was Lucy less anxious to watch over her dying brother; but the ardor of her spirit somewhat disqualified her for the patient stillness which a sick room requires. Marion directed zeal into the more active channel of attendance on Isabella. whose indisposition, combined with anxiety, often made her sensitive and irritable. This was a time of trial to the new-formed principles of Lucy; but, amid some failures and discouragements she gradually learnt the blessedness of forbearing, as well as of acting from a sense of duty. Keeping this high aim steadily in view, she found, moreover, that insensibly her affection for Isabella was reviving, and that it was no longer a passionate emotion, but a kindly, unselfish love, thinking more of others than of herself.

When Isabella came to suffer that bitter anguish which a bereaved mother alone can know, Lucy saw without jealousy that she turned intuitively to Marion for comfort; to Marion, who had borne with Christian meekness her neglect and scorn; to Marion, who had fostered her little one with unwearied tenderness. To her she now sought for sympathy; and it was yielded to her

the fountain-head of mercy and of love.

The first agony of maternal grief was past, and Isabella, unwilling to make others more miserable by indulging in the luxury of solitary woe, had rejoined the domestic circle. It was a cold autumn evening, and the family party were collected around their fireside, at the cozy twilight Isabella had just placed on Marion's finger a mourning ring, in remembrance of the babe who was so dear to them both, and almost involuntarily she pressed the finger, with its precious burthen to her lips.

"Oh, Marion," she exclaimed, "how could I have been so cruel to you; and how were you able to bear so gently with my unkindness?"

"Surely, it was my duty to do so; besides, you never meant to be cruel or unkind, dear Isabella." "Not deliberately, perhaps, but that is no excuse for my conduct, neither can I be so ungenerous as to accept it as such."

"That confession is worthy of you, my nobleminded Isabella," said Mr. Edwardes to his wife: "nor can I feel myself guiltless of having somewhat neglected those who are very dear to me; but how can we atone better for past errors, than by acting for the future on Marion's principle?"

"Not mine, dear papa, do not call it mine; it was taught us by our beloved mother, and you know from what high and holy source she drew

Isabella drew a deep sigh. "Ah! Marion, what a treasure your mother must have been; would that I were like her."

"That is a wish, which every heart here might well re-echo for itself," rejoined her husband; "but why, dearest, should we not adopt the same principles which were her guide, and seek for the same strength which was her stay? then we, too, shall know the happiness arising from a steady adherence to duty, and which, my children," he added, with a look of affection upon his daughters, "which, my children, I rejoice to think, have already found."

Isabella's glance bespoke a deep though silent acquiescence. Lucy almost sobbed for joy as she throw herself into Isabella's arms, exclaiming, "ah! we shall all be happy again, shall we not, dear Isabella?"

The mother's heart had been too recently wrung with misery to respond cheerfully to Lucy's expectation of happiness; but, while returning her affectionate embrace, she whispered, "we shall, at least, have a home of peace and love."

"And shall we not indulge in bright hope too?" inquired Marion, softly. A gentle pressure of her hand was the only answer given.

Mr. Edwardes sat silently by, gazing upon his

ness and admiration.	ness, such as can only be experienced by those
That twilight conversation was prolonged until	whose love has been strengthened by trial, and
the shades of night fell thickly around the inmates	whose most ardent affections are swayed by the
of Hazlewood; and that dull autumn evening,	firm yet gentle hand of Duty.

wife and daughters; his look was one of tender- was followed by a long course of tranquil happi-

which began with such sorrowful reminiscences.

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FALSE PRIDE.

BY ESTHER DUFRONDE.

It was Christmas Eve. But the sounds of revelry and mirth which were wont to be heard in the old farm house of Paul Somers were hushed in sorrow; for the voice of her who sung the sweetest, whose eyes beamed hope and joy to her grey-haired parents, and whose laughter spread mirth in the Christmas carol, was wanting.

Of three children, two were married, and had removed with their families to another state, and Mary, the youngest, was residing with a wealthy lady in Philadelphia, whose carnest solicitations and brilliant promises had succeeded in prevailing on the old couple to allow her to adopt their daughter as her own. They regarded a superior education and other privileges she would enjoy as the summit of human happiness, and when their thoughts would rest on the trial of parting, they were soon banished as selfish. The young girl too added her solictations, for she saw, in dreams of the future, that wealth which would enable her to accomplish her dearest wish of placing her parents beyond the reach of want. Mary was accordingly the acknowledged heiress of Miss Ailmers. She was now in her seventeenth year, a period of life when sensibility is keenly alive; and although her love for her parents remained untarnished, she preferred visiting them instead of allowing them to visit her; for she feared (alas! for her weakness) to expose herself to the ridicule of her fashionable acquaintance, by acknowledging before them her plain father and mother.

The old people looked forward to her visits with child-like eagerness, and all the means were employed within their humble sphere to enhance her pleasure; but as time passed, these visits became few and far between, months sometimes elapsed, and then a year rolled by; a year which stamped a heavy impress on the brows of the aged pair. A presentiment of diminished love would sometimes intrude itself; but the thought was too agonizing to be supported, and many excuses for her absence were framed. Christmas, however, was near at hand, and then she would surely come: and they would induce her to remain with them, for they doubted not she would heed a mother's tears, and a father's prayers, nor leave them in their loneliness to totter, unsupported, to the grave.

But Christmas came without Mary, and the lonely pair, made more lonely by beholding the festivities which surrounded them, heaved heart drawn sighs as they gazed on the smiling faces which passed their dwelling on their way to the neighboring village.

"But look ye, Paul!" suddenly exclaimed his wife. "Who can that young gentleman be, who is making such haste toward our house?"

"Some one who has lost his way, or perhaps it is the unknown proprietor of the new house on the hill, or——"

He was interrupted by the entrance of the person in question, who advanced toward them with an air of familiarity, and they were unable to disguise their astonishment as he earnestly shook their hands.

"Why, my good friends, what is the matter? Do you not remember Charles Morton, the little boy who always stopped to take your Mary to school?"

"Yes, yes, and a good boy he was too. Perhaps you are the gentleman who put him in a store in Philadelphia, when he lost his father," said Paul, in an inquiring tone.

"Oh, no," exclaimed the young man, "I am not he, I am Charles Morton himself."

"Charles Morton!—can it be?" cried Mrs. Somers. "Yes, Paul, it is he. Look into that face. Years have passed since he went away, and he has now grown to be a man. But, Charles, are we not excusable for forgetting you, when you have allowed so long a time to pass without coming to see us?"

"Yes, my boy," added Paul, "we, as well as your other old friends about here, thought you had been called long since to give up your stewardship in this world."

"It would have been more strange had you recognized me," replied Morton, "for of the seven years that have passed since I left you, only two have been spent in Philadelphia. Three I have passed in India, exposed to the enervating influence of the climate, and travelling occupied the remaining two."

"But Charles."

"I know what you would ask, Uncle Paul, (for so I must still call you) you marvel at my good fortune, and wonder where I obtained means. I left you in sorrow, and know not whither I was going, or whether kindness or unkindness would be my portion; but heaven protected the houseless orphan. I went into the employment of Mr.

Grant as an errand boy, in which station I remained a few months, when the lowest salesman became an invalid; I exerted myself to supply his place, which I did so much to the satisfaction of my employer that he allowed me to retain it, and about a year afterward his health becoming very precarious, his physicians advised him to travel; he took me as a companion and assistant, and since our return has placed me in a lucrative office: it would be in vain for me to attempt to express my gratitude toward such a benefactor."

Somers, with a deep sigh. "Not much danger of that, my good people, for I expect to come and live among you, and pass many happy hours with you again. Yonder new house on the hill belongs to my wife, whither we shall shortly remove with her father, my bene-

"God bless you, Charles, you have not forgot-

ten us. May you continue to visit us," said Mrs.

factor." Charles enjoyed their surprize a few minutes, and then inquired after Mary, his old playmate. "She too has gone to the city," said Paul,

unable to hide his painful emotion. "We have not seen her for a year." It was now Charles' turn to be astonished. He looked inquiringly for a solution of the mystery;

but feared to give utterance to his thoughts lest he might lacerate hearts which he perceived had received a wound. But they told him all. In return he encouraged

them to hope, promising to use all his endeavors to remove the barrier which the laws of society had placed between Mary and her parents. his return to the city, a few days after, Charles called at the house of Miss Ailmer, where every thing appeared in commotion, as if preparation was being made for some grand event. He remained a long time in the drawing-room waiting Mary's appearance; servants were passing to and fro, some bringing in magnificent bouquets, others filling vases, and one was turning wreaths of white roses around the marble pillars which supported the lofty ceiling. He felt discouraged in his undertaking, whilst contrasting this mansion of luxury and splendor with the humble residence of the farmer, and even thought Mary in some degree excusable. Whilst indulging this train of thought, he heard the sound of footsteps and peals of laughter in the hall, and the next moment two ladies and a gentleman of foreign aspect made their appearance. Charles was unprepared for such a reception, and was thrown into a state of confusion on reflecting that his business was private, and that a request to see Mary alone, perhaps might create suspicion; but now no alternative remained but to request an interview with her. But his embarrassment was greatly increased when the youngest of the ladies (should hear it through any other channel. But

see, and would be happy to hear what business he could possibly have to transact with her, at the same time casting a confidential glance at the gentleman on whose arm she leaned.

replied she was the person whom he desired to

Charles replied that he had a few words to say to her privately on an important subject. "Oh, well, say it now then, for I have nothing,

or will hear nothing which these friends cannot But her face crimsoned as she spoke, and she looked so imploringly to Miss Ailmer, at the same time endeavoring to conceal her confusion from the gentleman, that Charles apologized for intruding at this particular time, rose to withdraw. Miss Ailmer and Mary were well

appertained to her parents and her home: but the Count de Langrave, for as such the gentleman now introduced himself to Charles, demanded to know the purport of his visit in an authoritative and insolent manner, which the proud spirit of Charles could not brook. He replied that his

pleased with the prospect of so speedy a termi-

nation of a visit, which they were both convinced

business was not with him, but with Miss Somers. "It is with me then," was the reply of the count, "for before sundown this day she will be my wife; so, my young chap, what say you to that?"

Charles could scarcely restrain his indignant feelings, but he thus addressed Mary,

"If what I hear is true, of course he is your confidant, and the weighty business with which I am commissioned is merely a request from your parents to come and see them."

This was said jeeringly, as he had no doubt it would be laughed off, not thinking of the possibility of the count's ignorance of Mary's birth. But what was his consternation on beholding Mary pale and agitated with dreadful emotion, almost fainting; Miss Ailmer red with fury: and the Count de Langrave all amazement, gazing from one to the other.

"What is the meaning of all this?-some devilish trick is being played-look ye, young chap, where are you from?" Charles did not allow him to finish his inquiries, but handing a card, added he might fix any time which best suited him to afford satis-

faction. All must have been arranged satisfactorily by Miss Ailmer and Mary, for a few days after the Count and Countess de Langrave, with Miss Ailmer, left for Europe, where they expected to reside, with the prospect of visiting their friends in America every few years. Charles was at a loss to know how to communicate the dreadful intelligence to Paul and his wife, but he resolved to go immediately and inform them before they

his task was not so difficult as he had anticipated, for Mary had written them an affectionate letter, ? although she placed an immoveable barrier between herself and them, they seemed heart-broken but resigned, and murmured not. . Two years rolled by, Christmas came again.

Paul Somers and his wife were seated in their lonely home, endeavoring to support each the others heart. Neither mentioned the name of Mary. In her father's house hers was a tale untold. We said it was Christmas, ay, and the day was drawing to a close, and no friend had stopped in to cheer them, not even Charles Morton and his wife. "But," said Paul, "something has happened, they have not forgotten us, I know.

here. Good God, what does it mean? Father side, bearing the names of Paul Somers, Rebecca of mercies, what do I see? Mary! oh, no! Mary! Somers and Mary de Langrave. is it thee, my child?"

"Father forgive me-mother forgive me." and she fell senseless into the arms of her father. Tears were poured forth and prayers breathed. They thought not whence she came or how, she was with them, that was enough. A loud knock at the door, accompanied by an oath, reminded them of her forlorn situation, when the man who had brought her demanded his money for bringing the luggage so many miles. That evening her tale was told. Her husband proved an imposter. and after impoverishing Miss Ailmer under false pretences and using artful means, left them, unprotected, soon after they arrived in Europe. Miss Ailmer had taken up her abode with a wealthy uncle in Scotland; and Mary, after enduring the I will just go over and see as soon as I see a keenest remorse, had succeeded in reaching her friend passing who will assist me up the hill, home through difficulties which would make the perhaps this is one coming now! Oh! no, what stoutest heart shrink to narrate. Again came the a wretched horse, poor thing! and the wagon, yearly festival. Look ye into the little gravesurely it will soon come asunder. It is coming yard: three spotless stones are there side by

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GHOST STORIES.

BY C. J. PETERSON.

horse-shoe is still nailed at the door to keep off; witches; and in more enlightened portions, the success of "Spiritual Knockings" testifies to similar credulity. Thousands, even of the educated, secretly believe in ghosts. We did so ourselves once. Whether our faith in spectres still remains, the following story will resolve.

This belief did not rest, however, on having seen a ghost, or even on knowing any person who had. Nor had we been accustomed to being frightened in the nursery by tales of apparitions. for "Jack the Giant Killer" was the nearest approach to a ghost-story we had ever heard. Nevertheless, at ten years old, the conviction of supernatural agencies was a part of our existence. It had come down to us, we suspect, by "inheritance of blood," from our grim, Norse ancestry. If we had to pass a grave-yard after night, we never did it alone if we could help it. Once or twice we could find no companion. and then how our knees shook, and our hearts quaked!

Perhaps the greatest trial of our life, certainly of our boyhood, was connected with this belief. Our excellent mother-God long preserve her days!-was a housewife with great faith in ventilation, and, except in the dead of winter, daily had the casements of the sleeping apartments thrown open, and shut afterward at dark. It was often our duty to close these windows, when the servants were engaged, and we happened to be about. We did not dare to disobey, and were ashamed even to wish it; but what agonies we suffered! To go up was easy enough; but to come down, there was the difficulty! As long as we could face the imaginary foe, we continued, after a sort, to keep up our courage, though we

A fairli in supernatural appearances is by no; took care to look straight ahead, and especially means as uncommon as philosophers would have to avoid dark corners. But when we turned our us suppose. In rude districts of our country the back to descend, then it was our heart began to flutter. We generally came down, four steps at a time, expecting every moment, to feel something, we knew not what, tap us on the arm, or behold some grinning, grisly spectre peep over our shoulder and jeer in our face. But to our story.

> When we were about ten years old we spent a summer with some cousins in the country. One day, for the first time in our life, a veritable book of ghost-stories fell into our way. We became intensely interested in it. Our playmates had been engaged in boisterous sport all the afternoon, and at last came to drag us forth from the sitting-room where we had hidden. We went unwillingly. Our mind was so full of the strange horrors we had been reading about, that we could not play however; and we began, before long, to tell our little relatives some of the tales from the volume. Our cousins proved to be as credulous as ourselves. Eagerly they listened, and soon tops were laid aside, and the whole four of us were sitting in a group, by the side of an old shed, while we read aloud.

> It would have been curious to have heard our commentaries, no doubt, for our degrees of faith varied considerably, and while some believed everything, others questioned the more extraordinary of the stories. The greatest skeptic of all was a little fellow, about our own age, who sat on our right. The most credulous was another cousin, his brother, who cowered behind us. "That was awful, wasn't it?" the latter would say: or, "oh! how horrible, I shall never go into an old house, but what I shall think it haunted." "Pooh!" his brother would reply, setting his mouth hard, "I don't half believe it; and yet," he would say, dubiously, "its told there as if it

must be true." As for the other brother, who | weep! weep!" Then there was a sound, as if sat in front of us, he was a boy of few words, but from the way he had of furtively glancing over his shoulder, as we read, it was easy to see that he more than half expected, then and there, an apparition "in propria persona."

After we had mentally supped, "full of horrors," on tales of spectres, supernatural noises, and other terrors, we came at last to a story. which, as it related to a murdered child, peculiarly impressed us. Perhaps some of our readers know where to find the ghostly tale; but as we do not, we must rehearse it from memory. The scene was an old house near Edinburgh, we believe, in which an infant had been murdered and buried under the floor; and the tenement afterward let out to parties totally ignorant of the transaction. The new inhabitant was a Mrs. R---, a widow lady, if we recollect. The first evening, as she sat sewing, she heard footsteps in the passage, though when she opened the door. she could see nobody. This was constantly repeated, till bed-time, by which period she had grown nervous and excited. So she sent for the servant girl from the kitchen, and asked her if she had not heard the sounds. The girl replied in the negative, but added there were certainly strange noises in the house. When Mrs. Rretired she could not sleep for the racket of a child's rattle, which sounded first on one side of her, and then on another, but always in the chamber, and sometimes close at her car. was succeeded by the noise of little, pattering feet, of a child crying, and then of a woman sobbing.

When we had read thus far, it had come to be almost dark. The sun was setting on the other side of the old shed, a stray gleam of light struggling through the broken roof, and falling about us; and but for this we should have scarcely have been able to see. By this dim light, however, we read on.

The story proceeded to tell that the servant, who heard similar sounds, soon became so frightened that she left the house. But Mrs. Rwho was a bold woman, and who could not afford to move, procured another girl, who was a stranger to the entire neighborhood. The very next morning, however, this servant also left. had heard mysterious noises, she said, all night; her name called, though she could see nobody; toddling feet, as if a child staggering around her bed, a cry, sobs, and even groans. The wealth of the whole world, she declared, would not induce her to remain in the house.

Mrs. R-, however, still kept at her post, trying to persuade herself the noises were imagi-But one night she heard a voice, like nothing human, close to her, crying, "weep!

some one gasped for breath; and again, in awful distinctness, "weep! weep! weep!" Again came the choking sound, and a third time, "weep! weep! weep!" She rose up in bed, and, with resolute courage, cried out, "what is that? where are you?" but could see nothing. Yet, when she laid down again, there was the same frightful noises, now like a child crying in deep sorrow, now like a woman wringing her hands and wailing.

Nor was this all. In the upper story, or garret, was a door leading out on the roof, which, however often it was shut, was always opened, soon after, by an unseen hand. Once, when Mrs. R-, about dusk, went up into this room to look for some bits of old calico for patch-work. she heard a strange, rushing sound, and looking around, saw a child run from this door to a closet, in which it disappeared. She was so frightened at the apparition that she fainted, and when she came to herself, the closet stood open again, with not a soul in it.

We boys were, by this time, worked up to a pitch of horror indescribable. Our hair fairly stood on end. To our young and vivid imaginations the whole scene was pictured so forcibly that we almost heard the breeze-like rush of the spectre, and saw the haunted door opened and closed by the mysterious hand. The last ray of the setting sun, too, was fading over my shoulder, so that the characters of the book before me were almost undistinguishable. My own nerves shook so that I would gladly have stopped; but I felt ashamed; and, therefore, summoning all my courage, I read on.

The story proceeded to tell that, after this, Mrs. R- beheld the same apparition she had seen in the garret, come down through the ceiling, at the dead of night, its eyes full of indescribable wee fixed awfully upon her. She had the courage, this time, to adjure it; when it disappeared. The sobbings, the wailings, the pattering feet, the wringing of hands still continued. She never ventured into the garret again, until months had elapsed, when, being in a hurry one evening for something, she ran up, just at dusk, without thinking of the apparition.

"She had just entered the room, however," I read, "when suddenly-"

I never got further, for, at that moment, the last ray of the sun died out, leaving us in comparative darkness, and, at the same instant, a cry wild and unearthly, and different from any thing I had ever heard, rose startlingly upon the silence. A tread too was heard behind us, accompanied by a sound, as if the old door turned on its rusty hinges, and some terrible presence was entering upon the scene.

my hands. Two of my cousins took at once to with laughter. flight; but the skeptic stood firm for an instant; "The boys are not as much hurt, Molly, as and grasping his arm as a sort of protection, I scared," he said, the tears running down his also essayed to keep my ground. Our courage, cheek. "They've been reading ghost-stories,

ceived us: the door was steadily opening, and by donkey, "happening to bray and poke his nose some unseen power. Suddenly, through the gap, through the door behind them, they fancied he

a pair of wild eyes glowed out of the darkness. we fell exhausted, half dead with affright, in the kitchen doorway.

-came rushing out, thinking her dear Johnny was seriously hurt. "Oh! what's the matter?" she shricked, pick-

ing him up. "Where are you hurt, Johnny? Tell your mother, dear!"

my uncle, as hearty an old farmer as owned broad \ less donkey.

however, lasted for only a second. At first we ; under the old shed, as I see by the book Charley boldly faced around; but our cars had not de- dropped in his flight; and Dobbin," meaning his

was a spectre, and that it was all up with them. We staid to see no more. Each uttering a simul- | Serves them right, though," he added, "for readtaneous scream, each clinging desperately to the ing such trash. But I'll fix that for them," and, other, we took to our heels, never stopping till { without more ado, he tossed the offending book into the kitchen fire. The ridicule of that day cured me of my belief My good aunt-a tenderer mother never lived in ghosts. I never hear people speak of appa-

ritions now, without thinking, by a natural association, of the bray of a Jackass. There may be spectres, or there may not; I do not wish, on this point, to disturb any reader's pet belief; but, for my own part. I can testify that the only ghost I The answer came not from Johnny, but from ever saw, and I did see one, turned out a harm-

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We all started to our feet. The book fell from acres, who now advanced from the barn, choking

GLOVES AND CIGARS.

BY JANE WEAVER.

"I MUST really have a new pair of gloves, James," said Mrs. Morris to her husband, as they sat together after tea.

Mr. Morris had been reading the afternoon paper, but he laid this down and looked crossly

"Really," he said, "you seem to me to waste more money on gloves than any woman I ever knew. It was only last week I gave you money to buy a new pair."

The wife colored, and was about to answer tartly; for she felt that her husband had no cause for his crossness; but remembering that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," she said,

"Surely you have forgotten, James. It was more than a month since I bought my last pair of gloves; and I have been out a great deal, as you know, in that time."

"Humph!" And, having pronounced these words, Mr. Morris took up the paper again.

For several minutes there was silence. The wife continued her sewing, and the husband read sulkily on: at last, as if sensible that he had been unnecessarily harsh, he ventured a remark by way of indirect apology.

"Business is very dull, Jane," he said, "and sometimes I do not know where to look for money. I am hardly making my expenses."

The wife looked up, with tears in her eyes.
"I am sure, James," she said, "that I try to be as economical as possible. I went without a

be as economical as possible. I went without a new silk dress this winter, because the one I got last spring would answer, I thought, by having a new body made to it. My old bonnet, too, was re-trimmed. And as to the gloves, you know you are very particular about my having gloves always nice, and soold, if I appear in the street with a shabby pair on."

Mr. Morris knew all this to be true, and felt still more ashamed of his conduct: however, like most men, he was too proud to confess his error except indirectly.

He took out his pocket-book and said,

"How much will satisfy you for a year, not for gloves only, but for all the other etceteras? I will make you an allowance, and then you need not ask me for a dollar, whenever you want a pair of gloves, or a new handkerchief."

The wife's eyes danced with delight. She thought for a moment, and then said,

"I will undertake, on fifty dollars, to find myself in all these things."

Mr. Morris dropped the newspaper as if it had been red-hot, and stared at his wife.

"I believe," he said, "you women think that we men are made of money. I don't spend fifty dollars in gloves and handkerchiefs in half a dozen years."

Mrs. Morris made no reply for a full minute, for she was determined to keep her temper. But the quickness with which her needle moved showed that she had some difficulty to be amiable. At last she said,

"But how much do you spend in cigars?"

This was a home-thrust, for Mr. Morris was an inveterate smoker; and consumed twice as much on this needless luxury as the sum his wife asked. He picked up the paper and made no reply.

"I don't wish you to give up smoking, since you enjoy it so much," she said. "But surely a cigar is no more necessary to a gentleman than are gloves and handkerchiefs to a lady; and if you expend a hundred dollars in one, I don't see why you should complain of my wishing fifty dollars for another."

"Pshaw," said the husband, finally, "I don't spend a hundred dollars in eigars. It can't be."

"You bring home a quarter box every three weeks; and each box, you say, costs about six dollars, which, at the end of the year, makes a total of one hundred and four dollars."

Mr. Morris fidgetted on his seat. His wife saw her advantage, and smiling to herself, pursued it.

"If you had counted up, as I have, every dollar you have given me for gloves, handkerchiefs, shoes and ribbons, during a year, you would find it amounted to full fifty dollars; and, if you had kept a statement of what your cigars cost, you would see that I am correct in my estimate as to them."

"A hundred dollars! It can't be," said the husband, determined not to be convinced.

"Let us make a bargain," replied the wife.
"Put into my hands a hundred dollars to buy
eigars for you, and fifty to purchase gloves and
etceteras for me. I promise faithfully to administer both accounts, with this stipulation,
that, at the end of a year, I am to retain all I

"It is agreed. I will pay quarterly, beginsaved having just enabled her to keep her husning with to-night." And he took out his purse. band's cigar box full, without calling on him for and counted thirty-seven dollars and a half into the deficiency till the year was up. his wife's hand. Mr. Morris paid the ten dollars, with a long And how did the bargain turn out? Our fair face, but without a word of comment. He has

can save of the fifty, and to return to you all

that remains of the hundred."

while his wife had spent only forty on gloves.

handkerchiefs and shoes, the ten dollars she had

readers have, no doubt, guessed already. Jane ever since given, of his own accord, the fifty continued, during the year, to supply her husdollar allowance to his wife. band with cigars, and, at the end, rendered in her Husbands, who think their wives waste money account, by which it appeared that Mr. Morris

on gloves, should be careful to waste none on had smoked away one hundred and ten dollars, cigars.

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MONEY;: OR, THE POWER OF A WEALTHY COUSIN. CHAPTER I.

BY EDITH VERE.

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MONEY:

OR, THE POWER OF A WEALTHY COUSIN.

BY EDITH VERE.

CHAPTER I.

Far back from the road, near the city of ——, stood a small cottage embowered in trees and shrubbery. So still and beautiful were all things around, that as one looked he was prone to fancy the peace without imaged the content within.

"Throw open the door—let the pure air of heaven enter," exclaimed the lady of the house, stopping short in her hurried walk, and looking impatiently about her. She was obeyed, and she passed into a side room, closing the door after her with a crash.

"How mean! how narrow!" she murmured, gazing around the small apartment, with a face in which scorn, anger and grief struggled for mastery. The blinds and windows were closed, the sun entering, fell in a narrow, dusky streak upon the somewhat dull carpet and simple furniture, the whole wearing that slightly forlorn look a room little frequented always presents. After a pause she moved slowly to one of the casements and threw it up, admitting a gush of joyous life and beauty. For one moment something like the peace without displaced the emotion on the troubled face, as a burst of sunlight throws a radiance on a storm cloud: the next she turned hurriedly away, saying in a low, bitter tone, "it mocks at me."

Seating herself, she opened once more a note sent her that morning, to read again words which had burned themselves into her heart.

"Madam," it ran, "you have grown strangely fastidious. I do not understand what can be so revolting to your nature in this marriage, so honorable to him who offers it, and, one would think, so pleasing to a fond mother's affection and pride in her beautiful daughter. Are you so enamored of the obscure life you lead, that a change into that circle you once ruled seems intolerable? I never knew you to be so foolish before. Those dependant need not be too delicate. I will be with you at ten. One thing I would suggest, which perhaps may influence you somewhat. If you refuse this offer, I shall not feel called on to give you or my young cousin further assistance."

More and more stormy grew the face of the reader. As she finished the last words she suddenly crushed the delicate paper with violence in her hand, and threw it from her as if it were an adder, "how dare he speak thus to me!-to me, his equal-because he has wealth, and I am -poor-master over me because his unwilling hand doles out my bread—I have no will but his —I am his slave—I must sell my daughter at his bidding-our hearts even are at his control-it shall not be so!-I will be free!" She drew herself proudly up and set her foot with inexpressible disdain upon the note. Suddenly disdain gave place to sadness. She picked it up and read slowly, "'dependents should not be too delicate'-true. I do not dare take from my child her only support-I am too proud to dig, and to beg I am ashamed. It would be better to be a burden on my child than on my haughty cousin-I will consent." As these last words escaped her, a vision of a bright, beautiful face, pallid with disappointment and suffering, rose before her, and unable to endure the anguish it called up, she exclaimed, "can I do otherwise!" Covering up her face the hot tears streamed through her fingers, and her whole frame trembled with convulsive emotion. A slight noise without roused her, starting up she dashed away the blinding tears as one ashamed to be seen yielding to grief, hurriedly tore the note into fragments, and was about to leave the room when the sound of carriage wheels arrested her. It came nearer, it stopped; a crash of steps informed her the visitor had arrived, whose errand her pallid cheek and lip, white as the wall against which she leaned for support, anticipated. She gasped for breath as the bell announced his near presence. With one mighty effort she subdued her emotion, and when he stood before her she returned his greeting with as cold and proud a composure as his own.

"You expected me, Agnes," said the gentleman, in a low, quiet voice, which accorded well with his handsome, but still face. Polished and highly bred, there was no mark of tyrant either in manner or tone, yet the other felt that he ruled her with an iron hand. She bowed and pointed to a seat.

"I have always thought you a sensible woman, my good cousin," continued Mr. Scaton, drawing the chair near, and turning a clear eye upon the lady, which seemed as if it could read her mind at will, "this marriage is certainly one which

even your daughter, gifted and beautiful as she is, may feel worthy of her. Young Vernon is in all respects her equal. Is it on that score that you object?"

"Not at all," she replied, in a tone as quiet as his own. "I am satisfied the position is a desirable one."

"Why then hesitate?"

"My daughter regards the young man with indifference. I shrink from compelling her to marry."

"Have you any other plan, cousin? Anything more advantageous? If so, I will certainly aid and approve it. You may perhaps forget the conditions of my continued aid."

"God knows I see no way of escape," murmured the unhappy woman.

"My young cousin probably has romantic visions like all youthful minds; but her mother has too much experience in the world not to be aware that we must throw them aside as visions. I do not suspect you of romance."

"You have no cause," replied the lady, raising her head, and forcing herself to answer with firmness. "I indulge in no romantic dreams either for myself or her."

"Then why hesitate? On the one hand is position, wealth, consideration, independence, and probably as much happiness as human beings enjoy generally; on the other, obscurity, poverty, slights and dependence. Choose."

What use to express to him her conviction that all, and the worst of these last would be nothing to the terrible responsibility of taking away her child's peace and happiness, that she felt more shame at thus selling her daughter than at the prospect of begging from door to door. It would only move his scorn. She answered after a pause, "I do not hesitate. I choose as a wise, worldly woman should." A bitter smile crossed her lip as she spoke.

"Then you will see young Vernon," said the other, with more engerness than he usually showed. "Years ago his father did for me the greatest kindness one man can for another. I always desired in some way to repay him, but he gave me no opportunity. When his son came to me and asked me to use my influence with you, I rejoiced I had a chance to prove my sense of obligation. I thank you for giving it to me. I will see him and make all necessary arrangements."

Mrs. Scaton made no reply.

"Where is May?" he asked, after a short silence. As when the wind lifts aside for an instant the shadowy leaves, and permits the sunshine to bathe in light and beauty the cold, still water, so in speaking that name did his immoveable face light up. The mother's anxious

Vol. XIX.--15

heart caught the softening tone, and a ray of hope stole into it.

"Gathering plants for her herbarium," she answered, quickly.

"She loves this pursuit then. She must enjoy it now. I fear she will find little time or inclination for it in the city," he said, still in the same gentle tone.

"She loves the country, her tastes are simple, but little suffices for her enjoyment," continued Mrs. Seaton, more earnestly.

"When the heart is young, life is easily made joyous."

"And wretched also. A strong young heart can suffer fearfully."

"I am little versed in these things," he answered, in his usual tone, "and they have nothing to do with the affair in question."

"Frederic, May loves already."

"Agnes," exclaimed Mr. Seaton, in a tone of intense emotion.

"It is true. She has been engaged many months."

He rose and paced the room a few moments, then re-scating himself, said, in his usual tone, "that need make no difference in our plan. A girlish fancy doubtless."

"May has unusually deep, constant feelings.
Hers is no childish regard. My daughter is not
like the common herd."

"So every mother thinks, my cousin. There are so many uncommon children, that one wonders at the stupid, common-place men and women one meets. Who is this young lover?"

"Arthur Linton, a law student."

"Has he anything but his fine name?"

"No, he is very poor."

"I fancied so. We must inform him the law must be his mistress."

"Frederic, does not the prospect of their unhappiness move you?"

"I am not romantic. I see much more to afflict me in the prospect of my young cousin starving upon love in a cottage."

Mrs. Scaton clasped her hands together and sank back in her chair. "How you triumph over me," she said, in a tone of mingled scorn and agony.

"Anything you may propose better than our first plan I will agree to with pleasure."

"You speak idly! you mock at me," she returned with velomence; "you know you have so arranged matters that I am but a puppet in your hands—that I must yield to your will—and you have no mercy on me or my child."

"Madam," answered he, unmoved by her violence, "have I your consent to go to Mr. Vernon and say that we will accept his honorable offer? Or shall I leave you free to act as you think wisest, and not concern myself in your affairs longer? Remember, Agnes," speaking in a low, still tone, which seemed as terrible to his unhappy listener as the trump of doom, "remember, when I relinquish my part in this, I cannot venture to offer you further assistance."

"Do as you will," came from her pallid lips, yet her eyes, raised to his, flashed mingled de-

fiance and despair.

"So be it. I will see young Vernon and send him to you to-morrow, if it please you."

"Not so soon—give us a little time," she whisered.
"I have no objection to wait a day or two; but

remember there must be no retractation."

She bowed her head; her lips moved, but no sound came from them.

Mr. Seaton went to the window, and calling his servant gave him a few directions, then quietly drawing on his gloves turned toward the door, casting a glance at Mrs. Seaton as he did so. She sat motionless as a statue. His few last words seemed to have taken all life from her face and form. Her head drooped upon her breast, her hands lay powerless in her lap. He paused, "Agnes, would it be less afflicting to you—" he checked himself, and a smile as scornful as her own played over his face: Mrs. Seaton lifted

"Would it be less afflicting to you to starve?" he asked, with a strange expression in his eye.

her head and looked eagerly at him.

"You compel me to yield," said she, rising, and confronting him with a glance of haughty indignation—"you have made me lick the dust beneath your feet. Be content with this much. Mock not at the bleeding hearts on which you trample!"

His cheek paled. He shrunk back, then suddenly seized her hand and pressed it in both his own, flung it from him and was gone.

She stood breathless, listening, until the last sound of the wheels died away, and then sank into her chair weeping. Every burning tear was like a drop of life blood, and yet ceased not one whit the terrible suffering which devoured her.

An hour passed, and she lifted up her head and went forth, her face, in its stern resolve, no unworthy personification of ancient Nemesis.

CHAPTER II.

SEATED'beneath the shade of a spreading oak, May Seaton examined and arranged her flowers, singing meanwhile to herself in a low, sweet voice. Sometimes she paused to woo a bird that glanced toward her with half bold, half timid look, seemingly tempted to obey the gentle summons which called to him. "I wonder why it is," thought she, as her eye followed the flutterer,

"I wonder why it is birds do not know I love and would not hurt them. Their instinct should be wise enough be distinguish between friends and foes. Come, bright little rogue, come," she said, softly, as he drow a little nearer.

"Is it some fairy you are wooing to you.

May?" said a voice behind her.

now. I cannot spare one tone or glance."
"You here, Arthur," exclaimed May, starting
up quickly, and holding out her hand, "you do
not usually come at this hour—how did you know
I was here?"

"Let him go

"Intuition guided me. It never fails to lead right to those we love. I can stay but a moment. I came for one look, and then must hurry back

to my books."
"Is anything the matter, Arthur? You are not ill. I trust?"

"Nothing has happened. Can you not give your knight sufficiently chivalrous feeling, to think he would not mind a little trouble for the reward of looking, for a few moments, into his lady's eyes?" He kissed her hand playfully and seated himself beside her.

"I give you credit for being the pink of all chivalrous knights," said May, smiling all over her sunny face, "but I know that there is one mistress to whom you are so devoted that you never neglect her for me."

"Thereby showing myself meriting the title you give me. Is it not by courting her smiles I shall win my lady? I value her not so much for what she is, as for what she will one day give me."

"You need not vindicate yourself, sir knight. I am not in the least jealous."

"Do not be, both are woven together and make my life."

"And if one should be taken away?"

"My heart would be like a broken instrument. The dust would gather on the strings, and if a kindly hand touched them it would be startled at the wild dissonance."

"All do not keep their aim in life, Arthur," said May, "and some have no aim at all."
"Those aimless ones, my heart aches for them!"

replied he, carnestly, "the value of this life consists in bending its circumstances to our will. Without a settled purpose it lacks all dignity, and the soul struggles amid the iron chains of necessity like Laccoon in the folds of monsters."

"How earnestly you speak!"

"Because I feel the importance of improving every hour?"

"You look pale. I am afraid you study too hard."

"Not one whit. It is no hardship to know a life of toil is before me," he replied, with a cheerful smile. "I wish I could work," said May, earnestly.
"Why, so you will by-and-bye. You will have
many duties, and some very hard ones. Our sex

many duties, and some very hard ones. Our sex are fond of thinking that we do most work, but to my mind the daily, hourly hydra-headed carving, which come up in a household, are more trying, more wearying, in the long run, than out of door labor. That may be severe, but we can go home

task is never done."

"I am pleased to hear you say so, Arthur. I
never heard one of your sex admit so much
before."

and feel that for the time it is over, but a woman's

"All men have not seen what I have, or if so, have not laid the lesson to heart." He paused a moment, and continued in a low tone, "when I lost my last remaining parent I was twelve years old. An age matured enough to observe and remember. I went to live with my uncle. His wife was a pale, delicate woman, who looked worn down with constant fatigue, and such was actually the case. They had a large farm and many men. My uncle was a hardy, vigorous man, and toiling continually himself, thought his wife equal to do the same. They had not much help within doors. and the greatest part of the work my aunt was obliged to do. It was too much for her. I loved her mild, patient face the first hour I looked on it, and, led by my affection, I watched her and saw that she was slowly dying beneath the pressure of care. She never complained, but toiled on and wasted away, and in two years died. Two nights after her death, my uncle, talking with his minister, expressed his wish to be resigned to the will of Providence. I, sitting by, felt all my long hoarded grief and anger burst forth at these words, and I cried out, 'uncle, it was not Providence, but yourself who did this! You killed my aunt with hard work.' A harsh, unfeeling speech, for which the thoughtlessness of my age was but poor excuse, and for which I have been rightly punished."

"Punished, dear Arthur."

"Yes," continued the young man, sorrowfully, "he never forgave me, and soon I was sent away to school. He kept me at a distance while he lived, and at his death would have left me destitute, but that my kind friend, the minister, who always took an interest in me, and to whom I often expressed my regret for what had passed, persuaded him to leave me the small pittance I now live upon. Had it not been for my folly we had been united, dearest, long ago."

"He was a hard old man to be so vindictive for a few childish words."

"There are some things spoken carelessly that are never forgotten, and have untold influence upon the future life. It was so in my case," he added, with a sigh.

"I am glad you told him so."

"We must not forget to make the distinction between one who sins blindly, and one who does so, knowing and feeling it is sin. He loved my aunt. He did not mean to injure her."

"Love her, Arthur! He did not know what love means. He valued her as he would his hard working, faithful horse, whom he would sadly miss for her services, not for herself, when she was gone. It was arrant selfishness dressed up

in a garb of affection it had stolen."

The young man gazed at her with an admiring smile, then becoming serious, said, "the lesson of his selfishness and her patient endurance sank deep into my heart. I trust I may never see the like again."

At this moment a bird overhead burst into a sweet, clear song, and with its music the young man's thoughts changed.

"Let us waive this subject," said he, "it is a painful one to me, and I don't know how I chanced to fall upon it, unless it was my somewhat sombre mood inclined me that way."

"What troubles you, Arthur? I never saw you have such a shadow in your eyes when you looked at me before."

"You would chase the darkest shadows away," he answered, with a look of elequent affection.

"Let me tell you my last night's dream."
"Did it trouble you, dear Arthur?" said May, softly drawing nearer to him.

"I am almost ashamed to say how much."
"Let me hear," said she, anxiously.

"I am not so foolish, deatest, as to believe in this or any dream, but as music or a tone sometimes awakens inexpressible feelings in the heart, whose source cannot be traced, and whose influence lingers and lingers, slowly dying away like the sound of bells on the still air, so this dream, vividly impressed on my memory, shadows me and fills me with a certain sadness. One would think me on the bench already, I deliver such a lengthened speech," he added, with a smile.

"I wish you were."

"Why?"

"Because I am longing for the time when all the world shall see your genius, and value you as you deserve."

"Then if the power were in May's hands, I should certainly be a judge."

"And one that would do honor to my choice."

"We lovers look through rose colored glasses, and see wonderful visions," said the young man, smiling.

"We but see the truth transfigured, or it is so in my case."

"May, May, I shall grow too vain," he rejoined, laughingly.

"That is quite unnecessary," she answered,

Tell it me."

The shadow stole over his face again as he complied, "I thought we were together in a narrow valley. It was long and rugged, and often times the sky was obscured with clouds, and then again the sun shone gloriously. were many obstacles in the way, but we held each others hands and did not fear until we came to a lofty mountain. We could find no way but by going over it, and its sides were terrible to While we paused looking in dismay about us, a form, whose face had at once something fascinating and terrible in it, suddenly appeared, and held out its hands to you. refused and clung to me. It drew nearer and nearer. It laid its hands upon you, and then you suffered yourself to be carried away spite of my struggles and entreaties. A voice cried, 'she is lost to you.' Darkness fell upon me, while in wild wail, like the death cry of a spirit, pierced through the gloom, and I awoke. rings in my ears yet," he added, with a shudder, while his cheek grew slightly pale.

"It was not like me to go away and leave you in darkness. If I have a hard way to go, I will lean on Arthur, and on him only."

"Arthur feels this," he answered, cheerfully. "The poor student," he continued, in a tone of intense affection, "has a treasure which the proudest might covet, and hereafter he will bear it in his arms, and neither storm nor rugged way, nor any power of evil shall take it from him. Together we will toil and wait patiently, and love one another, and together one day, bow before the all merciful Father."

of the heart, the young girl lifted her loving glance to his, and answered softly, "yes! we will journey on together."

With a face eloquent with the purest emotions

"Do you see the shadow in my eyes now, darling?" asked the lover, after a pause.

"All is bright there, dear Arthur."

"So is my heart, and I must back to my books and make up for this sweet delay."

They stood up, but the young girl clung to him, and detained him yet a few moments, while she asked with a sunny smile, "are you sure, Arthur, you have no vision of a goblin taking me away from you?"

"Love casteth all fear out."

"And gives us peace and unshaken trust."

"And courage to labor and wait for the re-} ward I shall one day claim. I shall very soon return, till then God bless thee, my own May."

He went, and as the young girl walked slowly homeward, amid the blissful emotions of her heart was a chord which seemed to sound responsive to the melancholy wail of the dream, once accept your offer," remarked Cabot.

in the same tone-"but we forgot the dream, and she murmured once or twice, "is anything going to happen?" But as a touch restores us from dreams to actual every day life, so the sight of the cottage banished every foreboding, and she entered with her usual light step.

"Mrs. Seaton told me to tell you, miss, she was in her room, and wished to see you," said the servant. May nodded, and hurried up to her mother's

CHAPTER III.

On the day our story commences, Alfred Vernon had been dining with his two intimate friends. Cabot and Fenshaw. Cabot was leaning back in a fauteuil reading a newspaper, yet often casting a quick, penetrating glance at his companions. Vernon sat with folded arms and bowed head lost in thought. Fenshaw was idly toying with the fruit on his plate, and regarding Vernon with a look of mirthful curiosity.

"You don't eat, you don't drink, you don't talk," said he, at length. "If yours is the natural state of a lover, heaven keep me from it! How long do you intend to live on air, my good fellow?"

"Why need you be anxious about me, Fenshaw?" answered the other, rousing himself, and looking with a good-natured smile at his merry associate, "so long as you have a good appetite and find enough to eat?"

"Because I am of a generous nature, and find my meals taste better eaten in company than when alone. My worst enemy cannot wish me a more doleful fate than to sit down at table by myself."

"Why, pray?"

apartment.

"Such an occasion always brings up a vision of a poor, feeble old man sitting down to his dinner, with only a sour domestic to thrust what he timidly asks for on his plate, and always saying, if you go to call on him, 'ah, it is of no use to talk to me, I can't hear you.' Don't that strike you as somewhat sombre?"

The other smiled absently, and rising, walked restlessly about the room for a few moments. Fenshaw, after watching him awhile, sang in a clear, melodious voice and fine expression "love's young dream." As he ended, Cabot put down his paper, and turning to Vernon, said, "what disturbs you?"

"I am anxious to hear from Mr. Seaton: he told me I should do so in the course of the day."

"Is that solemn old gentleman going to settle the business, Ver?" asked Fenshaw.

"Not entirely, but he promised to use his influence with Mrs. Seaton."

"I thought that lady too ambitious not to at

"She is a strange woman. I do not know exactly what to make of her."

"I presume she thinks her daughter perfection," said Cabot, with a smile, that was almost a sneer.

"Do you wonder at that?" cried Vernon, with flushing cheek.

"She is the most beautiful divinity that ever blessed my sight," exclaimed Fenshaw, with energy; "by the way, we see very little of her." "Mrs. Seaton could not afford to live in the fashionable world. Her daughter has been edueated in retirement."

"But Mr. Seaton is very wealthy."

"He is only a cousin, not bound to support ner."

"There has always been something about that man's movements I could not understand," said Cabot. "He is different from most persons one meets."

"I am very little acquainted with him," replied Vernon, "but he was my father's friend, and has interested himself warmly for me in the affair."

"Do you know, Ver," exclaimed Fenshaw, suddealy, "that the only time I saw Miss Seaton with him, I funcied that the still lordly cousin was in love."

"What are you talking about?—are you in earnest?" said Vernon, almost fiercely.

"It was only a fancy of mine, I dare say," replied Fenshaw, carelessly. "He was certainly excusable if he felt even his heart warm a little at the sight of so much beauty, and, by heaven, it did; for when she turned her sweet face toward him and made some inquiry, his own grew almost as gentle, and he made answer in a tone strangely unlike his usual voice, which always affects me like a shower on a cold winter day."

"You are weaving a romance out of air," cried Vernon, impatiently; "what on earth could induce a man thus feeling to do all in his power to marry the lady to another?"

"No one but Fenshaw would dream of such a thing," said Cabot. "Neither Mr. Seaton nor any other man is so disinterested."

"His zeal to serve Vernon shows I was wrong," rejoined Fenshaw.

"What the deuce do you make a man feel so uncomfortable for, when by your own showing you do not believe what you advance?" said Vernon, lighting a cigar, and, at the same time, throwing it from him.

"You ought to have unshaken confidence in your liege love, no words of mine should disturb it," replied Fenshaw, in a tone of solemn gravity.

"She is not mine yet."

"What does your mother say to all this?" asked Fenshaw, after a pause.

"I have not spoken to her yet, but I doubt not she will give her consent to what will ensure her son's best happiness."

"A proper sentimental speech," remarked Cabot, sarcastically.

Vernon blushed. He had spoken as he felt, yet was ashamed; but Fenshaw, who had as warm a heart as it was thoughtless, answered warmly, "he speaks just as he ought under the circumstances. When a man loves shall he try to be cold as ice?"

"" I have to forever all such continuentalizer."

"I have to forswear all such sentimentalism," said Cabot, "but I mean no offence against those for whom it has charms. Take my words as the croaking of a bachelor, and pity my hard heart, Vernon."

"That I do. It is your loss not mine." At this

moment a servant entered with a note. Vernon

eagerly took it, and devouring its contents at a glance, his countenance grew radiant with joyful success. "All right," he said, hastily writing a few words, which he gave the waiting servant. "Congratulate me," he exclaimed, once more glancing at the few words of the note, "I shall win my bride." Fenshaw shook him warmly by the hand. Cabot rose and took his hat, saying,

"Come, Fenshaw, come down to Jones' with me and see my new purchase. Vernon does not want you or I now." Vernon attempted no denial, and the young men departed.

Left alone, Vernon threw himself into a chair, and, covering his face with his hands, gave himself up to various emotions. He had seen May only a few weeks before, and, charmed by her beauty, had entreated Mr. Seaton to obtain permission of Mrs. Seaton to visit her. Being wellbred and an agreeable companion, he was gladly welcomed by that lady into her quiet home. May never seemed to observe his growing delight in her society. He was merely a pleasant acquaintance, more her mother's than her own, for feeling somewhat fearful as regarded his success, he from policy devoted most of his conversation and attentions to Mrs. Seaton, whose interest in the world, from which she was parted by what she considered cruel fate, was still unabated. He saw that he was not such an attraction to May as to most young ladies with whom he came in contact, but wearied by flattery and attentions, her manners were all the more delightful. indifference drew him from his natural indolence, roused his pride and awakened his ambition to conquer. He thought he had good grounds for hope. His position, his wealth, his handsome person, and, as he flattered himself, pleasing manners, must finally prevail. An only child, vanity and self had obtained luxurious growth. Yet May had given both many blows. Only a few nights before, having taken more than usual pains to please, and having engaged her attention as he supposed completely in the lively conversation carried on between himself and her mother, on being asked her opinion upon the point at issue, she confessed with a vivid blush she had not heard what they had been saying. Vernon was deeply mortified: he went away almost immediately, feeling somewhat disheartened. On his way home he met Mr. Seaton, and by one of those chances which sometimes occur, was led on to express the feelings and hopes with which he regarded May, and to his joyful surprise, that gentleman undertook to plead his cause with Mrs. Seaton. He had apparently succeeded.

"Her indifference might have been assumed, it must have been," he thought, turning over in his mind the events of the last few weeks. "Knowing our positions differ much, and I can see how proud she is, she would not suffer one gleam of interest in me to escape her, but she need not feel thus, we are equal; her beauty, her accomplishments would make her a king's peer. How nobly will the position I can give become her. She will be the brightest star in the gay world. Mr. Seaton, nonsense!---why should I give that a thought, is she not almost mine?" and with that celerity which youth possesses, he turned from the shadow and remained lost in pleasing fancies, until the hour arrived for him to meet Mr. Seaton.

In all his dreams there came no thoughts of responsibility. No feeling of the importance of the step he was about to take. No anxious questioning of his heart if it were worthy of hers. No wish to read her inward life truly ere they were united for weal or woe. He adored her beauty, he gloried in the thoughts of giving her such wealth and position as would grace that beauty. He doubted not but that they should be happy, he felt sure he never could cease to admire and love as now. But here his visions ended. Self was the idol after all. He loved himself in her, and the image took such a lovely form, filled him with such delight, that he believed he had admitted a divinity into his heart. He never dreamed it was self glorified.

It was with some trepitude he presented himself before Mr. Seaton at the hour appointed. The latter rose slowly from his easy-chair, laid down his book, and held out his hand to the excited young man. "You are punctual," he observed, drawing out his watch with a slight smile.

"Who would not be if he came on such an errand as myself? Oh, sir," he said, eagerly, "how shall I thank you sufficiently for your kindness to me in this affair? I must thank you for making the happiness of my whole life," he

paused, his flushed cheek and sparkling eye more eloquent than all words.

"A young man's feeling," answered the other, unmoved apparently at the gratitude excited, "sit down." The young man obeyed, and he continued, "you think I have done much for you, be it so. Time can alone show whether I have been instrumental in blessing or cursing you."

"Cursing, that cannot be."
"Understand I have aided you, not in any remantic pleasure I feel in leading a despairing lover to happiness, but that I might testify to the son the obligation I feel toward the father. All my life I have wished to do so. It gives

me inexpressible satisfaction that the time has

"The son feels that all the father did is cancelled. Believe me, sir, in no way could you so effectually have made me debtor instead of yourself, and I thank you in my dead father's name." The tears started to his eyes as he said these last words, and a feeling of sensibility gave to the handsome face a charm it had wanted as he bent forward and offered his hand.

"You look like your father this moment," said Mr. Seaton, cordially pressing the offered hand. "Enough of this, tell me of your plans."

The young man's cheek flushed. "I have thought of nothing but my happiness since I received your note. I have no plans."

"I presume that is the orthodox way of feeling, my young friend, but, unfortunately, you must do more. You have not seen Mrs. Seaton or her daughter yet, remember."

"Ah, my dear sir, when may I see them?"

"Day after to-morrow."

"I cannot wait so long," cried Vernon; "I must see May sooner."

"Indeed, then you wish to lose your delightful happiness."

"Lose it! No, I would grasp it more firmly."
"And find it ashes in your hands; no, sir, you

must wait until the time I have mentioned, unless you wish to give up all idea of marriage with Miss Scaton."

"Why must I wait? Tell me that, I entreat?"

"Are you so little of a lover that you cannot believe in your happiness a few hours longer without questioning?" asked Mr. Scaton, coldly. "I do not feel called on to give my reason. I only say so, and warn you, you must obey or repent when too late."

The tone was gentle, the manner quiet, but the young man felt held in iron bands. It were use-less to attempt to escape. He answered sighing, "I will do as you advise, but it is very hard to wait."

"I will inform Mrs. Seaton you will wait on

her on Thursday, if you please. She will appoint what hour is most convenient to herself."

Vernon bowed in acquiescence, but his face was clouded with disappointment. Mr. Seaton saw it, and a scornful smile passed over his lip, but he sat in shadow, and the other did not observe it.

"Now, my young friend, go and converse with your mother upon this affair. It is her due. I have one suggestion to make, however, which will perhaps give you pleasure."

"Name it, sir."

"Do not think me presuming if I venture to request that you will not delay your marriage many weeks. I am desirous of going abroad, and wish all to be done before I leave."

"No effort shall be wanting on my part to bring about the result wished for, be assured, sir."

"I fancy not. I will not forget to write to Mrs. Seaton. Good night. It is done," he muttered, as the young man closed the door. No other words passed his lips, but by his contracted brows, and the huge drops which stood on his forehead, his thoughts were not pleasant ones.

"My dear mother," cried Vernon, hurrying into the spacious apartment where Mrs. Vernon sat musing alone, "give me joy."

"For what, my dear?" asked the old lady, starting.

"Ah, I forgot. I was thinking I had told you all about it," said her son, throwing himself upon the sofa beside her.

"You never tell me much of what you are going to do, and I do not see you very often," answered the lady, with a sigh.

"I am in love, my dear madam, as you perhaps know, with Miss Seaton. I have within the last hour received an intimation that my suit will not be disdained. I am to go there Thursday. It is shameful to wait so long," he muttered, rising, and pacing the room, quite forgetting his mother in his renewed impatience.

"Are you not very hasty, my dear?"

"Hasty," cried he, stopping short, "my dear madam, you are dreaming!—why, I have been waiting, and am I to wait forever as it is?"

"It takes months and years to really know any one properly."

"And so you would have the best part of life go by in waiting. I will not do that; pray have you any objection to my marriage?"

"I wish, my son, you had chosen any other."
"You are altogether too unreasonable, my dear
mother," cried he, impatiently. "May is as good

and beautiful as an angel."

"But her mother, my dear, her mother is a proud, wilful, impetuous woman, whose vanity was as exacting as her charms were great during the time she ruled the fashionable world."

"It is not the mother I intend to marry. I is the daughter I love," he said, carelessly.

"But a mother has great influence with her child."

"Not when old enough to judge for one's self."

"Too true," murmured the lady, with a sigh.

"You wish me to be happy, I suppose?" resumed Vernon, after a pause.

"My dear, your happiness is my greatest earthly hope. There is nothing I would not do

for you."

"I don't doubt it, my dear mother," said Vernon, in a tone of more feeling than he had before used, sitting down beside her and taking her hand. "Imagine May flitting about these old rooms, filling them with light and beauty. She will make us so happy, and I will forsake all my bachelor haunts; and neither you nor I shall over regret the day I brought home one as bright as a sunbeam."

Mrs. Vernon was touched by her son's words and manner. "Be it so, my dear. Bring her to me, and I will love her for your sake, and bless her if she make your happiness."

"That is spoken from your own kind heart. Thank you," answered her son, kissing her hand with a half-carnest, half-careless air. At that moment visitors entered, and the young man hastily left the apartment.

CHAPTER IV.

Mns. Seaton was hurriedly walking the room at her daughter's entrance, but at sight of her she quickly seated herself, looking sadly at May as she threw off her bonnet, and shook back the curls from her sunny face. "Did you want me, mother?" she asked, finding Mrs. Seaton was silent.

"Come and sit down here, May, I have much to say to you." Something in her mother's unusually quiet tone struck the girl, and looking carnestly at her a vague fear fell on her heart. She obeyed in silence.

"Mr. Vernon has been here very often since he first made our acquaintance," said Mrs. Seaton, abruptly—"what do you think of him, my child?"

"I don't know," answered May, carelessly, "I never think much about him. He seems very pleasant and sensible."

"What sort of a husband do you think he would make?"

"Indeed, my dear mother, I cannot imagine. Too indolent to be very much to my taste."

"He loves you, May."

"Mother!"

"Is it so wonderful that he should be attracted by my darling?" asked the mother, looking with sorrowful pride on the amazed face raised to hers; "he has asked your hand of me, May."

"I am sorry," said May, after a moment's pause, "very sorry," she paused and looked in her mother's face; there was that there which

caused her heart to beat with sickening rapidity.

"He has asked your hand, and I have consented," said Mrs. Seaton, with stern firmness.

"You dare not," burst from the girl's pale lips. She sprang to her feet and bent wildly toward her mother, studying that calm, pale face.

"Listen to me," continued the mother, in a tone of command, which ever swayed all who came within its power; "listen to me. When your father died and left me homeless and destitute, I had no friend or hope of aid. You were only eight years old, too young to understand our extremity. I knew not what would become of us. At this crisis my Cousin Frederic came forward, purchased this small cottage, settled on me a small annuity, and up to this time has been our sole support. I am completely in his hands; without him we should be beggars. This young man is the son of his friend, and for reasons of his own he wishes you to marry him. otherwise take from us all we possess. forced me to consent, he will compel you also."

"I never will,"

"Child, child, there is no alternative between this marriage and starvation."

"Starve, need we starve? I am strong, I will work, anything rather than marry this man."

"What will you do?"

"Anything, I care not what; let us go away from here far into the country, where we are not known, we can find employment."

"I have no money. No friend of whom even to borrow a dollar. You would need beg your bread from door to door."

"I will go to your cousin, he has always been kind to me," exclaimed May, after a pause. "I will throw myself on his mercy, he will not com-

will throw myself on his mercy, he will not compel me to marry."

"He has no mercy. I have pleaded and he

mocked at me. His heart is harder than adamant. He glories in his power to crush us."

"Will my mother sell her child?"

"The young man has wealth, position. He is highly educated and well-bred, and he loves you. You are poor, but your beauty and talent fit you for the highest sphere, and your family is old."

"Mother, this does not move me. I do not love him. Dress it as you will, it is being sold."

"Is it more degrading to be a dependant on a husband's love than on my haughty cousin, who flings in scorn every pittance at us? May, you must consent."

"I cannot, I will not. I will go away and beg if I must, I will not thus descend." "You will leave me to die of starvation. I tell you if you refuse, my cousin will not aid me, no, not if I lay perishing at his door."

"God help us," cried May, wringing her hands, why are we so poor and helpless?"

"That we may be trodden under foot by those who are rich. Suffer yourself to be upraised. Take the hand offered you in all honor: it is the only way of escape."

The girl sank down and hid her face in the folds of her mother's dress. "Will he have no mercy on us?" she gasped.

"I tell you he will not. Save yourself and me,"
"Think at what cost!" The mother's heart
stood still at the terrible anguish on the pallid
countenance lifted imploringly to her, she grasped
the chair convulsively, and all her self control
could not smother a low groan. At the sound
her daughter sprang up.

"Oh! mother, mother, you do pity me, I feared you did not. Take this awful weight off my heart. Spare me at least for awhile." She stretched out her hands to her mother with touching entreaty.

Her mother started up. The interview was becoming too much for her self-command. "Remember I have consented to your marriage, and by this time the young man knows it."

"Have you no pity for me?" still implored the girl, with asby cheek.

"I cannot help you, I am a bound slave."

"If I were only dead," murmured May. She fell insensible at her mother's feet.

"I wish you were, child of my heart—I wish you were," burst from the wretched woman. She lifted up the pale face and pillowed it on her breast; "not pity thee, darling, God knows how I suffer with thee."

Life came back again too quickly. She looked into the anxious face bending over her and tried to smile, but instead could only weep. "I will go to my own room," she whispered, at length. Sciently Mrs. Scaton supported her to her apartment; May sank upon the bed and hid her face in the pillows. Her mother cast one glance of anguish upon her and retired.

How terrible was that long sunny day to the young crushed heart! Hour after hour she lay there, too miserable, too borne down by the tempest to look the present or the future in the face; swayed to and fro by dreadful thoughts like a weed tossed by the angry billows. At times it seemed as if she could no longer endure, and the wild cry, "oh! that I were dead," smote harshly upon the summer quiet. She did not know, it is learned only by experience, that young hearts are as strong to endure as to suffer, for death is such a privilege that it is seldom, but when we can cheerfully live, that the blessed angel kisses the brow grown serene amid tempests.

Sometimes when calm from the very intenseness of suffering, she endeavored to think quietly, but she would soon sink down overwhelmed by the flood of agony which rolled over her struggling snirit.

When after one of these floods had gone over, she raised her head she perceived the sun was setting. It was an hour dear to her. She rose and throwing open the blind, rested her head upon the window ledge and looked sadly out. It was a still holy evening. The birds were singing good night, and the breeze gently kissed the leaves, which stirred with low murmurs as if they were being cradled to sleep upon its breast. In the distance the river, more azure than the sky, flashed gloriously a farewell to the dying god. Earth was kneeling at heaven's portal with its incense of praise.

One night only, and she who looked forth so despairingly had felt the life and beauty without, but faintly shadowed the joy of her young heart. Alas! all was now as "the accusing face of an archangel." Too vivid the hope of the past contrasted with the gloom of the future. She hid her eyes from the glory about her.

With the dim twilight Mrs. Seaton ventured to enter. She had been sitting all the day long at May's door, not daring to come nearer lest she should lose all her self-command and betray what she suffered, and yet unable to go away. The fading light would hide her countenance, and she knew her voice would obey her will. "May," she said, softly approaching the prostrate girl, "I have some ten for you. Do drink it, you have tasted nothing since morning."

"You fear, mother, if I do not eat I shall not be in a condition to be sold," returned May, in a tone of sharp bitterness, utterly unlike her usual gentle tone.

"Have I deserved this at your hands, my child?" asked Mrs. Seaton, in a tone of mingled grief and anger.

"No, no, dear mother," said May, in her usual manner, "forgive me. I did not mean so, I am so miserable I don't know what I say."

"Drink this, darling, you will feel better."

Anxious to atone for her hasty words, May put the cup to her lips, "I can't drink it," she said, trying to smile.

Her mother put aside the cup, and stood silently bending over her. The poor girl lifted up her head again, and whispered with pale lips, "is there no way of escape for me. for us?"

"None," answered the mother, in a tone of fierce despair, "heaven and earth have no mercy upon us." A low wail burst from her child, and fell like a consuming fire on the mother's heart. She could not endure to look on the drooping form and agonized face, and she fled from them. "Mother, mother, in this dark hour thou shouldst be a support to thy child, wee for both that thou art in as great need as she!"

As the darkness deepened May flung herself upon her bed, and toward morning sank into a heavy, unrefreshing sleep, and her mother stealing in, kept a sleepless watch beside her. The first rays of the sun awoke May, she started up and looked about her with a bewildered air, till her eye fell upon the anxious face beside her. The light poured full on Mrs. Seaton, and revealed to her daughter that she suffered. She felt her child penetrated her heart, and without a word stretched out her arms, and mother and child wept together. These tears did both good, for when the first violence of sorrow is past, the fainting heart and weary head find inexpressible comfort in leaning upon a loving breast, so impotent to shield from suffering, so mighty to console. No human spirit has sounded the depths of suffering, unless in the desolating calm as in the tempest, it must walk self-supported, and feels that as the darkness has been borne along. so must the awful twilight ere the dawn arise.

"May," said Mrs. Seaton, at length, "I received a note last night, which makes it necessary that I should send this——" she broke off abruptly, and handed a paper, on which these words were hurriedly written:

"I sanctioned your engagement to my daughter—circumstances before which I am powerless force me to withdraw that sanction. She is lost to you. Come to me and I will tell you all."

May's lips grew white, but she said faintly, "send it. my dear mother."

"Will you see him? Have you strength?"

"If I die, I must see him once more." Mrs. Seaton dared say no more, she hastily kissed her and left the room. (TO BE CONCLUDED.)

MONEY;: OR, THE POWER OF A WEALTHY COUSIN. CHAPTER V.

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MONEY;

OR. THE POWER OF A WEALTHY COUSIN.

BY EDITH VERE.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 225.

CHAPTER V.

WITH the swiftness painful apprehension inspires, Arthur Linton obeyed Mrs. Senton's summons, and was received by that lady with a sinking heart, which found no betraval in her calm tones and collected manners.

"Madam, in heaven's name, what mean these? terrible words?"

"The truth, Mr. Linton."

"May lost to me? Do you think I can even dream of giving up my heart's treasure? Never, never!"

"Be calm, Mr. Linton. I have that to say which will convince you that you must yield, as well as myself."

"Lese May?"

"Unless you are calm, you cannot understand what I have to say."

"Shall I be like marble when doubts and fears well nigh distract me? For God's sake explain this maddening mystery. Has May ceased to love me?"

"It would be better for her if she had."

"Not that-then tell me what is to separate us ?"

"Then you can listen quietly?"

"Stay then-now, I am quiet," he said, after a pause. "I will not interrupt you."

Clearly but briefly Mrs. Seaton explained the circumstances which led to her dependence upon her cousin, the occurrences of their last interview, and the promise he had exacted from her. During her recital, Arthur bit his lips till they bled, but not a sound escaped him. paused, he hid his face in his hands.

"You are as powerless as myself," continued Mrs. Scaton, after a short silence, "and you too must submit. You cannot save May from the beggary which would certainly fall upon her, and even if my word were not pledged, I could not consent she, so delicately reared, should be exposed to abject poverty. You must free her at once, and bear as best you may the evils this curse brings upon you."

The young man's face was still hidden, he was still silent. Mrs. Seaton's heart ached at the uffering she inflicted, but her self-command did not fail.

"I have not succumbed willingly-but my resistance was vain. My cousin has no generosity, no kindness of heart when either comes in contact with his iron will. It was not till all hope was crushed that he wrung from me my consent: but as I have consented, whatever it costs me I will not retract."

Arthur lifted up his head, and now his countenance was calm as her own. "I yield. Your daughter is free. God forbid that I should drag her down to abject poverty and its thousand ills. Those are cruel words but true, when you say I cannot save her I love-you mistake me much, if you believe that I desire to stand between her and the proud position and wealth ready to be bestowed. But remember," and his voice faltered in spite of himself, "wealth and position are no substitutes for true devoted love."

"I know that well. Think you I have no feeling for my child? that I see her heart bleed unmoved? but in the painful alternative offered me I take the most tolerable. And do her not the injustice to believe that she lightly yields your love for another; but love and happiness must perish; for he who has the power to rule our life crushes us beneath his sway."

"No more, madam, no more," said Linton, in a broken voice, "I understand you too well. I cannot see May now, I should only add to her suffering. In an hour or two I will return," and he slowly quited the room like one still struggling under the influence of a dreadful dream.

In an hour or two, as he had said, he returned, and although his face bore the traces of a fearful battle, he had attained the self-command he sought. He had conquered self, and his only thought now was to give consolation and strength to her he loved.

"I am not afraid to see May now," said he, firmly, when Mrs. Scaton joined him. She turned to lead the way, but suddenly pausing, exclaimed with passionate earnestness, "promise me you will not curse me for the suffering I cannot help, which my heart bleeds to see-and oh, do not reproach my guiltless child for the anguish you may suffer."

"Ah, how you wrong me," said the young man, in a gentle voice. "God forbid I should add one drop to an overflowing cup. Do we not all suffer ; we have always loved; take with you my blessing together?"

She wrung his proffered hand, and pointing to the door, turned away and began to pace the

And now they who so truly loved were face to face, soon to part forever, and yet neither faltered in the resolve to spare the other as much as possible useless suffering. And mighty even in terrible extremity is the power flowing from self-forgetful love, mighty to sustain to the last.

"Arthur, I never dreamed I should thus cause you to suffer."

"My own May, that were little, if I could save you from this terrible necessity."

"Arthur, you understand that I yield only to necessity. That this wealth they force upon me is nothing in comparison with your love."

"I do not doubt you, dearest."

"Oh! Arthur, we shall lose all that is precious to us."

"Not all, May, come what will; nothing can take away the remembrance of our happy hours and true love. We can never be so desolate but that the memory of these will be precious to us."

"Arthur, I shall be the wife of another. I shall not dare to think."

"Not of me, but of that blessed time when sorrow, and disappointment, and struggle were unknown. This privilege is yours ever, and it will become, not a wild regret, but a glimpse of rest that one day may be attained."

"Never, never, in this surrender of myself I vield all."

The young man pressed his hand to his head, he could not reply.

"Shall we grow used to this separation?"

"We must."

"Would you not rather see me dead, Arthur?" "I feel there is no comparison. Were you in heaven I might one day hope to meet you-now this is death. I lose you utterly." All his suppressed suffering burst forth in these words.

"My own Arthur, my wild words make you suffer; forgive me, oh, how I wish I had never seen you, then this pain would have been spared

"Not all I suffer equals my past happiness."

"What will you do?"

"Work, May, and be patient. I shall have much less to bear than you."

"If I could only feel that you would be happy hereafter; promise me you will try."

He shuddered, but answered still calmly, "this I will promise you, I will not let any opportunity for happiness go by neglected."

"And you will not blame me, Arthur?"

"You must not ask that, May," he continued,

and a consciousness that you have been as sunlight on my rugged pathway. Believe that hereafter, as now, every thought of you shall be mingled in my heart of hearts with blessings." He bent down to her as he spoke, and his face, so tender yet sorrowful, was to her troubled spirit like the face of a guardian angel.

And when he had given her somewhat of comfort they parted; he to walk undismayed in solitude, and she to be led a sacrifice to the world's altars, not the less a sacrifice because crowned and proclaimed its queen.

CHAPTER VI.

TREMBLING in spite of self-assurance, and the consciousness that the desired treasure was at length to be his, Alfred Vernon presented himself at the appointed hour on Thursday. Eager as he was to hear his acceptance from May's own lips, it was a relief to him, when, on entering the parlor, he found himself for a few moments alone. Alone! those walls, what a history of struggle and suffering could they have unfolded; what sighs and sobbings yet filled the air; but those walls were mute; the air brought not to the ear of the expectant aught of the sorrow yet stirring on its wings. It was to him only the room whose narrow confines seemed enlarged and brightened by a pleasant past and a hopeful future.

The door slowly opened, and Mrs. Seaton entered. At sight of her the young man came hastily forward, his cheek flushing like a rose, and his eyes sparkling with delighted anticipation, eagerly extending his hand, he exclaimed, "how shall I thank you, madam, for the happiness you are willing to bestow upon me?"

Mrs. Seaton suffered him to hold her hand, and looking into his eager eyes with a proud, questioning glance, asked, "why not come to me at once ?- why did you wait to receive my assurance from another?"

"Dear madam," answered the young man, the color deepening in his cheek, "I saw that your daughter did not, or seemed not, to regard me with favor. I feared by hasty words to banish myself from her society. I felt that all I could offer was as nothing in comparison with the happiness she could bestow on me. The very last time I was here her manner was so truly indifferent I went away filled with despair. I could not endure to break away from all the hopes I cherished, and still almost felt they were vain, till I received such an assurance from Mr. Seaton."

At that name she drew her hand hastily from his, pointed to a chair, and seated herself, striving to overcome the torrent of contending emowith tender earnestness, "remember how truly tions that name awakened. Vernon, surprised at her sudden action, paused and looked inquiringly at her changing face, "go on," said she, in a firm tone, as her countenance settled once more into quiet. Vernon really proceeded, being at no time very observant of others feelings, and now doubly absorbed in self.

"I received such an assurance from him that I mightly hope, that despair changed into joyful auticipation."

"Did he dare say my daughter had given her affections unasked?" interrupted Mrs. Seaton, with flashing eyes.

"No, madam, no," he replied, earnestly, "he simply stated to me that Miss Seaton, being very young, probably had no thought of the future, that caring neither for position or wealth, and the advantages both give, not realizing how necessary they are to one so lovely and gifted, her indifference proceeded, not from dislike, but simply from an idea, that, being in different spheres, I was merely passing here a few idle hours, and so never dreamed of encouraging my attentions."

"Was that all he said?"

"That you, madam, who had lived in the world, knew the value of what I could offer, and you would doubtless influence your daughter, and thus effect what I had so much at heart."

She did not answer, she could not. Every word made the haughty woman writhe. The consciousness that her child was not sufficiently elevated in society by her great gifts, that another, her inferior, must raise her, because he had wealth and she was poor, was inexpressibly galling.

"After much thought I ventured to write, gaining courage as I thought of my love, although well knowing that the proudest position is but a graceful ornament her beauty may wear."

A gratified smile stole over the mother's face, the haughty brow unbent, the eye softened. The young man saw these indications of a yielding spirit, and said eagerly, "you will then trust her to me? By heaven, sea and land shall be taxed to afford her pleasure. All the world shall admire the jewel I shall so proudly bear on my bosom."

"I have said she should be your wife," replied Mrs. Seaton, slowly, and at every word her cheek grew pale. "Oh!" she continued, with touching earnestness, as every trace of pride fled the haughty face, leaving only the eloquent emotion of a loving mother. "Oh! cherish her well! remember she is my all. Let me not have the wretchedness of knowing that the jewel was worn but a little while to be thrown aside and lost."

The tone, the tearful eyes touched Vernon as he was seldom wont to be moved. The voluble assurance he would have given a short time before died upon his lips, he could only answer in a tone which trembled slightly, "have confidence in my affection, dear madam."

She rose, extending both hands, said frankly, "I will; and now I will bring my daughter to you."

"One moment, madam. Mr. Seaton requested that the marriage day be named as soon as possible. Will you consent?"

"Every step I feel his iron power over me," she murmured, crushing her hands together, then turning to the young man, she said with kindling check and eye, "that I must insist my daughter has a right to decide. It is unmanly to hurry matters thus."

"Assuredly, madam, do not misunderstand me. I will joyfully do as she desires. It shall be the study of my life to please her; think not the first evidence of my accepted affection will be to urge anything distasteful. You do me injustice."

"Forgive me," said Mrs. Seaton, with a gentle earnestness, which gave a singular charm to her look and manner, "let me repair my fault by at once bringing my daughter to you. As you both decide I will consider right."

"I never saw one so flery," muttered Vernon, as she withdrew, passing his hand wearily over his brow, as if his strength had been taxed to the utmost. "Thank heaven, May seems as gentle as her mother is impetuous." Vernon had not studied the brow or lip of the young girl. He did not see there dwelt there a spirit as proud, as fiery, for hitherto it had slept.

Almost immediately Mrs. Seaton returned with her daughter, whose quiet self-possession showed however fearful the contest had been the victory was complete. Yet as when the sun, suddenly obscured by a heavy cloud, casts a shadow over a sweet scene in nature, and fills the beholder with admiring sadness, so in the young face, fair as it was, a light had been quenched, the radiance of a free, joyous spirit had fled forever.

Vernon saw, felt this not. He only saw the beautiful face which nightly haunted his pillow, and felt now it was to be his own, it was more lovely than ever. With ardor he clasped the hand Mrs. Seaton placed in his, and pressed it again and again to his lips.

"I almost fear I am in a beautiful dream," he whispered.

"Would it be a dream to you in reality, Mr. Vernon, if you knew I did not love you?" asked May, carnestly.

"You will not say so, dear Miss Seaton."

"I must, Mr. Vernon. I dare not conceal from you that I have consented to marry you only at the command of my cousin and mother."

He released her hand, the warm flush left his cheek, "am I entirely indifferent to you?" he questioned, with anxiety.

"I do not love you."

He turned away and paced the room slowly. He was shocked and disappointed. He felt toward her a more self-forgetting affection than he had ever experienced in his whole life. Should he fail in making her love him, how unhappy would both be. He would release her, what was such an acceptance worth; thus feeling he advanced toward her, but to his longing gaze never had she seemed so beautiful. Could he resign all the hopes which had made him so happy? He hesitated, one more glance at her face, and he seized her hand again, saying, "I love you so much I cannot resign you. May, I must teach you what love is."

"I will be your wife, Mr. Vernon, if you will, if you can forgive the wrong I do you in thus repaying your affection with indifference. I feel how unequal we are—this degradation," she added, more to herself than him.

Vernon was troubled by the distressed expression which shaded her face, but he did not understand it, "dear May, on my side is the inequality; what have I that can compare with you, yet I joyfully yield all, and, in my fond pride of my beautiful wife, will forget my own littleness. I shall feel I am ennobled by her. Trust me I will be patient, and love you so well you will find yourself, by-and-bye, wondering where the inequality is. Smile on me, one of your bright smiles, and promise me you will not frown on my efforts to make you happy."

"Do you know well what you have undertaken?" asked she, with a faint smile, "it will be no easy task, I fear."

"My courage rises with the difficulty," cried he, gaily. "Never fear, all the world shall gaze with wonder on my devotion, and envy me my bride."

"So be it," replied May, sighing, "if we both

"Sweet May, banish such a thought, my love cannot fail."

"I know you are sincere at present, let the future reveal itself as it will. Let us go to my mother."

Vernon looked at his watch. "How unfortunate I am. I have an engagement, made many days ago, and so I must tear myself away. And I may come again and sun myself in your presence whenever I please?"

"Yes, come and go at your pleasure."

"Ah, if I only consulted that I should be always here—but if I must go," he looked imploringly at her.

"Go, break no engagement for me, I do not deserve it."

"How you slander yourself, but I do not heed it."

Light was the heart of the young man as he went his way, but who shall say what were the emotions of his betrothed.

At this same time, Mr. Seaton sat in his easy-chair, with his eyes immoveably fixed on his watch, his face wearing more than its usual quiet sternness. "A gentleman wishes to see you, sir," said his servant. Mr. Seaton turned slowly, and, suppressing a sigh, gave first a careless, then a more penetrating glance at his visitor. There was something in his face which pleased Mr. Seaton, and, instantly rising, he requested the servant to hand a chair.

Arthur Linton, for he it was, did not heed these words, but advancing nearer, he said in a low, firm voice, "I am Arthur Linton."

"And what then?"

"There can be but one reason why I, a stranger, should come to you. I have struggled with pride and self, and have conquered, and now I implore you to hear me for the sake of one dearer than life." He paused, Mr. Seaton sat with his arms folded closely over his breast, not a muscle of his face moved, and the young man continued, "sir, you are no longer in first youth, you may not realize how terrible it is to feel, at one blow, shut out from life's Eden; to find all that we cling to, all sweet hopes and love torn from us; have mercy upon her, let her at least wait until something of the first desolating sense of crushed affection be done away-let her grow accustomed a little to her solitude, ere you compel her to receive another affection: think what a life of masked misery must be hers-what training of the lip to smile when the heart is bleeding-what suffering to feel that she wrongs her nature and forgets self-respect—spare her if only for awhile be merciful-" He broke off abruptly, for he felt his emotion was fast mastering him; but the other, while he watched every quiver of the lip, every emotion of the changing, agitated face, spoke not, moved not, and the young man subduing himself again, strove to move him by en-

"She is so young, so full of life, so capable of blessing. We cannot tell what may be the effect of thus showing her the darkness, the trial of life. Oh, sir, if you ever loved, remember what would have been your feelings if you saw her you loved torn from you, doomed to misery—and you stand idly by not able to save her. Give us time and I will toil like a galley slave, she shall not long be a burden to you."

"She is no burden to me. I have far different reasons than you suppose for the course I take."

"Have you no mercy?—will you not give us time?"

". No."

"I care not for myself. I can bear my part,

but May-ah, be not all iron to my entreaty for her."

"A strange love yours must be, young man, that you would rather she should dwell in poverty and dependance for your sake, than be blessed with all wealth can give."

"I think not only of what is needed without, but of what within. I know she will pine and wither in splendid misery-that a cup of cold water with one she loves will be more to her than oceans of wealth."

"It is a pity that a chivalrous knight, like yourself, cannot save her from the hydra-headed monsters your imagination sees."

"I can bear your taunts because heaven has willed that I, through my poverty, should see my dearest affections crushed."

"Did she send you to me?"

"She knows not of my coming; we have parted -I swear I will never more cross her path if but you will spare her now-in a few years she may forget, and love one whom you will approve."

"Young man you plead eloquently, but it is all in vain. By this time Miss Seaton has doubtless forgotten you and accepted Mr. Vernon. have willed it so, and so it shall be-no more, you cannot change me."

"Iron heart, one day you will need the mercy you refuse to me. I tell you, that if in this sudden crushing of true, pure affection, that bright young spirit grows changed, and warped, and stained, when we meet at the judgment seat, I will point to you as the remorseless cause of the ruin."

He paused not to note the effect of his words, but rushed distractedly from the apartment.

CHAPTER VII.

It is a terrible thing to stand amid the wrecks of life's treasures feeling they are gone from us forever; it is terrible to learn to live without one whose smile has been our sunlight, whose voice has thrilled our heart, whose coming has been the signal for all bright and lovely hopes, and emotions, and aspirations to throng about us, and, fixing on us their smiling eyes, enchant with their glory; it is terrible to slowly learn, to hear the echo which sounds through the heart's lonely chambers when we call on the familiar name; to grow accustomed to silence where was the music of loving tones; to cease to listen for the step; to realize that henceforth a gulf lies between us and what made our life's life; fearful to bear when we have strength from Him who chastens in mercy-but what is it to those, who, leaning whither to turn for aid.

Seaton. The tempest had burst upon her head, scattering her life's treasures, and she was deso-When the first conflict had passed there settled on her spirit an endurance which seemed to mock at itself. She ceased to weep; she maintained a constant proud composure; she shrank from no trial of self-command, or forgot the role in the part she played; but life became utterly worthless, she despised herself, and every day grew more and more reckless of the future. She consented to an early marriage, and eagerly embraced every opportunity to mingle in society, where her beauty and engagement to one of its most favored members, caused her to be courted and caressed, and Vernon, proud of his choice, and feeling every attention she received reflected back upon him, grew every hour more and more in love with himself and his destined bride. Mrs. Seaton looked on in mingled pride and pain; not all her gratified ambition could hide the consciousness that her child was changed; that the gaiety and beauty which dazzled others, were as ornaments still clinging to a ruined shrine. Mrs. Vernon felt doubtful and anxious, but said nothing, knowing she had no power to turn her son from what she deemed a hasty, ill-assorted match.

The marriage day came, and, as if to mock the bride, bright and cloudless. Amid all the paraphernalia of fashionable life, May Scaton and Alfred Vernon joined their lots, and if any guardian angels yet lingered in tender pity around the young girl's spirit, they must have wept and turned their holy eyes away, as before the altar she resigned hope, self-respect, love, memory; but the world looking on rejoiced at the treasure it had won, and cared not at the cost; and the bridegroom, as he proudly received her from the hand of Mr. Scaton, felt that all he desired of happiness was his.

The beauty of the bride, and the wealth and fashion of the bridegroom, drew together a brilliant crowd to admire and welcome the accession of one who looked and moved a queen among the proud, the gifted, and the wealthy, and though some might envy the bride, and others be jealous of her charms, all could not but confess that never was there one who bore her herors more gracefully, or seemed to deserve them so well. We are so prone to look fearfully at one another through masks, that few have the penetration or care to see if the smile which plays upon a lip be sincere, or the gentle tone comes warm from the heart. The old saw, "actions speak louder than words," is going out of fashion, we do not act as we feel, we are afraid, and so we go on deceiving others, and they in their turn deceiving on their own strength, find it a broken reed, and us. Of all those who gazed admiringly upon the seeing above ever increasing darkness, know not newly married, there was hardly one to whom all Such an one was May things were not a couleur de rosc.

"Well, Cabot, don't you begin to wish you stood in Vernon's place, lucky dog that he is?" exclaimed Fenshaw, laying his hand on the other's shoulder. "I think you must admire the bride, for I have been looking at you some time, and have not seen you move once."

"Why do you call him lucky, Fenshaw?" replied the other, still keeping his eyes fixed upon the spot where Vernon and his bride stood receiving the congratulations of acquintances and friends.

"Because it is a self-evident truth. Young, rich, blest with as lovely a wife as heart can wish, what more can mortal man desire?"

"Do you imagine that Vernon loves his wife, or she him?"

"Most assuredly. What glasses do you wear, Cabot?"

"Not yours, my good fellow."

"I am right glad of it. One would think that in such a scene you might, for once, forget your abominable cynical mood, and be as the rest of us are."

"Dream all is love and happiness," returned the other, scornfully, "no, I will see things as they are in common sense, not in my fancy."

"Pray, what does your common sense see, my wise friend?"

"It sees," answered Cabot, slowly, as if looking through a glass, which every moment brought out some new feature in a landscape he was surveying, "it sees a crowd careless of everything but its own pleasure, blind, vain and frivolous, some thinking, 'now we shall get rich suppers,' some 'what a delightful place to call!' Some ready to cry with envy at the beauty they never may hope to eclipse; some planning ways by which, through these, they may extend their own power and influence, and so on through the whole multitude of men and women here. It sees a mother, half proud, half fearful of her son's choice, a thousand doubts and fears attending the pleasure with which she graciously receives congratulations, and the sincerity with which she answers It sees another mother striving to conceal from those around her, how she loathes and shrinks from the pomp and splendor to which she has sold her child. It sees a bridegroom vain of his wisdom in making such a choice as the whole world approves, glorying in his wife because she adds so greatly to his own consequence-delightfully in love with himself, and thinking, poor fool, that he is truly devoted to her. It sees a wife, who this day has put away, at what sacrifice is known only to herself, what made her innocent and free, and stands here now, having wed without love, with the price of her slavery glittering on her proud, calm brow and magnificent dress. And last of all, it sees a man,"

turning full upon his companion, "who has lived in the world five-and-twenty years, and yet thinks this is really delightful to behold, and envies those who are actors in it."

"I have been too much frightened to interrupt your long harangue, but now you are through, how on earth do you pretend to know all this?"

"I don't pretend to know."

"But how?"

"In the first place, I have good eyes and use them. Instead of going to talk with this one and that, comparing my surmises with theirs, I take a good position and watch faces, and soon learn what I want to know. Men and women are excellent actors; the young bride there is first rate. but there are certain unconscious evidences which one skilled can interpret. Would a happy bride, for example, receive with such perfect composure the congratulations showered upon her? Would she meet, without a blush, the ardent gaze her husband bends so constantly on her face, or endure with such quietude his lover-like attentions? Why does she keep her eyes so carefully averted from her mother? and why does that mother hide herself in the most distant crowd? Yes. I am right, as you will one day see."

"I begin to think you are the evil one himself."

"No, I have not yet advanced to that dignity. I am only his servant; and to prove it, I will show you one whom all my wisdom and skill cannot fathom. See him there, Mr. Seaton. I have watched till I am weary, but his face is as impervious to my gaze as a piece of unwrought marble."

"I am glad of it. It gives me a cold ague fit to hear you. Do you not intend to offer your congratulations to the happy, or rather the miserable pair, according to your account?"

"Yes, I am going now. By the way, Fenshaw, I mean to be a favored cavalier of the lady presently."

"I don't understand you," said the other, sternly.

"Yes, you do, only not rightly. I do not mean sentimentally; only one of these days when she is lonely, and her husband too much occupied with his own pursuits to care what becomes of his wife, she will like to have one stand behind her chair, and bring to her observation things and persons she is too proud, or careless, or noble to find out unaided; I shall hand her to her carriage, attend her to the opera, and in short, be a pattern of unmeaning devotion."

"Had you not better offer your services at once?"

"No, no, Vernon will prefer to do it himself at present. The novelty has not worn off yet. I must be content to wait." So saying, he made his way slowly toward the bride, while the other remained lost in thought, till a summons from a lady restored him to his accustomed gaiety.

Levees like all things must have an end, the guests departed, the travelling carriage came to the door, the weary bride was arrayed for the journey, and had taken leave of her mother and Mrs. Vernon, and her husband had taken her hand to lead her to the carriage, when Mr. Scaton, whose relationship had given hin the privilege of lingering, stopped them, and begged "he might see his young cousin for a moment alone."

"No," said May, shrinking back, and quitting her husband's arm.

"Dearest May, you are fearful I shall be jealous," whispered Vernon, laughingly, "I'll forgive you this once. I think you had better see him. Remember I owe to him my dear wife."

May saw that Mrs. Vernon's eyes were fixed suspiciously upon her, and she yielded.

"I can't spare May but a moment, dear sir," said Vernon, with a smile.

"I will detain her but a short time," answered Mr. Seaton, gravely. As Vernon closed the door, he hastily advanced to May and tried to take her hand, but she shrank from him, and, folding her arms across her breast, lifted to his a face in which scorn and despair were strangely mingled.

"I can scarcely believe this is the bright young face which has haunted my sleeping and waking dreams," said he, in a tone as gentle as a mother's. "Do you utterly hate me, May?"

"Do you need to ask?"

"I do not indeed," said he, sadly, "but have I not given you much in place of what you resigned?"

"How dare you look me in the face—how dare you speak to me thus! 'Are you so lost to all a true soul values, that you do not know that once having been forced to fling away its truth, to see its life's blossoms trodden under foot, to wear a smiling face which mocks at the desert around it, all the universe, and all its most precious gifts can be but as vanity? But I honor you too much to suppose you can understand, you who have compelled me thus to descend."

"May, you are greatly changed."

"Did you deem I could be otherwise than changed? You know nothing of the heart, what it suffers or endures, and yet still lives."

His face grew pale, then red, his whole frame quivered with agitation, "do I not?" said he, in a stifled voice, suddenly clasping her hand.

"Unhand me. I hate you."

"And I love you. Hear me, this once the burning fire within shall blaze forth and then be buried forever. For years I have watched over you, gave your mother a home, that one day I might call you mine. Cold, forbidding to all the

world, I had one spot in my heart whose warmth no mortal knew. I saw you grow daily more and more beautiful, like a rose slowly unfolding tint after tipt. No music of heaven could be sweet to me as your voice, your smile, your step. Years rolled on, and I felt the time drew near when I might unfold the history of my long love and teach you a return. Vernon saw and loved you; terrible was the struggle, but he was young, and I thought you would be happier with him, the child of my friend, my only friend. I promised to aid him. I forced your mother to consent, but so great was her suffering that I would have relented had not one circumstance made me iron. She told me you loved another, an unknown boy! and I determined to visit on him the pangs you cost me. He came to me, this lover, and pleaded for you, and at every word I grew more and more resolved he should be as wretched as I-so now you hate me-I hated him-and with jealousy behold my work, my reason why I forced you to marry." He paused, but there was no reply. She stood gazing at him, her eyes glittering like diamonds, her pale lips quivering, her whole frame shaken as when a fierce tempest beats down the flowers. The terrible consciousness that their hearts had been as toys for his revenge and fiery passions, seemed crushing the life out of her.

"I must go away," he resumed, in a husky voice, "nover to return—but now that the madness of my jealousy has passed, I would give my right hand to undo what I have done. For God's sake break this silence—speak to me—curse me, only speak!"

"Arthur, Arthur," murmured May; tears came to her relief and saved her from madness. She wept convulsively for awhile, then suddenly dashing the tears away, confronted him again, saying, "I ought not give you this triumph."

"I do not triumph, weep if you will. I would take back the past if I could."

"You are compassionate when you know it is too late."

"I deserve your distrust, I deserve you should hate me, but pity me, forgive me." The cold man was terribly moved.

"Then you forgive yourself?"

He struck his forehead with his elenched hand, "why are you so unforgiving, so ungentle?"

"Can I be otherwise? Did you not come into my life's Eden and crush out all its sweet flowers, and drive me forth desolate? Have you not caused me to bring darkness and solitude to him I loved? Have you not made me a thing to be despised, to be shut out from all that is pure, and holy, and true?—and all to gratify your own revenge, and you believe a few regretful words will repay me for all—you say I am unforgiving.

heaven knows I have had terrible wrong at your hands. I might pardon what it has cost me, but his suffering, never, never!"

He turned away in silence. After a pause he came again to her side, and said in a tone of almost humble supplication, "May, if I have taken much from you, I have given you what the world values more."

She lifted up her face, and its agonized reproach made him quail, "is that consolation?"

"My own May, are you not coming?" cried Vernon's joyous voice. She rose instantly, and with one effort subdued her emotion, drew her yeil over her face, and turned hurriedly away.

"One word more, say you forgive me," he plended, in a broken voice.

"The husband you have wedded me to calls."
"I am answered," he murmured, leaning against the wall for support, and strong no longer to detain her. The carriage drove from the door. The first act was finished.

The ball room at the fashionable wateringplace of ----, was more than usually crowded and brilliant. Merriment and festivity reigned triumphant, and bright faces grew brighter under the exhilirating strains of the music, as graceful forms flew by in the inspiriting dance. A noblelooking man stood leaning against a window, following thoughtfully the dancers as they glided past him. As he gazed, the music and joyous tones seemed to awaken regretful memories, for when a young girl as she passed, turned for a moment her sunny face toward him, her clear laugh ringing out like the carol of a bird, he started with an expression of pain, and turned to leave the hall. His movements attracted the attention of a young man, who quickly hastened to greet him.

"I did not think to see you here, Judge Linton."

A cordial smile chased the sadness from the judge's features, "you think the court-house and the ball room have little affinity. I was ordered here by my physician, and arrived only an hour ago. Being drawn by the sound of music, which always charms me, I strolled in."

- "A very brilliant assemblage."
- "So I should think, though being a bachelor, I am but a poor judge," replied the other.
- "You have not seen the cynosure of all ages and hearts then?" said the young man. "Of whom do you speak?"
- "Of a lady who arrived three days ago. The leader of fashion in the city of —, whose charms and haughty coldness alternately distract and chill her admirers."
 - "Does such an one attract you?"

"Yes, not because she is all this, but more. She is a woman whose great gifts shine undimmed in spite of her entire devotion to the world and its objects. When I see her I cannot but think that these powers, under happier circumstances, might have been nobly used."

The judge seemed more interested, "is she young or old, married or single?" he asked.

"She has been many years married. The match was made, I believe, by relations, and the usual consequences have followed. The husband is a good-natured, easy sensualist, whose perfect indifference is only equalled by his wife's open contempt. They are never seen together, and his place is supplied by a companion of his, to whose intimacy with the lady no scandal is attached, for he is known to be as cold as an iceberg, and to half despise the object of his unceasing attentions. Ah, there they are now. Truly, when I see Mrs. Vernon, I seem to look on an angel—though a fallen one."

The judge stood motionless as a statue. That haughty face, where scorn and worldliness held undisputed sway, was the object of his first and only love, his lost May—what a gulf parted the young, loving, innocent girl, and the haughty woman who received with disdainful coldness the adulation lavished upon her! Breaking from his astonished companion, he paused not till he gained the solitude of his own apartment, which he soon quitted to turn homeward.

Henceforward the stone was never rolled away from the grave of his buried love. The angel of memory scaled it with her signet of regretful silence.



THE FASHIONABLE PARTY.

BY ELLEN ASHTON

Peterson's Magazine (1849-1892); May 1851; VOL. XIX., No. 5.; American Periodicals

FASHIONABLE THE PARTY.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"My dear," said Mrs. Stanhope to her husband, > "it is almost time we were giving a party: this is the second winter we have been married, and people look for us to be returning their civilities."

"I don't see why we should give a party because folk expect us to. If people thought I was going to cut off my head, do you suppose I would do it to please them?"

"Oh! but if we go to parties, we must give parties. We shall be considered mean if we don't."

"Money is very scarce."

"But it would not cost much."

"How much?"

"A very little indeed: you don't know how cheap everything is, especially confectionary: you can give a party, now-a-days, for next to nothing."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Mr. Stanhope, sententiously, "and may the time soon come when parties will cost nothing at all!"

Mrs. Stanhope did not exactly like the half satirical tone in which her husband had conducted the conversation; so she paused for awhile before answering, debating with herself whether he was really bent on refusing, for in that case she did not care to risk open defeat by renewing the assault. However, she concluded finally to go on.

"So you will give the party?" she said.

The husband had returned to his newspaper, for this conversation occurred in the evening: he now looked up, and regarding his wife earnestly, for a moment, kindly said,

"Are you really so anxious to have a party, Mary?"

"Indeed I am," she replied. "My acquaintance all look for a party, and will consider me shabby if I don't give one."

"Parties are very senseless affairs."

"We ladies don't think so. Some like the dancing, some the flirtations, some the chance of seeing their neighbors' dresses, some the supper, and all the excitement. I am fond of a party occasionally." And her eyes fairly sparkled.

Mr. Stanhope smiled. "Vanity of vanities," he said, "all is vanity: and parties most so of all things. I must say, Mary, that, of the entire catalogue of pleasures you affix to a party, the dancing seems to me the most excusable; and I two words of sense spoken for the entire evening.

don't think much of that, you know, as an occupation for rational beings. However, since you have set your heart on a party, you shall have one, provided it does not cost too much. Let us see your estimate."

The wife sprang up, kissed her husband delightedly, ran for pencil and paper, drew a footstool to his side, and first looking up bewitchingly into his face, began to make her calculations. She showed, in her pretty way, how Parkinson would furnish ice-cream and jellies almost for the honor of the thing; how a small band of musicians could be obtained for a mere song; how she had discovered a horticulturist, just starting in business, who would make up bouquets at half price; and how, in short, all the other desirables for a first-rate party could be procured, by a judicious economist like herself, at an expenditure so trivial that it would be a positive sin not to avail themselves of the chance.

So the party was determined upon, and, the next day, Mrs. Stanhope sent out cards. It was to be her first party, and she was proud enough.

When the evening came, the house was a perfect jam. The pretty hostess looked prettier than ever, for the excitement of preparation had given her a high color, and she wore a new dress of great beauty, the gift of her husband. "For since you will have a party, Mary," he said, "you shall be the handsomest-looking woman at it, if an elegant dress can render you so." It was not, perhaps, etiquette to outshine her guests in this way; but Mrs. Stanhope, as well as her husband, forgot this in pardonable vanity.

The rooms, we repeat, were a perfect jam. The music was excellent. The bouquets certainly looked charming, and made the apartments look charming too. There was a decided throng in the supper-room, so that some could scarcely get in, and this, of course, was the crowning triumph of the evening. Mrs. Stanhope declared, when the company had retired, that she was sure Ellen Harvey had made a conquest of Harry Boswell; and that there was quite a flirtation got up between Anne Powell and Charley Hastings. "Wouldn't it be odd," she said, "if two marriages were to grow out of our party?"

But the husband was sleepy. The whole thing had been, as he expected, an intolerable bore to him. He had not, he mentally declared, heard

Mrs. Stanhope, however, would talk. She was too excited to keep still. But her husband fortunately maintained his temper, though his eyes winked continually; and, at last, in the midst of one of his wife's eloquent reminiscences, he fairly fell asleep.

The next morning things had changed. Mr. Stanhope arose at his usual hour, a little tired, but otherwise in excellent health. His wife. however, was sleepy, had a headache, and, as she was forced to admit, felt "altogether out of sorts." She had tasted indiscriminately terrapin, ice-creams, jellies, and cakes; and was now paying the penalty of this, as well as of her unnatural exhiliration of spirits. Then she had to set the house to rights, or see it done, which was nearly as fatiguing, especially as she was, what every woman should be, a particularly nice housekeeper.

When Mr. Stanhope came home, at night, he found his wife completely fagged out. She was ruefully looking over the various bills which had been sent in, that morning, for things furnished at the party.

"What's the matter, Mary?" said the husband. She looked up, nearly out of humor. "Oh! these people," she said, "how they all charge. Here's the confectioner has sent twice as much as I thought we should want."

"Was it not used?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, that's right. Here's the bill for terrapin-whew! enough to buy a horse almost."

"And yet there was scarcely sufficient," said the wife, looking blank.

"And the music-and your cheap flowers," said Mr. Stanhope, glancing over the bills, in turn. "Why, they're all double what you calculated!"

He kept his temper, however, admirably: an example we recommend to all husbands.

She burst into tears.

But his wife, nervous and sensitive from re-

action, could not bear even this implied reproof.

"I couldn't help it, Charles," she sobbed, "and indeed I never want another party. I'm nearly dead with this headache, without the vexation of those dreadful bills. And besides," and here she sobbed afresh, "sister Jane has been here, and has said that everybody declared I was overdressed, and that the terrapin gave out, and that the waiters were very shy of the champagne, and that-that," but here the aggregation of disasters become too great for endurance, and she finished in a regular "boo-hoo!"

Her husband put his arm kindly around her, kissed her, and said,

"People are very ill natured, my dear, and confectioners know how to make very long bills; but surely you have not discovered this, to-night, for the first time. Come, cheer up! As to the gossips, never mind what they say: you were not a bit over-dressed; and you looked, I can assure you, prettier than anybody in the room." What a smiling, grateful, happy look she gave him through her still tearful eyes! "And as for these bills," he continued, tossing them carelessly across the table, "they are just what I expected. I knew, from the first, you had miscalculated, so I am not, in the least, disappointed. There now, think no more of it. Go to bed soon, and get a good sleep--" "And never give another fashionable party,"

she cried, interrupting him, with mischievous eves, "is that the lesson you would teach?"

"If you are willing, dearest. As old Franklin said, its paying too dear for the whistle.' Don't you think so?"

"I do," she answered, seriously. And, from that day, Mrs. Stanhope was done with Fashiona-BLE PARTIES.

THE PASTOR AND HIS FAMILY.

BY D. ELLEN GOODMAN.

Beautiful beyond description is the picture which now rises to my view; a picture of peace, of serenity, of the heart's holiest and deepest affection: a sweet domestic scene, with the calm brows of faith and the warm hearts, where the heavenly and the earthly love are mingled: the heavenly being predominant. I would sketch the characters of a family who on earth formed a scene beautiful to look upon, and a part of whose members are now united forever in heaven; would gaze again upon those mild eyes whose light has for years been quenched in the grave.

It was a pastor's family. In a fine old mansion that overlooks the green meadows that lie along our own fair Connecticut, and its bright waters that sparkle like silver gems through trembling leaves and sweeping boughs, the man of God had chosen his home. Proud old trees lift their towering heads above the roof, and the hawthorn hedge winds in graceful curves about the yard and gardens, while choice flowering shrubs and plants spring in tufted masses over the velvety turf that lies about the mansion. It is a fine view, that from the shaded verandah to the westward. Blue hills rise in the distance, and at the close of a summer's day, you may see the golden clouds floating upon their summits, while the waters of the Connecticut at their base glow with living fire, as they wind along through the verdant fields and flowery meadows till lost in the distance. Then nearer, the thick roofs of the village houses that lie at a little distance, half shrouded in foliage, and the hum of voices coming on the wings of the summer winds to that quiet, beautiful home. The minister's familywhat a happy group they were. Only once had the hand of death borne a loved one away to the darkness of the grave. That one was a dear, fair boy, whose infant head had been cradled on the bosom of affection, but who went early to join the angel band around the throne of heaven. years went by, and it was sweet to meet that pastor's mild, benign face in our daily walkssweet to listen to his persuasive eloquence from the pulpit on the holy Sabbath; passing sweet to mark the look of angel benevolence and purity that seemed ever to draw the gazer's heart toward one so lofty, yet so humble-minded. From a child I remember how I ever looked upon that man as little less than an angel of light. And if in his days of gladness and prosperity the

heavenly robe shone with such lustre about his noble form, and the mantle of sweet humility and faith seemed ever upon him, how sacred in our eyes did he become when the shadows of death that afterward lay about his way, made only purer and whiter the light that struggled through darkness and clouds. Most romantic and beautiful is the spot selected for the burial of our dead. Trees that have stood for ages. shade the gentle hill-sides and deep, massy dells, and rivulets go singing and laughing through the wild blossoms that stoop above their edge. Little fountains start up amid the shadows, and throw. bright sparkling gems over the greensward, and footpaths and carriage-roads wind about among its groves and towering monuments. A few years ago these grounds were but a wild, uncultivated. neglected spot; but the wildnerness has been made to blossom, and darkness has turned to light. Well is that calm, pleasant Sabbath-day remembered, when amid the multitude who had gathered together beneath those towering trees, the man of God stood forth with uncovered brow and loose locks swaying to the breeze, and consecrated that chosen ground to its solemn and sacred purpose. His poetic, fruitful mind planned much to beautify the new garden for the dead, and to him are we indebted for very much of the charm that renders "Woodland Dell" the attractive place it is. "Sunset Hill" is a gentle declivity overlooking the lowering ground with its founts and murmuring streams, its green graves, and flowers, and shrubs; and a most charming site it is. A tall, proud oak rises above the emerald turf, and on its green leaves the last sunset ray lingers, throwing a smile into the stillness below, and quivering in golden light upon the snowy marble that stands in purity as if guarding the slumberers beneath. It was here to this sequestered, rural place that the pastor's fair boy was borne; and in a few short years the hearse with its velvet covering wound up the shadowy road again to "Sunset Hill," bearing the "wife and mother" to her last deep resting-place. From the minister's heart its dearest earthly idol was torn; yet it was beautiful to see the look of unshaken trust in heaven, of unrepining submission with which he bowed beneath this great and heavy burden. The day star had faded from his heaven, the brightest blossom that had clung about his path had withered; yet, gathering his

motherless flock about him, he went humbly on his way; breathing hope's soft whisper to the weary and desponding, binding up the wounded heart, and cheering the desolate and afflicted. One dear soluce was left him, his daughter, fair, young and beautiful-image of her sainted mother, and upon whose shoulders that mother's mantle had seemed to fall. Oh! what a priceless treasure to that father's heart was she-his youthful, humble, affectionate girl! Her whisper of love fell soothingly upon his struggling soul, and about his bowed neck her fair arms wound softly, endearingly. And her four young brothers-fair, beautiful boys-to them she was to be even as a mother in their clouded childhood and youth. Alas! how often do the soul's fondest visions totter to the ground-how often is the heart left to mourn its dearest dreams overshadowed. The turf on the mother's grave had scarcely mingled its slender blades with the pale flower leaves whose roots had found a bed there. ere by her side slumbered the father's ministering angel, the young brothers' comforter and guide. Suddenly had the hand of death been laid upon her heart; and in the flush of her early womanhood, in the glory of her sunset beauty, the pastor's daughter went from his aching arms to heaven. It was sorrowful to mark his onward progress through a thorny world after this great bereavement; sorrowful, yet most beautiful. .With untiring zeal he yet went about his Mas-

ter's business; and from his pulpit weekly ascended the tones of his voice in humble prayer or kindly exhortation. Those who looked upon him could have wept to see the holy light that shone in undimmed splendor from his broad, pale forehead, and the look of heavenly love that beamed in his meek eyes; yet they knew not that the heart in their beloved pastor's bosom was beating more and more slowly: that already the angels had beckoned from their home in heaven, and the soul was pluming its tired wings for flight. The kind death messenger came at last, and gently released the panting spirit from its prison-house.

How sadly did the pastor's loving flock gather within the church walls, to pay the last sad tribute of affection to his cold remains; to follow his body to its last resting-place. Up the old familiar aisle, where his feet had so often trodden, they selemnly bore the coffined form, and beneath the sacred desk from which for years his mellow

dead. Old age and vigorous manhood bowed in unspoken sorrow as the mournful organ-notes swept on the hushed air; and a group of weeping children passed slowly by the shrouded form. leaving upon the coffin lid their tribute of love. bunches of choicest flowers. Slowly up the passage moved a band of mourners; and not one heart in the vast assembly but thrilled with sorrowful emotions, as those four fair boys in tearful grief bowed down beneath the shadow of their great bereavement. One manly form moved on amid the group; one noble brow was darkened even as theirs-the orphan boys. The minister's twin brother had come from his distant home to look once more upon the angel face, ere the grave hid those long loved features from his sight for-And his resemblance to the lost one was striking and wonderful. As we looked upon his mild, sorrowful eyes, and the calm, broad forehead strongly marked by suffering, it seemed that the dead was alive again, and that once more on this changing earth we should listen to his dear. persuasive tones. That gentle, humble, gifted brother has gone also to his reward; for they who loved so well in life were not long divided. By the side of his lost ones on "Sunset Hill," amid the shadows of "Woodland Dell," they laid the pastor's cold form. It was sweet to think as we stood by his new-made grave, beneath the aged oak that had often sheltered his head, of the happy re-union of those kindred spirits in a cloudless, sinless heaven. There they slumber calmly, silently-she, the devoted "wife and mother;" he, the worshipped "husband and father;" and they, the fair, bright flowers that rarely withered in their loneliness. many a dreamy, secluded dell, many a sunny hill-side, grassy and besprinkled with star blossoms, and whispering streams and laughing fountains, and shaded paths lead onward under sheltering boughs with their quivering foliage, that seems scattering gold and pearls on the mass below, as the sunbeams and moonbeams tremble through the leafy screen; but in all "Woodland Dell" is not a lovelier spot, or one where the thinking soul will oftener turn aside to tarry and dream, than "Sunset Hill," where lie in sweet and quiet slumber, beneath sprining flowers and waving grass, the pastor and his loved ones.

tones had sounded, they reverently placed the

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.

BY MRS. JAMES WHITTLE.

"WHAT did my aunt mean, when she said to you this morning that my education would never be finished? Surely, mamma, I am not always to remain at school. I am sure I often wish the time were come, when, instead of having to leave you at the end of every holiday, I could always stay with you, dear mamma, and wait on you, and nurse you, and try to amuse you, when you look so sad, and so weary; and sometimes it seems to me that I learn more in listening to you, and hearing you read to me, than I do from all the regular lessons I learn during the whole half year. Do you know, mamma, I remember everything you tell me, while all that I learn by heart, to say to Miss Brewster, is forgotten in a minute. When shall I leave school, and be always with you?"

The little girl, as she asked this question, looked eagerly into her mother's face, and saw that large tears were rolling down her cheeks. Fearful lest she had been the cause, she threw her little arms round her neck, and kissed her again and again. The mother raised her languid head from her pillow, as she replied, "Fanny, sit down beside me, on the sofa, and let me tell you what your aunt and I mean, when we say that your education will never be finished. While we live, we may still learn something, and the school in which you at present study is only the first class in that wider school, the world, in which, by-and-bye, you will have to take your place—in which I, Fanny, am a scholar."

"You, mamma, a scholar? Why, you are a woman—a wise, grown-up woman. You have no lessons to learn, no tasks to repeat, no punishments to bear, no——"

"Stay, Fanny, I have all these. I have many lessons to learn daily, many tasks to perform, many punishments to endure. Do you think that I lie here on this sofa, day after day, and month after month, without learning anything?"

"Oh, no, mamma! You are always reading large, wise books."

"Yes, my dear child; but it is not always from books that we learn lessons in the great school I told you of. Life is bestowed upon us by God; that great and good Being, who creates nothing in vain, had some wise purpose in breathing into each of us the breath of life; it is for us to find out what particular task God has apportioned to us; to learn what this is, is the important lesson which must be studied in the great school of life."

"But, mamma," said Fanny, after a longer pause than was usual with her, "how can a little girl hope to find out what God intends her to do? God cannot care whether my lessons are said well or not; what can I do, that can please God, or show Him that I am wishing to find out what He intends me to do?"

"You can do what you know to be right in the school in which you are for the present placed; you can learn to be obedient to those who are older and wiser than yourself; you can be kind and affectionate to your schoolfellows, willing to give up your own will to theirs; you can be careful not to resent any unkind word which may be said to you; you may help those who are weaker than yourself; you may comfort any who are unhappy; and if, amongst your playfellows, one has done a wrong action, you may, perhaps, by kindly pointing out to her the harm she has done, induce her to strive in future to avoid all sin. These duties, my little girl, belong to your position as a schoolfellow; and the same duties, rightly and faithfully discharged, make good men and women, good servants and good masters, good parents and good friends, good statesmen and good kings. Greater duty there is none, whether in you, as a little child, or in the queen upon her throne, than that you should do unto others what you would wish others to do unto you. And this, Fanny, is one of the lessons that we all have to learn in the great school of Another, and far more difficult one, is that of bending our wishes to the will of our Father in heaven. You, who are happy and gay, to whom sorrow seems a thing still far distant, a sort of awful stranger, who may one day come into your home, but who is as yet unknown to you, may think it an easy thing to say these words, which daily you repeat: 'Thy will be done;' but, Fanny, dear, it needs a brave heart, and a firm trust in God, to say that little sentence when sorrow really comes; when death first enters our home, and takes away the little girl from her mamma, or perhaps the mother from her child; then it is that we must learn the hard task of submission; and many are the tears that are shed ere that difficult lesson be learned. Or it may be that sickness comes, as it has come my former pleasures, and rendering me useless to others. To bear the pain that never leaves then, after a minute's pause, she added, "ah! me, to lie here, and never again go forth into the fields with you, and show you the glorious works of God, there set before us—to do this, and be done,' is not an easy thing; and this, Fanny, is the lesson I study daily."

Small New You have learned to do and say all my governess requires from me, so you are happy, because you have learned to do and say all that God requires of you."

The mother smiled, and said, "not all, my

to me, Fanny, binding me like a prisoner, with up, a smile brightened her sweet face, as she fetters of pain, to one spot; depriving me of all said, "and yet, mamma, you are happy; no one

be done,' is not an easy thing; and this, Fanny, do and say all that God requires of you."

In the mother smiled, and said, "not all, my the little maiden's eyes were full of tears; child;" but her heart was glad that Fanny had she knelt beside the couch, hid her face in her mother's bosom, and was silent. Then looking School.

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BY CORNELIA CAROLLA Peterson's Magazine (1849-1892); Jun 1851; VOL. XIX., No. 6.; American Periodicals

тне MINIATURES. THREE

BY CORNELIA CAROLLA.

WHILE spending an evening with an aged friend, the conversation turned on miniatures.

"Permit me to show you my collection," said she, producing several affairs of the kind.

I examined them one after another, with comparative indifference, until only three remained. These she had drawn toward her until the others were laid aside. She opened one, and gave it to me.

"Beautiful! exquisite!" I exclaimed. "Surely this cannot be a portrait?"

"It is: and not more beautiful than the original was at the time when it was painted," replied Mrs. Burr, with a sigh.

The miniature was that of a young lady, apparently seventeen or eighteen years of age. The features, complexion, costume, and attitude, taken alone, were perfect; but it was not in these that the great charm of the picture consisted:-it was in the spiritual expression which the artist had so happily portrayed: deep, holy, calm happiness was imprinted on every feature.

The voice of my friend aroused me from the reverie into which I had fallen. Fancy was already depicting the history of this beautiful creature.

"She must have been good and happy," thought I; "her parents thanked God daily for the blessing He had given them in such a child; her companions felt themselves elevated and etherealized by association with her; her lover, or husband-" here fancy was put to flight by the voice of Mrs. Burr.

"Here is another, taken several years later," said she, giving me the secoffd picture.

A start of surprise testified my astonishment. The features were the same; but the mouth had a more decisive expression. The delicate nostrils betrayed a haughty pride, not to be found in the first miniature: the eye had lost its holy tenderness, and over the whole was cast an indefinable expression of anguish. The costume, too, exhibited as great a change in the wearer's taste, as the face did in her feelings. In the first picture it was exceedingly simple; in the second, the dress was in the most magnificent style. The attitude, too, was rather that of an imperious queen, than a gentle, loving woman. Time alone could not have wrought such a sad change. Stronger feelings than the first portrait indicated second was painted. "How many a throb of anguish her heart has felt," thought I, "ere the change was wrought which stifled its warmer, happier sensations.

had evidently exerted their power before the

How many tears those eyes have shed before that cold, haughty expression displaced the happier light of early hours. How many bitter words have arisen to those lips, to give them the expression they now wear."

"Here is another," exclaimed Mrs. Burr, laying the third one before me.

Another change, and one quite as perceptible. The proud expression had passed away, and one of deep, heartfelt sorrow, chastened and subdued by holy influences, supplied its place. She now wore a widow's weeds. Everything betokened the hand of affliction.

"These pictures have a history," said I; "have they not?"

"They have," replied Mrs. Burr, "and I will relate it-but tell me first, how do you read them?"

"The first," said, I "bespeaks love and happiness. The second, pride and misery. The third, sorrow, purified and chastened by the heavenly hand of religion."

"You are right," replied Mrs. Burr. "Listen. One bright spring morning the bells of Christ Church rang a merry peal; for that day, within its walls, Lucille Liston, one of the fairest of Philadelphian maidens, and Ralph Keyser, her betrothed, were to be united in the holy bonds of marriage. The sun never shone on a happier wedding. For once, and it very rarely occurs, two persons were to be married with the full consent and good wishes of all who knew them.

"The noisy bells ceased. The organ pealed its solemn anthem as the bride was led slowly up the aisle toward the altar. The prayers were read: the service performed by the aged minister -the responses given, the blessing invoked, and Lucille was the wife of the chosen of her heart.

"An hour later the bridal party started on the accustomed tour, and friends, drying their tearful eyes, declared that 'there never was a lovelier bride, nor a more worthy bridegroom.'

"A life commenced under such favorable auspices ought to have been a happy one, and for several months the joy of the young couple remained unclouded. The bridal tour was finished, a few weeks their Paradise was undisturbed. The winter's festivities then commenced, and their new position in society compelled them into the world; but the sacrifice which they were thus obliged to make at the altar of custom, added still greater zest to their delight in the happy home hours which they enjoyed at their own fireside.

and they were installed in their future home. For

"Months glided away in this sweet dream, and Ralph Keyser and his bride were models of domestic felicity. Lucille was very happy—happier than her wildest dreams had divined. Her husband seemed faultless: he was affectionate, amiable, and devoted; what more could she ask? His foibles were yet to be brought to light. At last the knowledge came.

"Ralph was weak-minded, extremely sensitive to ridicule, and easily controlled by the opinions of those around him. He dearly loved his wife, but when his devotion became a subject of jesting comment among his friends, he felt a cowardly shame of what should have been a source of pride. He was rallied about his absence from the club, and he returned to it; on his constant attendance on his wife, and he neglected her; on his insensibility to the charms of other women, and he resolved to silence that cause of social reproach.

"Lucille bitterly felt the change, although at first she could not comprehend it. Her visions of quiet hours in their happy home seemed about to be destroyed. Her husband no longer regetted the demands of society, but eagerly satisfied them; and she was soon convinced that he was happier abroad than at home.

"It is well enough for lovers to dream of quiet evenings with their future brides,' said he, in answer to some of her remonstrances; 'but when one is really married, and the happiness that seemed so great in prospective is in his grasp, he scarcely appreciates it. Besides,' he continued, smiling, 'I am too proud of my little wife to prohibit others from beholding the beauty I adore.'

"Lucille made no reply, although his words wounded her more deeply than she cared to confess, even to herself. A short time later she found fresh cause for apprehension.

"Previously to her marriage, Ralph had frequently extolled the beauty, grace, and wit of Mrs. Waters, the wife of one of his intimate friends. When Mr. Waters died, and his widow tecluded herself during the period of her mourning, he had rarely mentioned her. A few months before their marriage that lady returned to sottety, where she soon become a belle. Indeed the boasted that none whom she wished to sub-

due could resist her powers.

"Married at an early age for wealth alone, to a man much older than herself, Mrs. Waters grieved but little when he died, leaving her the uncontrolled mistress of his fortune. The fair widow, however, affected great devotion to his memory, declared her intention of never marrying again, wore a widow's long veil, with the most becoming mourning, sighed heavily, cast down her eyelids until the heavy lashes nearly touched her cheek, and looked extremely sad and very interesting.

"This was continued for a year, and at the

"This was continued for a year, and at the expiration of that time, Mrs. Waters returned to society, still, however, retaining the slight mourning so becoming to her beauty: indeed she declared her intention of wearing it.

"Hitherto Ralph had been so devoted to his wife, that he escaped her fascination. But now, when he foolishly considered devotion to another a proof of manliness, the fair widow seemed a proper shrine for his worship, and he determined to throw himself at her feet.

"An opportunity soon presented itself. He was standing near his wife one evening, when Mrs. Waters was announced."
"There is the beautiful widow," he whispered.

"Her eyes followed his admiring glance, as a

woman of the medium height, finely formed, of most surpassing loveliness, gracefully advanced across the apartment. Her massy raven hair was drawn back in wavy bandeaux, and confined in a simple knot behind: one single ringlet had escaped from confinement, and rested on her snowy neck. A black velvet dress closely fitted her exquisite figure, while her neck and arms borrowed additional whiteness from the contrast with the jet necklace and bracelets that she wore. Her eyes were shadowed by their long lashes when she entered; but when she was near the centre of the room the cyclids were slowly lifted, and the full glory of the magnificent eyes shone unveiled as she glanced around the crowd. A

murmur of admiration greeted this pretty piece

of acting which seemed so natural, when the eyes

again sought the floor.

"Lucille followed her with her eyes until she sat down, and then turned to address her husband: he was gone! A few moments later she saw him among the crowd around Mrs. Waters. That lady received him in the most flattering manner, and he hovered near her during the whole evening. Lucille thought of his late coldness and neglect; of the admiration which he once had expressed for Mrs. Waters; of what she had heard of that lady's coquettish propensities, and she trembled lest he should fall in the hands of the siren.

"'He loves me,' murmured she, 'and I wrong him by my unjust fears.'

"Days and weeks glided on, and Raiph Keyser still lingered near the widow, who already numbered him among her admirers.

"A great conquest,' thought she, when he has so beautiful a wife. And he so lately married!"

"Little did she heed that poor young wife's misery:—in truth she could not comprehend it. Her own heart was capable of no deeper pang than that of wounded pride, and she could not sympathize with the agony of such a warm, loving, confiding soul.

"The young wife wept bitterly in her loneliness over the wreck of her hopes. For with her fond love, her perfect faithfulness in word and thought, she, alas!—was jealous! In vain she strove to destroy the 'green-eyed monster' who reigned daily and nightly in her heart.

"'Could I have wounded him thus?' she asked herself. 'Would he act in such a manner if he really loved me?'

"Her first great trial had come: it was bitter and grievous.

"Months passed away, and Ralph was still devoted to Mrs. Waters. His conscience reproached him when he saw his wife's cheek grow pale, and he felt that he had caused her unnecessary suffering; but he dreaded ridicule, and continued in his course, striving to excuse himself in her silence, which, he endeavored to think, arose from indifference.

"Lucille's feelings gradually changed. At first she grieved over what she fondly hoped was but a temporary hallucination; but when time brought no change, indignation supplanted sorrow; delicacy prevented mention of his faithlessness to' him, and pride forbade expostulation: so she continued to suffer.

"Years rolled on. One bright spring morning Lucille sat alone in her exquisite boudoir. The light stole dimly through the rich curtains. The fairest perfume of flowers floated through the room, and the distant song of birds, and the murmur of a fountain, fell soothingly on her ear. How could sorrow exist in such a fairy land? But even here it was a guest, for the beautiful mistress of this charming apartment sat, with clasped hands, and bowed head, in deep, sad reverie. No tears dimmed her bright eyes; but her cheek was pale, and her lips painfully compressed.

"And to-day is the anniversary of my marriage,' she murmured. 'Had my future fate been foretold on my wedding day, I should have laughed at the thought of such a doom! Who could have believed that his heart would have proved unfaithful; that he, my noble bridegroom, would have become what I so much despised—a male flirt! He vowed at the altar to love me,

and me alone; how has he kept his oath? Mrs. Waters stole his heart from me, that one more captive might grace her train, and it was only when scandal tarnished her fair fame that they abandoned their coquetry. Peace fled when he met her, and has since been a stranger to my mind; but, thanks to my pride! my secret was concealed: I have kept it, and will keep it even until the grave hides it forever. He never shall know my ardent—my unfathomable love!

"She arose and left the room.

"The relative positions of Ralph Keyser and his wife remained most melancholy. He really loved Lucille, and when, in the early part of his married life, he repaid her love with neglect, he did it heedlessly-without reflection of the probable consequences. He had won a treasure which a monarch might have envied him; one, too, which, had he prized it, would have clung to him in sickness, or in health; in joy, or in sorrow; in affluence, or in poverty; still he recklessly neglected the jewel he had obtained, and was only aroused to its value when it seemed lost to him forever. And then, instead of striving to regain it, he sat down to deplore his loss. When cold politeness supplied abounding love in his wife's manner toward him, he felt how great, how sad a change his silly selfishness had wrought. He knew his fault, but pride prevented his attempting to correct it.

"'She has ceased to love me,' thought he, 'or she wishes to humiliate me. In either case I cannot succumb.'

"Lucille was greatly changed. Her warm heart seemed frozen. Her manner was cold and stately. Her words were carefully measured and rigidly chosen. She seemed like one,

"'Who walks with the living, Yet is of the dead."

"Her dress was always rich and elegant; her mansion abounded with all that wealth supplies, or art invents to pamper luxury; but it searcely seemed her home; she was so indifferent to its attractions. Rare birds and flowers, of which she was once so fond, surrounded her; but their songs and fragrance arose unheeded. Blossoms rarely bloomed in her dark hair. Such emblems are only worn for one, and that one neglected her. The gems which supplied their place were the world's envy, but she scarcely knew she wore them. In fact Lucille Keyser, the once happy, loving woman, had become a beautiful automaton, apparently possessing but two feelings—pride and scorn.

"Ralph saw the change, and grieved over it;

but made no attempt to remove the cause of his sadness.

"In the routine of life they rarely met alone;

indeed they sedulously avoided each other. Consequently no opportunity for reconciliation presented itself, and as both were too proud to seek it, they continued in their accustomed course, and treasured up their misery.

"Thus stood matters," continued Mrs. Burr, "when the second miniature was painted. Lucille gave me the first a few days previous to her marriage; the second was also taken for me. When it was finished she wished to compare the two. and I carried them to her house. I entered unannounced, and proceeded to the library, where I expected to find her. She was not there; but Ralph was sitting by the table, with his face buried in his hands, and a package of letters open before him. At the sound of my footsteps

exclaimed: "'Nay, do not go. You expected to find Mrs. Keyser-pray, be seated, and I will send for her.' "His paleness, and the misery imprinted on

he raised his head, and, as I turned to retire, he

his countenance startled me. "'Are you ill?' I exclaimed. 'I will ring for

assistance.' "'No, it is unnecessary,' he hastily replied; 'I have been reading some old letters, and they have affected me. But pray, be seated; I will

send for Mrs. Keyser. "'Pardon me for interrupting you,' said I, 'but Mrs. Keyser requested me to bring her miniatures, that she might see them, and told

me that I would find her in the library.' "'Miniatures-of whom-Lucille?' he eagerly exclaimed. 'Will you permit me to look at them?

"I placed them in his lands. He opened the first, and a cry of agony burst from his lips, which was echoed by some one near him. I turned, and there stood Lucille, pale as marble. He sprang to his feet and caught her in his arms as she fell, fainting. I applied restoratives, and in a short time she recovered.

"'Lucille-my beloved-my wife-can you forgive me?' exclaimed Ralph, as he kissed her brow and lips.

"She smiled and threw her arms around his I retired to the drawing-room wondering what this strange scene could mean. the great change that had taken place in Lucille since her marriage; but had not learned its cause. She and her husband lived on the same terms as others in their circle, and although knowing as I did their early love, it astonished me, I thought they merely accommodated themselves to custom.

"I awaited the result with impatience.

"An hour later they entered together.

traces of anguish had faded from Ralph's face. and it was beaming with joy; Lucille had laid aside her icy manner, and was again what she had been in earlier years.

"'We owe you an explanation of the scene your miniatures occasioned,' said Ralph, 'and I will give it at once, without reserve.' "He then related the history which I have just

given you. "'I have always regretted my fault,' said he,

in conclusion; 'but a false pride prevented me from making reparation for the injury I had in-Sometimes I determined to ask her forgiveness; but she seemed so coldly indifferent to me that I feared a repulse. This morning while looking over some old papers, I found a package of letters which she had written to me previously to our marriage. I had just read them when you entered, and the sight of a portrait of her as she was when they were written, completed the work of remorse.

tion, banished the pride and fear that so long had separated us, and I only remembered the wrong I had inflicted. After you left us mutual explanations ensued, and we are again united.' "I offered my congratulations, and left them to

" 'Her presence at that moment, and her agita-

enjoy their new-found happiness alone. "Their after years were happy; they had en-

countered experience and learned to profit by it. 'Bear and forbear; forget and forgive,' became their motto. They knew that the brightest portion of their lives had passed away, and strove to gild their remaining hours with the sunshine of mutual love.

"At length Ralph died-calmly, peacefully, and with a bright hope of everlasting happiness. ""Weep not, dearest,' said he, with his dying

breath, 'our separation will be short; our reunion blissful,' and he sank away in a peaceful sleep. "Lucille seemed inconsolable at his loss; but

faith supported her. The latter years of her life were devoted to the duties of a Christian, and many a heart was made 'to sing for joy' by her active benevolence. When she died, for alas! she is dead, it was with the happy consciousness of duties performed, and a firm hope of a life eternal beyond the grave.

"This miniature," continued Mrs. Burr, taking up the third picture, "was taken about a year after her husband's death. It is quite as faithful a likeness as the first; indeed I prize it more highly than either of the others, for I loved her even more fondly in her latter days than in her

THE TWO ARTISTS:: OR. MARRYING FOR MONEY.

BY LOUISE MAY

Peterson's Magazine (1849-1892); May 1851; VOL. XIX., No. 5.; American Periodicals

THETWO ARTISTS: OR, MARRYING FOR MONEY.

BY LOUISE MAY.

In a fashionable street, in the city of B---, stands a house remarkable for its chaste and picturesque appearance. The large Gothic pillars and elaborate stained windows bespeak the occupants to be those of wealth as well as taste.

Mr. Lorraine, indeed, was both; he was rich, for he married for that purpose: he was a man of taste, for he was an artist; he was well known and respected, but more particularly by some connoisseurs, who, making use of their own words, were so crazy after the arts, they could not allow one day to pass without making a call, to feast on the exquisite light and shadow of some pictures, or the life-like expression of others, the production of their much esteemed and influential friend.

It was after one of those visits that Mr. Lorraine seemed gloomy and thoughtful, and looking around his studio, which was furnished in costly elegance, "it is strange," he said, "the soft light from these windows, must give my pictures great effect. Three years ago the very same pieces that calls forth such admiration now, were offered at a very reduced price; but none could see merit enough in them to purchase. I became discouraged, married, yes, married for what I blast to say, the almighty dollar. But sharp, keen poverty has made many like myself marry for the same. It is that which has put on my pictures such irresistible gloss. Oh! what would I give if I could re-call the last few years of my life. How willingly would I exchange this showy palace for my little room, cheerless as it sometimes was. It was Paradise, to all this splendor accompanied with remorse of conscience. why do I complain? will not money purchase friends, and ensure influence? will it not cover a multitude of faults for me as well as others? But what of that? It will not bring back the rosy hue of health, to cheeks made pale by constant weeping, and until it will it never can ensure my happiness. But brooding over the past will do no good. I will try what reading will do toward raising my spirits."

And walking to the book-case, the first thing that attracted his attention was a note neatly folded and delicately directed. He had received it the day previous, and being engaged at the time left it unopened until at leisure.

"Another invitation, I suppose," he said,

breaking the seal, "but, indeed, that writing looks like --- " he could proceed no further, but was pale and agitated, and burying his face in his hands went like a child.

In the same city, but in a very narrow street and a miserable-looking house, was a lovely girl by the bedside of what might be called the remnants of a handsome man. It would have been difficult to have judged his age, for he looked like one that grief had made old before his time. He lay with both hands clasped in those of his daughter. A death-like silence pervaded the whole apartment, broken at intervals by a long and painful groan, which was answered in prayer by his youthful watcher.

"Oh! God, spare my only parent and protector," she said, and burst into tears.

"Do not weep, Lucy," said her father, wiping the tears from her eyes. His face was pale and haggard, but his eyes were bright with wild delirium. "Look," he said, clasping her still tighter to him, "do you not see them," pointing to the bare, discolored wall; "yes, there they are, a life-time of labor poorly repaid; they ought to make us rich, girl, but they will not procure for you a crust of bread."

"Oh, yes, dear father, when you are well, and Mr. Lorraine already knows of our being here: he will I am sure do something for us: he cannot forget his old friend and preceptor so soon."

"Has he not deceived and forgotten you, Lucy?"

"Yes, dear father, but perhaps he was not all to blame, I might have deceived myself, but I will forgive him everything that has passed, if he will be kind to you in future. It is true he has had time to answer my note, but something might have intervened to prevent an immediate reply."

"He has brought it himself," suddenly said a voice, which a few years previous would have caused Lucy's heart to thrill with delight; but that time was now passed.

Wiping the tears from her eyes, she confronted one who had broken a vow dearer to her than life. He would have clasped her in his arms and asked forgiveness, but dare not. She advanced toward him with a cold but friendly smile, "you see," she said, "we will not let you forget us;

but under any other circumstances I would not have taken the liberty to address you. We have already been here some months, and my father being sick, I am obliged to act for both. I have written to several gentlemen that were recommended to me as being admirers of the arts, but with poor success; they came, but when they saw the place, they made no further inquiry, nor did they stop to think that genius may sometimes be found twin to poverty."

"Why did you not let me know sooner of your being here?"

"Charles," said the sick man, interrupting him, and in a feeble voice, "when I heard of your great wealth, and the fame you had acquired, I thought this would be a better place for me; that brought me here. I thought it was all obtained by your profession, not by marriage."

"Oh! do not mention that again," interrupted the visitor, and clasping his old friend's hand, he said, "your daughter is willing to forgive the past. Will you not do the same?"

"If Lucy can forget," said the old man, with a sigh, "her father ought."

"But come," said Lorraine, anxious to change the subject, "something must be done. Give me a list of the paintings you wish to dispose of, and the names of the persons to whom you have written. Just as I thought," he said, looking over them, for they were those of his every day visitors, "I have long thought them friends of sunshine, and should a storm of adversity come, it would, I know, blow their friendship to pieces. They think me rich, judging altogether from appearances; it is well they do: I would not like the world to know that Mrs. Lorraine carries the purse, and that I, school-boy-like, must be satisfied with a sight of it now and then, or a promise of possessing it some day according to circumstances. I married for money, and I feel that I have my reward." Here his soliloquy was interrupted by Lucy inquiring how long a time it would take, and in what manner he thought of disposing of the paintings. "Leave that to me," he said, "I have already remained too long. will now leave you, and in a few days will see you again, when all shall be settled to your satisfaction."

Lucy being once more alone, hastened to give consolation to her only friend on earth. "Dear father," she said, "cheer up. There is a better day coming." But his only answer was a sigh. The excitement of the day had been too great. In vain she cried, "father, dear father, live to protect your lonely and miserable child:" in vain she bathed his cold brow with her tears. "Oh! where can I find consolation," she said, "but in this," taking the Bible that she had read every

day to the one who now lay so lifeless before her. "This was my mother's last gift, with a blessing, oh! who will bless me now?" and kneeling down, she prayed to Him who knoweth all things best; and then she read and prayed again, until she thought she heard her name in a low, but distinct voice. She was not mistaken. Her prayer was answered, "Lucy, my child," he said, laying his feeble hands on her head as she knelt beside him, "receive your father's blessing, I shall soon pay the last debt due to nature. I go to be with Him that will protect the orphan." A slight quiver of the lip, and all was over: his spirit had passed into the lands that gave it.

It is an old saying, but withal a true one, that one trouble never comes alone; and in our trials of this life, we are apt sometimes to feel that we are surrounded by enemies, when hope springs up once more in our bosom, and a sudden light breaks in upon us by which we recognize among those we thought our greatest foe, a true, disinterested friend.

As it wanted some hours of being day when Lucy was left an orphan, she had time to reflect what would be the best course to pursue; and taking from a box some papers which her father had always held sacred from the world, she was in hopes of finding among them something that might direct her how to act; but the perusal was in vain; as her father's death was so unexpected, there was nothing there to give her any information. "Oh!" she said, looking on his cold and rigid features, "what shall I do or where shall I go? For indeed I feel that my cup of misery is full," and sitting by the bedside of the dead, she wept till morning.

She had commenced arranging the scanty furniture of the room, and was about to collect the scattered papers, when she was surprised by a loud knocking at the door, and without any further ceremony or apology for so early a call, a rough-looking man stood before her.

"So you are really here," he said, in a coarse voice. "Well now, that is quite clever. One of my tenant's walked off yesterday without paying their rent, and yours has been due these three days; and as nobody came to see me about it, I expected you were clean gone too."

"Then you are the owner of this house," said Lucy, and her eyes filled with tears as she thought of more trouble gathering around her.

"Yes," he said, "I am the landlord, and you will find that I am one that wont receive tears for pay neither."

"Oh! sir," she said, advancing toward him, "if you have a heart to feel you will pity me when I tell you."

"I don't want you to tell me," he said, interrupting her. "I did not come from home this morning, without my breakfast, to talk of pity. I came to get my rent. I can find plenty, any day in the week, or any hour of the day, that will talk of pity; but it is very few I find ready to pay their debts. But tell me, young woman, was it your father that took the house from me? If it was, I should like to see him, to hear what he says about the money," and growing somewhat impatient at her continued silence, he spoke in a still more angry tone. "If you will give me no satisfaction, nor tell me where your father is to be found, I will see what the law will do."

"No, no," said Lucy, imploringly, "I will tell you everything you ask; but do not speak so harsh; oh! treat me with kindness, it will cost you nothing; and God will give you your reward!"

"Well, well," he said, in a milder tone, "perhaps he will." The earnest look of the supplicant had touched his heart. "But what are these?" he said, gathering up some of the papers that lay scattered before him. One particularly attracted his attention. After reading it with profound interest, he took Lucy kindly by the hand, "what does all this mean?" he said. "Come, tell me your troubles; it may be in my power to befriend you."

These few words of consolation gave Lucy new energy. She began her artless tale. More than once did the stern landlord become agitated as she told him what she had endured.

(CRU your fetter," he said interpuring her

"But your father," he said, interrupting her, "you say nothing of him. This paper," still holding it in his hand, "requires that I should know where he is. So come, come, tell me all; let it be what it will, your secret will be safe with me."

Her father's name spoken with what Lucy thought an insinuation that he had been guilty of some crime, made her feel indignant, and bursting into tears, she said, "come with me!"

He followed her mechanically to the bed, when drawing aside the curtain, she exposed to his view the lifeless form of her father.

"Oh, God!" was all that escaped his lips. Death unlocked all the finer feelings of his nature, that had lain dormant for years. He too had known trouble; death had robbed him of the wife of his youth; and his children one by one, until he was left entirely alone. This brought all vividly before him; and giving vent to his feelings, he wept.

"This makes a child of me," he said, recovering himself, "but you will excuse my weakness; henceforth you shall be under my protection; my home shall be yours if you will accept it; and prepare yourself to leave this place; longer delay, here and alone, may create suspicions, which will give you trouble unthought of now, and this

paper," he said, "gives me authority to act. Bound by the sacred ties of fellowship to protect the widow or orphan of a deceased brother. So come, cheer up, I have a sister at home; and although she is neither young nor beautiful, she is good, and in her you will find a friend. And when I, with others, have made every arrangement for his last resting-place, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that while you lament the loss of a parent, we that met him only in death, and a stranger, mourn over him as a departed friend and brother."

When Mr. Lorraine left Lucy and her father, it was with a heavy heart, and is he approached his own home, it became still heavier, for he knew that, according to custom, he would have to give an account of himself, and receive a severe reprimand. He was not disappointed. He had no sooner entered the door, when Mrs. Lorraine commenced in her usual style.

"So you have come at last," she said, "I was just thinking you had forgot you had a wife. I am sure I cannot see what you want out so much. There is not a gentleman in this city who would not have been glad to have stepped into such a home as you did, without cost or trouble; but you need not think of deceiving me, your actions are watched closer than you think, I assure you. My friends already notice your cool treatment toward me, and wonder I allow it after what I have done for you. It is really undermining my constitution, I fear," she said, in a very pathetic tone, "I cannot sustain such treatment much longer."

If this had been the first lecture of the kind Mrs. Lorraine had given her husband, it is likely he would have taken some trouble to appease her anger; but experience taught him the least said was the soonest mended; so, taking a newspaper, he seated himself with a determination to say as little as possible. It soon had the desired effect. After talking, till she was tired, of her own excellent qualities, and receiving no answer, she left the room, closing the door in as noisy a manner as possible, declaring at the same time she might as well talk to the wind. For once that perfect indifference toward her was not feigned; Lorraine had seen the only one he had ever loved, and whom he had so basely deceived, yet was without the means of offering what he felt she needed, pecuniary assistance. "But I will not rest," he said, "until I have done all that is in my power." Suddenly, looking over the paper, he was attracted by an advertisement. It was that of a sale of valuable paintings, some copies, and others, the genuine productions of the old "This, I think, will be an excellent opportunity to dispose of the pictures I have," he said. And without waiting to obtain leave of absence, he hurried out to execute the thought most uppermost in his mind; for at a sale like that he knew real artists, in company with good judges and impartial critics, would be found. In his idea he was not mistaken, and he soon found himself in possession of some. Fifteen hundred dollars, the product of the old artist's pictures.

"This, I think, will give them satisfaction," he said, when he received the money, and he set out to call on Lucy and her father. At his door, however, he was accosted by a gentleman, who told him he had been looking for him sometime, to deliver a note which was to be put in no one's hands but his own. Lorraine had no difficulty in recognizing the writing to be Lucy's. thanked him kindly for his trouble, and informed him of her father's sudden death. she would have been entirely alone but for the kind friends who had taken her under their protection, by whose judgment she would be hereafter guided. She concluded by saying he should be always remembered in her prayers, and she hoped that he would enjoy what she felt never would be hers again, happiness.

"Are you the kind friend spoken of in this note?" said Lorraine, addressing its bearer, the landlord.

"I am," he said, "and I am one that always stands by my bargain too."

"May God bless you," was the only answer, and putting into his hand the money, Lorraine walked quickly away.

After the funeral, the first thing thought of by Lucy was to return thanks for the great blessings bestowed on her, and for the kind friends sent to her assistance. If God in his mercy had taken her father from the trials of this world, he had provided her with friends, one of whom she loved as a parent, the other as a dear devoted sister.

Lucy was soon once more happy. Could you have seen her some years after the time just spoken of, as she stood by the side of her new father, for the landlord had now adopted her, you would with me say that she was happy.

"Come, come, I should like to know your objections to this nice young man," said her new parent, one day. "He has been trying to initiate himself into your good graces for sometime past."

"I have but one excuse to make," she replied,
"I know you would not wish me to give my hand
where my heart is not."

"Then I may take it for granted that you are in love with somebody else," and kissing her affectionately, he said, "will Lucy not make a confidant of her father?"

For the first time she confessed her love for the one who had deceived her.

"Lucy, you have told me all but the name, will it be asking too much to know that?"

"Do you remember delivering a note to a

"Do you remember delivering a note to a person, and receiving money, which as yet I have never had occasion to use?"

"Why that was Charles Lorraine, who married a widow three times his age; you certainly cannot mean him." He saw from the blush, that it was so. "Well," he said, "if he married for money alone, he was paid in his own coin."

"Why, father, what do you mean?"
"Did you not know that his wife is dead? And she left all the property, but the house they lived in, to a son, whom nobody in this part of the country knew she had. Lorraine could not support the house, and came to me to mortgage it. A few days ago I heard of a good opportunity for selling, and have written to him accordingly. His answer states that he will be here to-night, to make all necessary arrangement."

"And did he not recognize you?"

"I think not."

That night Lorraine came. After settling all preliminaries about the house, he said, "I have a favor to ask, which I hope you will not refuse. Allow me one short interview with your daughter, before I leave this place forever."

It was granted.

But how different was that meeting from the last! Was Lucy to blame for pitying him, when he told her that his friends of prosperity had forsaken him, now that he was poor? Was it unnatural that she should sympathize with one who had shown such sympathy for her?

We will not repeat all the tender words spoken at the interview, suffice it to say, that the purchaser of the house was Lucy's father; and it was made a present to them the day of her marriage. She and Lorraine now live in happiness together; for he has found that it is not riches, but a familiarity of feeling alone that forms that companionship which ought to exist between man and wife. Lorraine, moreover, declares that he has never experienced since he married for love, what he once so much dreaded, a curtain lecture.

VELVET THE CLOAK.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"HAVE you seen Jane Smith since she got her new cloak?" said Mary James to her friend Esther Mowbray.

"No," was the reply, "you don't mean to say } Jane Smith has a velvet cloak."

"But I do."

"I wonder where the money came from to buy } The Smiths are not so rich as that, I should think."

"They say she bought it with her own money, which she made by taking in fine shirts at a dollar a piece."

"Well, I never."

. "And to think how dumpy she looks in it, after all. She was always short, you know, and this makes her appear shorter. I heard George Crawford say, the other day, that she seemed more like a fat duck than ever."

Jane Smith, the subject of this conversation, was rather pretty, and had many good qualities, but she was excessively vain. Her fondness for dress, one of the consequences of this foible, was almost ridiculous. If any of her acquaintance outshone her in display she was unhappy, until, by plaguing her parents, or earning money for herself, she was able to buy a frock or a bonnet even more beautiful than the one she envied. How this weakness was commented upon by her associates, we have seen from the conversation of Mary James and Esther Mowbray.

It had long been the secret desire of her heart to become the possessor of a velvet cloak. the circle of her acquaintance there was not one worn; and she wished to be the first to display so costly an article. Her family was in straitened means and could not afford it, but at last her mother agreed to contribute the price of an ordinary cloak, provided Jane, by taking in shirts to make, carned sufficient to pay the difference. And, in this way, the cloak was obtained.

But, like many other coveted objects, the velvet cloak brought Jane but little satisfaction. She heard, from every quarter, remarks similar to those made by Mary James and Esther Mowbray; and, after the first flush of gratified vanity was over, Jane had sense to see that there was? figure she had always coveted, precisely because \ such a figure was the opposite of her own; and} when she looked at herself in the glass, with the that she looked shorter and stouter than ever.

Other remarks, however, were made about her velvet cloak, and, in this case, they were not dictated by envy, as those by Mary James and Esther Mowbray had been.

"Did you see what a figure Jane Smith cut last Sunday?" said Mr. Johnson to Charles Stan-

Now Charles Stanhope was suspected to have something of a liking for Jane; and the suspicion was well founded. His friends frequently tensed him about her, as even the most considerate will occasionally.

"I saw she had on a new velvet cloak," answered Stanhope, wincing a little, for he had sufficient taste to know that the new cloak had not improved Jane's appearance.

"It isn't always the costliest article that looks the best," responded Mr. Johnson, who, being a married man, spoke with a good deal of license. "To my taste little Jane is more like a rowlybowly than before."

Stanhope colored, but as he could not, in sincerity, defend Jane, he remained silent.

"Now there's Mary Pancoast," continued Mr. Johnson, "dresses as a girl of sense should. She is not rich, and does not fear to confess it by dressing economically. Yet Mary always looks well. I've seen her, in a shilling calico, when she was really more tastefully dressed than some fine ladies in their silks and satins. A girl like that is the one for a wife, let me tell you, Stanhope. Jane Smith would spend more in a year, if married to an indulgent husband, than Mary would in five."

This conversation sank deep into Stanhope's mind. He had begun to like the company of Jane to such a degree as to be almost in love with her, but this piece of bad taste and extravagance checked his admiration, and he began seriously to contrast Jane with Mary Pancoast, of whom heretofore he had taken but little notice.

A few days after this Stanhope, who was a young master carpenter, was returning from his work in the evening, when he saw two young girls approaching him, in whom he recognized Mary Pancoast and Jane Smith. Each appeared some truth in the criticisms. A tall and graceful to have a bundle under her arm. Suddenly Jane left her companion and turned down a cross street, as if ashamed to be seen carrying a bundle. Mary, however, came boldly forward, velvet cloak upon her, she could not but confess acknowledging Stanhope's bow with a smile, and making no effort to conceal her load.

Stanhope had scarcely passed the young girl, when he met Mr. Johnson, who began to laugh immoderately.

"Did you see that bye-play, Stanhope?" he said. "Both those girls were going to the same place and on the same errand, as I happen to know through my wife, yet one is ashamed to be seen, and the other not. Jane is carrying home the last of the shirts, by making which she pays for her cloak; while Mary, who has also been working in the same way, gives her money in charity. Perhaps," he added, a little sarcastically, "that is the reason the latter is not ashamed, like the former, to be caught by a young man in the act."

This little incident forcibly impressed Stanhope. He visited Jane less and less, and became a more frequent visitor at Mary Pancoast's. With every interview his admiration for the latter increased. She was modest, sensible, perfectly disingenuous, and totally without vanity. Always neat in her dress, she was never extravagant; and, as Mr. Johnson had said, invariably looked prettier, in her simple, yet tasteful attire, than Jane in her costly dresses.

The result was that Stanhope fell deeply in

love with Mary, and, as she was not insensible to his merits, finally won her hand. They have now been married for several years. A more affectionate, sensible and economical wife never fell to the lot of a young man who had his way to make in the world; and this Stanhope is always ready to testify.

"Mary," he says, "has saved me hundreds of dollars by her economy in dress alone; and has thus materially assisted to place me in my present condition of independence; for her savings were made at a time when every dollar added to my little capital produced ten in due season. Yet she always looked pretty, even in her simple attire; but she always dressed with fitness, which is, after all, taste. Now she can afford the costliest dresses; and see how gracefully she wears them!"

as ever; and wonders, in her secret heart, why, with all her expense, nobody proposes.

Let us not, however, be too severe upon her.

She is but the type of a close who by their

is now an old maid, but dresses as extravagantly

Jane never knew why she lost Stanhope. She

He is not, however, be too severe upon her. The is but the type of a class, who, by their foolish vanity in dress alienate, instead of attracting sensible young men.

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THE VISION OF DEATH.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS. Peterson's Magazine (1849-1892); Jan 1851; VOL. XIX., No. I.; American Periodicals

DEATH. THE VISION oF

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

I have had a delicious dream, in which I have lived over a few hours of pleasure. With it was combined much of the poetry of sickness-much to make the heart thankful. There was pain, too, but it did not seem as such, for the sufferings of childhood may pass for the pleasures of riper age. The atmosphere was no longer moist with the morning dew, and the old oak cast its shadow along the front of our house, darkening the thick rose-bushes, and forming a cool nook for my sister's play-house, while the sun fell brightly through its outer branches and quivered over the short grass in the foreground, like threads of flexible silver weaving themselves into a groundwork of emerald green. A soft breeze was stirring, such as might draw color to the lips of an invalid without chilling his frame, while the river, as it washed its banks, and the green trees, as they swayed gently to the whispering wind, gave out a soft, sleepy sound, calculated to soothe even pain to quietness.

My father took me in his arms, and bore me carefully out into the shadow of the oak. I was in the blessed sunlight, for the first time, after six long, long weeks of illness. Oh, how deliciously the bland air came up from the river, and swept over my languid temples! What a blissful tremor ran through my form, as I was placed in the easy-chair which my mother had carefully arranged for me! A sensation of new life thrilled every nerve. I was as one lifted up from the grave into the beautiful light of heaven, the first breath of pure air came to my cheek with so sweet a touch. It seemed as if a cloud of invisible spirits were fanning me with their wings. sluggish blood started in my veins, and thrilled me with a sensation of exquisite pleasure. atmosphere seemed imbued with a new and more subtle property. My brain quickened-my senses drank in the perfume of the flowers that flushed the river's bank, and responded to the hum of the summer insects which haunted the rose-thickets and the honeysuckle vines, with a capacity for enjoyment which I had never experienced before. My mother carefully folded me in a cloak, and kissing me, exclaimed-"see, how the color is coming to her poor, thin cheeks."

affectionately upon me, and well he might, if he their brilliant plumage flashing in the sunlight

loved his child; for while yet scarcely entering into my girlhood, I had been stricken down with a violent and dangerous illness, which had desolated many a neighboring hearthstone. weeks, I had trembled on the brink of the grave, a long feverish dream, full of delirium and pain, had been before me, and I was but just recovering from it. With gladsome faces and half uttered blessings, my parents left me to the enjoyment of the scene. I looked engerly abroad upon the valley. The green, heavy foliage of the pine grove across the way, shivered and thrilled to the morning air, and a whispering melody stole out, low and sad, as if the dying flowers were breathing a requiem underneath the trees. Above was the blue sky, but to my feeble vision, it seemed an ocean of silvery billows floating in dazzling masses far overhead. The brightness pained me, and I turned my eyes to the earth again. How refreshingly green it was!-and the noise of the waterfall near-how cool and melodious was its splashing music! Strange that its monotony should so have pained me during my

My sisters brought out their playthings, and heaped them on the grass before me, all the while laughing and chatting so happily as they assorted them, congratulating themselves over and over that I was well enough to come out with them once more! Now and then they would look up from their playthings, dwell anxiously on my face, and ask if I were tired, or if they should play something else; then one would insist on raising the pillow a little, and would smooth my hair so kindly, while the other ran out among the rose-bushes, and tearing off the great blossoms with merciless prodigality, brought them for me to look upon. Dear sister, she little knew how faint and strengthless I was; the very roses were oppressive as they lay breathing out odor and unfolding their damask hearts in my lap.

On the opposite side of the river, a little up the rugged bank, was rooted a slender ash, and on one of the topmost boughs, was just distinguishable, among the delicate leaves, a dark object which I knew to be one of the purse-like, My father met her glance of congratulation, hanging-nests, built by the English robbin. The and smiling a happy, grateful smile, looked lowner birds were fluttering about the tree with like a pair of tiger lilies adrift on the wind. They are scarce and beautiful birds, the very gems of the air—these English robbins. I am not ornithologist enough to know if they have any other name. Their plumage is of a vivid scarlet, changing now and then, in a strong sunlight, to a flower-like tint, as if the feathers were tipped with powdered gold.

There was a spot, just beneath the tree, on

which my eyes dwelt with longing intensity. was one of those cool little hollows which we often see on a broken hill-side; the grass, to a little distance around was delightfully green, and I could just distinguish the sparkle of waters as they leaped from a little rocky basin, and trickled down the bank, giving freshness and life to the herbage in their pathway. It was for that bright water which I thirsted with an absorbing desire. There it was, leaping and flashing, as if in mockery before my eyes; I could almost hear it murmuring under the grass with that soft liquid flow which seems almost to quench thirst with its very melody, and yet it was forbidden to me. Our doctor was a man of much knowledge-a successful practitioner, but, possessed of inveterate prejudices, he strictly prohibited water in all cases of fever. He was as stubborn a water-hater as Mr. Willis' Tomaso; one would have thought that like him, he suspected, that "since the world was drowned in it, it has tasted of sinners," and that his patients might be tainted with it. Be this as it may, he would as soon have administered a dose of prussic acid, as a spoonful of the pure element to one suffering under the disease that was ravaging our neighborhood. Through six long weeks of parching fever, I had tasted water only once. That once-it almost makes me smile to think of it-the girl, in her haste to obey a summons from my sick room, had placed a brimming ewer on the carpet. All day I had been praying for water. One drop-one little drop was all I asked, but it was denied to me. I was alone, burning with thirst, restless with feverish pain, and there, a few yards from me, stood the forgotten ewer, with the coveted moisture dripping drop by drop over its sides. In the phrenzy of desire I crept from my bed and dragged myself along the floor, till the delicious beverage was gained. I lifted my reeling head, seized the vessel, and drankoh, with what intoxicating delight! Could I have coined each drop into a diamond at the moment, I would not have thus enriched myself. member it all as a dream, but it was a moment of delicious pleasure. I would almost suffer the same privation to taste such happiness again. When the servant returned, she found me lying satiated and asleep-asleep by the half empty ewer, with my night-clothes lying wet about me, and the carpet under my head saturated with the water, spilt in my eagerness to drink. The poor girl was dreadfully frightened; a sound rating from "the doctor," and perhaps a trial for manslaughter, were the most gentle consequences her imagination taught her to expect from her negligence. After sobbing and wringing her hands most tragically for a season, she changed my clothes, placed me in bed again, and like a wise girl, resolved to keep her own council in the affair. That night she was a faithful watcher, and I had a long, refreshing sleep. The next morning found me much better, which the good doctor pronounced as the result of some half-dozen powders which were to have been

taken in roasted apple during the night.

From the day of my stolen indulgence, to the time when they carried me into the open air for the first time, water had been carefully excluded from my room. Is it to be wondered at, then, that the "Rock Spring," with its bright grass and pure waters, should be the first object to fix my attention? My second sister followed the direction of my eyes, and understood their longing expression.

"You may have some—you shall. I will run and ask mother," she exclaimed, pushing a heap of muslin and silk pieces—an elder-wood pincase, and a half-dressed doll out of her lap, and jumping up, ran into the house. Directly she appeared with her pink sun-bonnet on, and a pitcher in her hand.

"You may have some drink—mother says you

very coldest part of the basin, and bring a lot of pepper-mint and sweet flag-root with it!"—her cheerful voice was lost on the air as she darted through the gate and over the old wooden bridge toward the "Rock Spring."

A few moments, and she came running back with her bonnet hanging to her neck by the strings, her generous, bright face all in a glow, and the water dashing over her hands at each

may. I am going after it. I'll dip it out of the

"Here, drink, drink!" she said, eagerly, holding the pitcher to my mouth—"drink quick—quick! for the doctor is coming!"

bounding step.

A few drops from the offered vessel were enough to satisfy my cravings. The fever had left me, and it was rather from a wish for the taste of water, than from any unnatural thirst, that I had so desired a draught from the spring.

The tramp of a horse, steady and sedate in his

movements, was heard on the bridge.

"There he comes! there he comes!" cried
my kind sister. half-frightened out of her wits

my kind sister, half-frightened out of her wits and snatching the pitcher from my lips, she darted into the house. I, too, started forward in my chair, and would have followed her, but the effort overcome my feeble strength. I fell back faint and panting for breath. Trump—tramp—tramp, came the sound of hoofs over the bridge, then the noise was broken by the gravel at the end, and just underneath the boughs of the old chestnut, which stood there like a veteran sentinel, guarding the pass, appeared "our doctor."

Our doctor was a character odd and droll as a character ought to be. He and his horse had grown old with the village. For ten miles around, he reigned a perfect medical despot. There was not a child in the neighborhood who would not run away and hide itself like a frightened partridge at the very sight of his saddle-bags. might well have judged of his character as he, emerging from under the chestnut, mounted on a piece of living antiquity in the shape of a venerable horse, whose gaunt frame looked as if it had been fed on its master's refuse medicines. The poor beast had been a patriarch of the plough, and like many wiser animals, never could forget his old vocation. His propensities were always earthward; everything about him drooped, from the grisly hair hanging over his hoofs, to the long foretop, which streamed like an Indian's scalp over his meagre face and blear eye. must except his mane, for that could not be said to have any propensity. It was so matted together with burs, that it was difficult to guess of what material it was formed. Nothing could have harmonized better than the horse and his accoutrements. The bridle had been stiffened with rain and sunshine till it rattled against the poor beast's neck at every footfall; the saddle was old-worn and discolored; while the leather saddle-bags, which contained half the contents of an apothecary's-shop, seemed a part and parcel of the beast, so admirably did they correspond with his sides, which had lost most of their hairy coating in the agricultural service before mentioned. But the doctor-I cannot say that he looked exactly like his horse, though, in some things, there certainly was a resemblance. The doctor was about forty, very lean, and crippled in both his legs. His horse, if we may judge from appearances, was nearly the same age, blind of one eye, with a form guiltless of more flesh than was absolutely necessary to hold his rickety joints together. The doctor always affirmed that his beast, though rather rough in the exterior, knew more than most men; while everybody said that his master was as odd as odd could be, and as ugly in face and person as a man might reasonably wish to be, had his ambition in that line been ever so great, but that there was not a physician in the county could compete with him in medical skill. It would be unjust to draw a parallel between the doctor and

his horse, farther than the corporeal portion of man and beast was concerned, for notwithstanding his antipathy to cold water, the doctor was uncommonly skilful in his profession, had received an unexceptionable diploma from the medical board in New Haven, and was, moreover, a man of vast general knowledge; but I never could learn that the horse had ever been honored with a diploma, or was, in any way, remarkable for scientific remark. Let this be as it may, it cannot be denied that master and beast could not be more completely created for each other, than were the doctor as we have described him, in his ill-made clothes and huge bear-skin cap, which gave his head much the appearance of a black wasp's nests, and the ugly animal on which he usually appeared, with his crutches crossed on his saddle-bow, and his withered legs dangling over the store of medicines packed in his saddle-

bags.

I know that it is very uncivil to leave the learned physician so long under the chestnut, but it would be an aggravation of the offence had the character of so important a functionary been left to conjecture. Well, he rode majestically toward the house, and after dismounting with some difficulty, placed his saddle-bags over one arm, and his crutches under both, and advanced into the yard. When he saw me sitting in the easy-chair, with my sister's playthings scattered about me, he stopped short, and planting his crutches deep in the grass, called out—

"Halloo, you young chatterbox—how came you here; does that obstinate woman want to kill you?"

I stammered out something about my parents having brought me there.

"More fools they. You'll catch cold, and if you do you'll die, I can tell them that, but it'll serve them right—for what business had they to let you come out till they had asked me, I should like to know? But you'll die, and I shan't pity them—a pack of fools!"

A cold chill crept over me at his repetition of the words "you will die." The tears started to my eyes in spite of a strong effort to prevent them, and shuddering with fear, I closed my eyes on the beautiful green earth with a feeling of painful and sudden dread—the dread of death; oh, what a host of terrible and tender feelings are intermingled in that fear! The doctor raised his crutches and hobbled a step nearer than he was, doubtless, softened by the sudden palor that settled on my face.

"Don't cry, little chatterbox," he said, patting my head with his little bony hand, "don't cry, we shall raise you yet, I rather guess, but I wouldn't have given fourpeace for you, three weeks ago. There, there, you little fool, don't

not mean to frighten you, but here shall be no

He broke off suddenly, drew back the hand with which he had been patting my head, and passing it over his eyes, muttering-

"My poor Therese. If I had given half as much care to her as I have to you, she would have been alive now."

I looked up; the doctor's face was eloquenwith grief, and a tear stood on his lean cheek Poor man! though odd and eccentric, he had a Therese was his eldest child-a sweet gentle and most loving creature. A few weeks previous to my illness, she had complained of headache and dullness for several days in succession. Her father, who was more than commonly engaged in his profession, considered her indisposition as light, and neglected the first symptoms of fever till they gained a strength that baffled even his great skill. His first born died-died by her father's negligence. The poor man felt it to his heart's core. No wonder that the tears started to his eyes when he contrasted my convalescence with her death.

The doctor was, by far, too odd a man to indulge in genuine feeling for more than a moment. Wiping his eyes, he resumed his usual half comic expression, and called for my mother in a voice that brought all the inmates of the house rushing to the door, for they supposed that I must have fainted, or died, perhaps, in my chair.

"Take that young one into the house!" vociferated he, pointing to the door with his crutch, "take her up and put her in bed; ten chances to one she has caught her death by your folly, and if she escapes, there'll be no thanks to you for it, I can tell you."

My mother strove in vain to convince him that } she acted by his orders in conveying me into the } air, which, indeed, was true. Nothing would } pacify him, but he insisted that I must be carried { to bed; so I was taken, terrified and weak from } apprehensions excited by the physician, and } carried to my sick room again. The doctor left me some quieting-drops, and departed. I felt a sensation of relief when the solemn tramp of his old horse again struck on my ear as he stalked over the bridge; and when the noon passed without bringing any of the unfavorable symptoms which would have been the effect of a sudden cold, the apprehensions which had chilled my heart died away, and I slept.

When I awoke, the purple glow of sunset filled my room, the windows of which opened toward Tall's Hill. The curtains were drawn back, and the hill with its taper steeple and white houses. imbedded and half-concealed by numerous trees,

sob so; you'll make yourself sick again. I did a warm sunset. A soft misty gloom lay along the ground, and in the bosom of the trees, while the church-window seemed burnished into sheet gold, so strongly did they reflect the dying light. A few still, melancholy moments, and the purple gloom had darkened the whole picture, save where the flashing sunbeams played brightly around the glittering church-vane and slowly disappeared. Then night came on. One lone, bright star stole out, and trembled over my mother's grave. I knew that it was her restingplace on which the light slept, for I could distinguish the marble slabs, imbedded as they were in the gathering gloom. Oh, how solemn and melancholy were my feelings, as I lay with my eyes fixed on that bright star, shedding its purple tranquil light over the place of the dead-it was so pure, so heavenly! The tears rolled over my cheeks as I gazed, and sweet, mysterious thoughts came thronging in my brain, one after another, till my heart grew faint with the excess of its own sensations. Another and another star came out, till the whole firmament glowed as with a shower of brilliants. Slowly they seemed melting one into another-that lone, beautiful star and all-and I was asleep again.

My next waking was deep in the night. The room was dark, and I felt a sensation of fatigue and pain, which instantly convinced me that I had taken cold. The doctor's words came to my mind; my heart died within me, and I cowered beneath the bed-clothes in a painful fit of cough-The darkness was appalling; my cough became more and more violent, and I felt as if the hand of death was already upon me. thoughts became strangely solemn, and I murmured to myself as one in a dream, "and must I die so young, when life is so very sweet? Must I close my eyes forever on the bright and beautiful earth, when but just returned to it from the portals of the tomb? Will that pale star rise year after year and tremble over my grave also, when I shall be laid beside my mother in the cold, damp charnel-house of nature-that mother who died in my early infancy, and left me to the generous care of one who had cherished me even as if I had been her own child." These were sad bitter thoughts, but I could not escape them; the doctor's words rung in my ears like the denunciations of a prophet. "If you catch cold." I felt that I had caught cold, and that I must die. Slow and solemn thoughts of dissolution passed by me like spectres treading to the music of a dirge. My funeral seemed to pass in mournful review. The little coffin with its velvet pall, and myself lying pale and cold in the snow-white shroud, as I had seen poor Therese, with all the habiliments of mourning, marshaled lay before me, mellowing in the crimson haze of I themselves in my excited brain. The darkness

till I lay strengthless and utterly exhausted. night." with my face buried in the damp pillow, and my "Cold, no, dear. You will be all the better trembling limbs bathed in the dew of mingled for a little fresh air. You were tired, that was weakness and agony. all." I know not whether I fainted or slept; but My heart leaped: I felt as if snatched from there was a time of oblivion, and then a strain the coffin, and flinging my arms about my mother's of sweet, wild music came floating through the neck, I wept, and told her all. She pitied and room, and I felt the light of a new day steal soothed me in her own kind way, bade me try to

breeze.

during the night. She drew back the curtains

and raised me that I might look out on the dewy

earth. The rosy light was kissing every green

thing into new beauty, and the old oak waved

its boughs, and rustled cheerfully in the morning

"There, do you hear that?" said my mother,

as the bird, whose music had disturbed me, sent

forth a succession of wild, sweet notes from the

bosom of the tree. "You shall go out again

to say, "but, mother, are you sure that I have

not taken cold? I coughed very badly in the

sleep again, and promised that I should go out

to play with my sisters, notwithstanding the doc-

tor's predictions, and so I did, that day and the

next-and the next again. Our doctor growled

and scolded, and flourished his crutch most

magnificently when he came to visit me, but my

I looked anxiously in her face, and ventured

to-day, when the grass is dry."

around seemed an immense curtain of black,

enveloping me in its folds, and shutting me out

from the earth forever. Death! death! Oh.

what a chill came over me as I whispered the

dread word again and again in the agony of

my fear. Then came more tender thoughts-

thoughts of my sisters and of their grief when

they should see me cold and dead. I could

almost hear them weeping and mourning over

me; then appeared the pale faces of my father

and of my dear step-mother; they were full of

settled grief. The dark picture was too distinct

for my excited imagination. I thought my heart

was breaking, and sobbed and wept in my bed,

over my closed evelids. I lay thus, a moment.

between wakefulness and slumber, then a shadow

broke the imperfect light, and a soft kiss was

pressed on my forehead. It was my mother;

she had stolen to my bed-side at the first dawn

of day, to inquire how I had rested. Her cheer-

ful face brought new hope to my heart, and I was mother took it all very quietly; she was a woman ashamed to inform her how much I had suffered —and women will have their way—when they can.

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THE WIDOWER;: OR, LEAVES FROM AN OLD MAID'S JOURNAL.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

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THE WIDOWER:

OR, LEAVES FROM AN OLD MAID'S JOURNAL.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

Tuesday, February 8th.—Those noisy children: of Wilbanks', they are enough to drive one crazy! Here they are, hours before decent people think of leaving their beds, up and screaming at the top of their lungs, racing about the yard like mad things, and making all sorts of unmeaning noises, just to see which can scream the loudest. really annoying to have such neighbors-now I hear a window raised, and there is a call of-"Saunders! Saunders! Keep off of those flowerbeds!" That is Mrs. Wilbank-I know her hearty, cheerful voice. The deluded woman actually considers her children wonders, and that silly man, her husband, takes more pleasure in their society than in any other that could be offered. All this does well enough, if they did not require others to entertain the same opinion; but if one goes in there for a call, that everlasting baby is sure to make its appearance in Mrs. Wilbank's arms, who informs you with the most perfect composure, that "when she left the child with its nurse it screamed all the time—but now she always brings it in the room with her, so that she feels perfectly easy." "Easy" indeed! The Indian war-whoop would be a gentle lullaby compared to the strains which greet the ears of her visitors. Thank my fortunate stars! that I'm not married.

To-day is my birth-day. My thirty years seem like a dream over which I glance in vain for any era of signal importance; the seasons have come and gone, and on each succeeding birth-day I remember thinking how old I should feel the next year-but now I am thirty, and I do not feel so very old yet. It seems a very short time since I was eighteen; how well I remember the day! I was cracking nuts with my teeth, and mother remonstrated against the practice. you do so," said she, "you will not have a tooth in your head by the time you are thirty." "Thirty!" how I did laugh! What should I want of teeth, or anything else, at thirty? And yet here I am, at that sober, matter-of-fact age, with quite as much use for my teeth as ever I had.

I almost dread going down to breakfast this morning; Edward and Cora will be sure to banter me on being an old maid, for at thirty one cannot very easily shake off the title. Very saucy of Cora—she is two whole years older than I am, and yet she really seems to feel younger. There

actually is something quite pleasant and independent in being an old maid, but it is very provoking to be called one. People seem to regard them as targets to be aimed at with impunity; and Edward, even last night, with such a saucy look in those bright eyes of his, and a sly glance at Cora, read from the newspaper an insolent toast, given somewhere among a party of rowdies, "our fire-engines—may they be like old maids: ever ready, but never wanted!" "Ever ready" indeed!

That is Alice's knock. "Get up, Aunt Maggy! breakfast is ready, and this is your birth-day, you know." Oh, yes! of course they will not forget my birth-day-why can they not let it rest in peace? When a child I longed in vain for birth-day celebrations—they passed quite as unnoticed as other days; but now the honors fall rather heavily upon me. I never was a beauty, and I must now be still less so than formerly, but, to my great joy, not a single grey hair is visible. I almost closed my eyes during the search, for fear of beholding what I did not wish to see: but a closer inspection convinces me that my fears were unfounded. That reminds me of a most uncomplimentary speech, of which, as usual, I was the unfortunate recipient; but I really hate to put it down on paper. It was last Wednesday, when I was at the hair-dresser's; and after expressing my fears that my hair would turn grey early, as that of most of our family had done, the woman innocently exclaimed-"dear me, ma'am! you couldn't have everything bad!" Rather a poor consolation, and more abrupt than pleasing; but one comfort, I had a cold in my head then, and I defy any one to be beautiful with that most tormenting of all afflictions-my Now a cough usual complaint, by the way. makes one appear rather interesting, but who can feel pity for a cold in the head?

I need not have lingered so long before the glass, and have been so particular to arrange everything to the best advantage—what if I am thirty? They all saw me last night, and no material change can have taken place since then.

After breakfast. The Rubicon is passed! After an affectionate kissing all around, I took my seat at the table, and began to feel more at my ease. But on venturing to speak of those noisy little tolerable Edward exclaimed:

"Take care, Margaret! You remember the saying about bachelors' wives and old maids' children?"

They both laughed; while I bit my lips and remained silent.

We were sitting around the fire afterward; and I asked Cora if she did not feel very old?

"'Old' indeed!" she exclaimed, "no, I feel quite as young as ever I did."

"I suppose she will be asking me next if I do not feel very old," observed Edward, "I'll tell you what it is, Maggy, you are ten years older than either of us. You can no longer be called a chicken, can you?"

I had never experienced the least desire to be termed a chicken before; but I now felt quite melancholy that they would not acknowledge me as such.

When one lives with a married sister, she is somewhat of a cipher with respect to household affairs; and having nothing of that kind to detain me below, I hastened to my own snug little room to collect my thoughts properly for my thirtieth birth-day. A beautiful volume of Byron from Edward, the tiniest of watches from Cora, and a very pretty toilet-cushion, manufactured by the dimpled hands of little Alice, are lying on my dressing-table. It is pleasant to be so remembered, and they are very kind, if they only were not such dreadful teazes!

I have been engaged in the melancholy occupation of looking over old letters. piles of them in my desk, and I have several times thought of burning them; but my hand has been withheld in the very act, by a reluctance to part with such speaking mementoes of the past, and thus destroy forever all evidences of former kindness from those whose lips have since learned to frame far different words. I have just commenced journal-keeping to-day; in my quiet life there will not be much worth recording, but I am writing for myself, and it is something of an amusement. I intend always to keep up the practice; years hence I can look back to this record of other days, and it will be like the magician's wand to bring the past vividly before me.

I was just thinking that I had never received an offer; nor do I remember ever to have fallen in love since my tenth year. I then bestowed my warm affections on a little boy in a red jacket and gilt buttons, who evidently regarded me with considerable favor. But one unlucky day, by an ill-timed stroke of wit, I lost my youthful ad-This red jacket was his pet passion; I knew this, and in the midst of some trifling dispute, I informed him that "monkeys always wore red jackets." I could not have inflicted a

Wilbanks', Cora looked mischievous, and that in- : deeper wound; his jacket was laid aside-and so

My tongue did me considerable mischief on several occasions. Many years later, when I began to feel less youthful than formerly, I came very near making a conquest. Having met with a bashful young man in company, I pitied his embarrassment, and exerted myself to relieve it. For several successive evenings he followed me about, and seemed to consider me as a sort of protector. But a group of mischievous girls. just released from the school-room, were quite amused with this sudden friendship; and with the determination of bringing matters to a crisis, they repeated several compliments which had been paid me by my admirer. They perceived that these speeches were by no means disagreeable, and professed themselves surprised and delighted with my powers of pleasing; at the same time begging me to divulge the secret to them. flattered my vanity; and puffed up with selfcomplacency, I replied, "the secret, girls, is'this: if you wish to be particularly agreeable to a person, converse with him on subjects where he is most at home; he is much better pleased to think himself sensible than you." They listened with the utmost gravity, as though to the words of an oracle; and, the first chance they obtained, informed my new acquaintance of these senti-He was frightened at the idea of being managed, and studiously avoided me. Supposing his bashfulness to be stronger than ever, I noticed him more than usual-but in vain; I could not draw him into conversation. I felt rather mortified, as I was quite unconscious of having given offence; but I experienced no deeper feeling at his departure, and certainly learned something by it; namely, to keep my own counsel, and not let my vanity get the better of my prudence.

I shall not make any calls to-day; it would seem as though every one I met knew that it was my thirtieth birth-day; and besides, it is bitter cold, and almost too much trouble to get out one's furs and put them away again; and consideration the third, as I am now an old maid, I think I shall give up writing, and devote myself to the improvement of my mind. So, Mrs. Cora, you will be obliged to set forth alone-I cannot leave my coal-fire.

Now the first question is, what can I do to signalize myself? I always had an ardent desire to be something above the common herd, but never could make it out. Manufacturing clothes for poor children is benevolent, to be sure, but I do not think I should like it; and now that youth has departed, I would aspire to fame of some description. Perhaps I might write a novel, if I could accomplish a beginning, middle, and end; but then I have no patience with lovers, and I could not very well do without them. I shall stop journalizing, and read over my Byron. Night. I am almost ashamed to sum up this

account of my birth-day-it has been so unprofitably spent. After poring over a book, which I had read two or three times, until late in the

afternoon, I began to dress for dinner; and on

descending to the parlor, I was scrutinized from top to toe by my provoking brother-in-law, who apologized by saying that he did not know me. for I really looked pretty! It certainly was a compliment, clumsily as he expressed it, and almost the only one that I ever received. Women are silly after all, (not but what men are much more so) for here was I, at the age of thirty, believing all his flattery.

There is to be a sort of variation in our quiet life: Edward talks a great deal of a Mr. Clay-

brook, a widower, and an old friend of his, whom

he has not seen for several years until to-day; but having just arrived from the West Indies, he will probably honor us with his company very often. From what Edward says, this gentleman appears to be quite a hero of romance; and I feel considerable curiosity to behold him. To begin with: he is very handsome, wealthy, and unfortunate. Noble-minded he must be, if one can judge from actions, for he was the best of sons to a widowed mother; and at her death he went to Cuba to make a fortune, and there married a beautiful creature who almost tormented his life This Blanche was head-strong, selfish, and passionate: he denied her nothing that could be given with any degree of propriety-but one day. on his refusing to grant a most unreasonable request, she throw herself into the water, in a fit of passion, and he plunged in after her. It was sometime before he could succeed in grasping her; and then, quite wearied out with his exertion, he supported himself and her until a boat reached them. They used every means to restore her, but in vain; his beautiful wife was a corpse, and his left arm has been entirely useless ever since. Wayward as she was, he felt his wife's loss deeply, for he really loved her, and has since

What nonsense I have written! What is it to me whether he is unfortunate or not? There are plenty of other unfortunate men in the world; and what to me are the concerns of my brotherin-law's visitors? I have certainly been more foolish on this my thirtieth birth-day than I ever remember to have been in my whole life before. This journal-keeping is a very good thing; it shows one every silly thought and action in a

remained a widower. This I have gathered from

Edward, and his description seems quite perfect.

much stronger light than they otherwise appear. February 12th .- I have not written in my journal for several days. I could not seem to

an occupation that consumes a great deal of time. Cora has persuaded me into a very foolish thing: a white hat and feathers for a single woman of my age is very much too dressy; but after I had once tried it on my head she would not allow me to take it off-she said that it was the most becoming thing I had ever put on. I took it; but I could not help thinking of Mrs. Cleopatra Skewerton, in "Dombey and Son," and wondered if I did not resemble her. It is very pleasant to have people paying you compliments, even though you do not believe

them (and I certainly do not.) Edward wonders

if I am not growing prettier, or whether I dress

Well, I really

more becomingly than I did.

find time, for my wardrobe appeared to demand

so much attention that it has kept me constantly

busy. All of a sudden I find myself most remarkably destitute of clothes, and shopping is

believe that I have done up my hair! could I be so foolish as to torture myself with Mr. Claybrook is coming here curl-papers? next week-probably to take tea and spend the evening. Monday 14th .- Here, in my own little room, I can at length draw a long breath. I know of

nothing more applicatory to my feelings than a couple of lines, which are constantly in my mind, but I forget where I have seen them. "And woe is me!" the Baillie cried,

"That I should see this day!" We expected Mr. Claybrook, to be sure, but

had quite made up our minds that he would not come till evening. It was about four o'clock, and we were seated at the dinner-table in the back parlor. I had been very much occupied all day, and while making my toilet for dinner, the bell rang before I had concluded; I therefore went down with my hair in papers-also, for greater beauty, retaining my morning wrapper. This was bad enough, but not the worst: I had just begun to recover from the effects of a very hot pickle, and my eyes and nose were of the color which my cheeks should have been; this, with the tears which were quite visible, gave me the appearance of having just been crying-when the door was thrown open, and Mr. Claybrook announced!

For a moment I sat quite stunned, and heard him say, "the servant told me that you were at dinner, but using the privilege of an old friend, I followed him in here." If people were only aware of the annoyance they cause when they "use the privilege of old friends" and "will not stand upon ceremony!" "You did perfectly . right," said my brother-in-law; while I thought he had done perfectly wrong. So much for first appearances.

How ridiculous and disappointing it is to

mouth, that rarely smiled, but when it did so far clax, white, shining teeth gleamed out like rows of pearls. His appearance was to be extremely stylish, with a certain "keep-your-distance" kind of air; and every word he uttered was to be cha
the contact of an aimless stroll. As we sauntered in an opposite direction, who immediately stylish, with a certain "keep-your-distance" kind of air; and every word he uttered was to be cha
the contact of an aimless stroll. As we sauntered in a contact of a contact

I had

mouth, that rarely smiled, but when it did so far relax, white, shining teeth gleamed out like rows of pearls. His appearance was to be extremely stylish, with a certain "keep-your-distance" kind of air; and every word he uttered was to be characterized by rare intelligence, refinement, and brilliancy. Now for what he is. When I had at length mustered sufficient boldness to raise my eyes, I beheld a well-dressed gentleman of middle height, with his left arm in a sling, which gave him rather an interesting appearance—though he had by no means the half-bandit look I had pictured, and his hair and eyes were not near so dark; but one comfort, they were not blue—I am so tired of blue-eyed people. So that I have seen Mr. Claybrook, and he has seen

In an agony of fear, I motioned to Edward and

Cora not to introduce me, and as soon as possible

slipped from the room and gained my own quiet

dormitory. I made my toilet as I had originally

intended it, and hastened back again-but he

was gone.

Edward says that he staid but a

picture from description the appearance of some

individual whom you have never seen, and how

Mr. Claybrook, and Edward's Mr. Claybrook are

fancied a gentleman of about six feet high, with

very dark hair, very dark eyes, and bronzed com-

plexion; a pensive countenance, and beautiful

provoking of him to look totally different.

two distinct and separate personages.

short time; and it will probably be long before we see him again, as he is going immediately to Washington on business. So ends this day of misfortunes.

Edward and Cora have been laughing both at me and Mr. Claybrook. They insist that we were both struck dumb with intense admiration of each other; and they try to persuade me that I looked much worse than I really did. The worst that Mr. Claybrook can say or think is

I looked much worse than I really did. The worst that Mr. Claybrook can say or think is that he saw an old maid, in morning-gown and curl-papers, seated at the dinner-table crying. It certainly was no fault of mine, and perhaps he did not even look at me after all. I do not believe he would remember me if he saw me again.

Cora ought to be ashamed of herself; she laughs at his carrying his arm in a sling, and

says that it is ridiculous for an injury received so long since. I am sure that it looks much better than if it hung powerless at his side; but she ridicules the idea of his having but one arm altogether. I remonstrated with her on this unfeeling conduct, and grew so warm in his defence, that before long their ridicule was turned upon me. I cannot hear the absent abused; and above all, one who brought this deformity upon himself by his courage and self-sacrifice in behalf

everything to correspond, I sallied forth with Cora for an aimless stroll. As we sauntered leisurely along, we encountered Mr. Claybrook, proceeding in an opposite direction, who immediately stopped on seeing us; and after paying his respects to Cora, was formally introduced to me, whom he honored with an exquisite bow and a beaming smile. What a difference there is in bows!—from the awkward nod to that graceful lifting of the hat, which Mr. Claybrook executes to perfection. I should sooner have expected to meet almost any one else than him, but he told us that he returned sooner than he intended; and although a surprise, it has certainly been a more agreeable one than the dinner-table scene. Mr. Claybrook walked some distance with us, and promised to call very soon. Since our return Cora has been trying to persuade me that I really am a beauty; and says that there is no

of another, and that other so unworthy. For my

part, I think it makes him appear more interest.

ing, and so I told them; but they pelted me so

unmercifully with ridicule and laughter that I

March 13th .- Well, I really am surprised

Having put on the white hat and feathers, and

was forced to make a hasty retreat.

again; and this time I looked more like a lady. He is certainly a very intellectual man, and a very entertaining one. He has so many amusing stories to relate—no one ever did meet with such adventures before; but I must confess that I am disappointed not to find the half-melancholy countenance and pensive manner I had pictured. It is so provoking to have in one's mind a certain standard of perfection, and then find yourself drawn in to admire a totally different style. My beau-ideal of manly beauty was seven feet high, with breadth in proportion—though I am rather undersized myself; but now I begin to think that such a figure might be clumsy, and vory much in

knowing what that hat and feathers may yet

accomplish. What's very silly speech! and how

March 20th .- Mr. Claybrook has been here

much more silly of me to put it down.

the way. It is strange, to be sure, but I seem to have had Mr. Claybrook very much to myself this evening. Mr. Pelman called in, and Cora seemed to occupy herself entirely with him, only putting in a word now and then; while Mr. Claybrook, Edward, and I formed a coterie of ourselves. Life in the West Indies must be very beautiful according to his description, but I do not think I should like the heat, and the slaves, and the insects; to say nothing of snakes—my mortal horror and aversion. But then it is always summer there, and the perfume of the orange blossoms through open windows must be perfeetly delightful. Discovering my fondness for dignantly, "a man's love that comes not without seeking is not worth having; and such a speech is particularly foolish to me, for an old maid I am, and an old maid I intend to remain." "Old maids are not apt to be quite so sentimental," said Cora, laughing. "But what will you bet," she exclaimed, suddenly, "that the end of the year, or your next birth-day, will find you an old maid still? I will wager half a dozen pair of gloves that before then you will be obliged to lay aside all claim to the title." "Very well," said I, "I will accept your offer, for half a dozen pair of gloves will not come amiss, and I wish to punish you for your absurd remarks." They have really made me feel unpleasant. Perhaps Mr. Claybrook too thinks that I have exerted myself to be agreeable-that I am trying to catch him; far superior as he seems to others I have seen, he is a man, and men are so notoriously conceited. The idea overwhelms me with

mortification; perhaps I have been too forward,

and ready to agree with everything he said, and

next time he comes I will let him see that I can

entertain opinions separate from his; I will treat

dispute. It is very disagreeable though to quar-

rel with people-I wish that Edward and Cora

March 25th .- I should now be quite at ease with respect to my dignity; I have succeeded in

conscience rather smote me when Mr. Claybrook

produced the seeds so promptly; but, after all,

making myself as disagreeable as possible.

he may even now regard me with contempt.

would let me alone.

"Set my cap for him' indeed!" I replied, in-

flowers, Mr. Claybrook has promised to bring me

always receiving presents.

ward says so provokingly,

your cap for him."

you will convince us all." the dilemma in which they had involved me? It was really cruel for poor unoffending me to be courteous. ment-I was drawn into it; my reason for disliking to see rings worn by gentlemen is that to me they have a finical and foppish appearance. But there are probably few who coincide with him coldly and politely, or else have a regular me; and my opinion, of course, cannot be of the

least importance to you."

no rule for others."

some seed of a beautiful West Indian plant that might at conduct so different from my former blooms but once in two years. I should like to manner; but one piece of actual rudeness, of have it, but he will probably forget all about it; which I was guilty, has really made me feel people, that is, people whom I have met with, are ashamed of myself. It was all Cora's fault-she so apt to promise things and never bring them; is always leading me into some scrape of that and I am not one of that lucky class who are She made a direct attack upon me, before Mr. Claybrook, by asking me if I did not like to March 21st .-- It is very strange that they will see a large ring on a gentleman's finger. not let me alone—they appear to delight in had just expressed herself delighted with a magteazing me. I cannot converse with a gentleman nificent diamond worn by Mr. Claybrook on his for a single evening, without their saying all sorts little finger-the only thing about him which I of absurd things. Even Mr. Claybrook they apcan condemn; and, although quite aware of my pear to consider a fit subject for mirth; and Edsentiments, she applied to me as though confident of my assent. I felt myself turning all manner "Why, Maggy, you and Mr. Claybrook appear of colors, and pretended not to hear her questo suit each other exactly. It is a very good tion; but she repeated it in a louder tone, and I speculation, I can assure-you had better set was forced to say, "You know that I do not, Cora-but that is

once or twice looked rather surprised, as well he

"Oh, ves," observed Mr. Claybrook, with a smile, "every one's opinion is of consequence. But, Miss Earlton," he continued, "you must be kind enough to give us your reasons; perhaps What could I say? How extricate myself from

led into such a scrape; but an answer was expected, and some reason must be given. not think I ever uttered but one falsehood: and although a child, the lesson I then received inspired me with such a contempt for it-it seemed to me something so mean and despicable-that I could scarcely tell another to save my life. Even white lies, lies of politeness which people constantly indulge in, I could not bring myself to commit; and now, when asked the why and wherefore, my reply was more truthful than "You must excuse me, Mr. Claybrook," said I, "and remember that I did not seek the argu-

There is something rather odd about him,

which I cannot quite understand; instead of saying that my opinion was of importance, or

anything of the kind, he repeated the word

"foppish," and seemed to fall into a reverie.

Nothing more passed between us during the

evening; but Cora has just told me that after

what do a few seeds amount to? He may have observing me for some time, he remarked to brought them just to lead me on to make a fool her that there was something very noble and of myself. I was extremely distant, and opposed truthful in my countenance, and that I appeared almost everything he said. I thought that he to be quite above the meanness of descending to falsehood or equivocation, even in the most { look about as well as ever it did; but in its best estate it is not one likely to do much in the way trifling things. I understand your irony, my good sir; and though I cannot blame you for it of captivation. Add to this a manner rude, quarafter my rudeness, I am by no means so foolish relsome, and repelling, and then bring up Mr. as to believe it to be intended for a compliment. Claybrook in all his attractions, and ask yourself All the satisfaction that I obtained from Cora, if you have not lost your reason-if indeed you

ever possessed any.

are truth itself."

for her troublesome question, was that she wished to see what I would say, and what he would say. A laudable curiosity!

March 30th .- I scarcely know what to think of Mr. Claybrook; whether, to use a vulgar expression, he is "making game of me," or if he really admires my bluntness as much as he professes to. He came up to me this evening with a smile, as he said, "I have reflected on the subject of rings, Miss

Earlton, and now confess myself very much of your manner of thinking. It is a trifle, to be sure, but people should be particular even in The diamond is now at the jeweler's, where I have left it to be re-set for a lady to whom I intend making it a present, if she will honor me by accepting it."

It was very foolish of me, but I wished that he had not told me that. I wonder who the lady is? Some one young and beautiful, I suppose. Heigho!

It is certainly very singular, and provoking too, for I am sure it is no fault of mine, but my conversation with Mr. Claybrook appears now to be one continual dispute. I do not know how it is, but, before I am in the least aware of it, he has drawn me into a controversy, during which I am compelled to say many rude things for the sake of truth. He contrives to draw forth my sentiments and opinions, without enlightening me as to his, which seems hardly fair dealing; but I begin to be very much interested in him-he is so odd and different from other men that I even look forward to our disputes with a degree of pleasure. I really need Edward and Cora to restore me to my senses, provoking as they are.

"Well," exclaims my brother-in-law, "this certainly is the most curious courtship I ever beheld! Here are Mr. Claybrook and Maggy, delighted with each other, yet quarrelling every time they meet, and really unhappy if a civil

word chances to pass between them.' "'All's well that ends well," observed Cora,

sagely, "and Maggy seems to have hit upon the very method most likely to captivate her incomprehensible West Indian."

There it is again; perhaps he really thinks I quarrel on purpose to please him! The troublesome man! I wish he was-here. Now, Mar-

April 3rd .-- We have not quarrelled this even-I do not know why it is, but I feel quite melancholy; and yet it is not a dark, overburdening melancholy-only a pleasant sadness. Mr. Claybrook has been repeating to me passages of his former life; tears stood in his eyes when he spoke of his beautiful wife, and his tone was sad

as he said. "The great fault in her character was want of truth; I loved her deeply, fondly, but I could not trust her simplicity-I could not depend upon her. There are few, besides yourself, Miss Earlton, to whom I should speak so freely; but you possess

Old as I am, I blushed deeply, and Mr. Claybrook fixed his eyes upon me with a penetrating expression that disconcerted me still more. I wish he would not stare so-it is quite a habit with him.

the jewel which my poor Blanche lacked-you

April 20th.-Mr. Claybrook has not been here for a long time. They told me that I had frightened him away with my quarrelsome temper, and I believed them; but I now hold in my hand a small packet that makes me tremble with a pleasant kind of fear. We were all commenting upon his prolonged absence, when the parcel was brought in; and on reading the superscription, they handed it to me. I have not opened it yet -I dare not; but Edward says that it is Mr. Claybrook's handwriting; and both he and Cora looked so knowing and mischievous that I was

glad to make my escape as soon as possible.

I have opened it. Out rolled a glittering ring, and I recognized the splendid diamond which had occasioned my first rude speech. I thought that there might be another Margaret Earlton, and laughed at the idea of appropriating it to myself; but I read the letter, and impossible as it seemed, became convinced that it was really me. runs the letter: "I have sent the ring-for it was that very

evening that I first became fascinated by the unswerving truth which has characterized your every word and action. I have watched you narrowly when you least supposed it; I have drawn you into argument, and tried both temper and principle; I have held the jewel in various garet Earlton, you are the most ridiculous old lights, but it remains pure and faultless. I have maid that ever arrived at the unromantic age of passed my time in solitude—have examined my Look in the glass, and tell me what you own heart, and became satisfied. I now ask you, You behold a face that does, to be sure, dear M, to accompany me on my pilgrimage through life, and await my answer from the lips of truth." What can I say? Cora has just read the letter, and to her I repeated the question.

"What can you say?" she replied, gravely,

"why, tell him, of course, that such a thing is altogether out of the question-that you cannot call to mind any conduct of yours which could lead him to entertain such erroneous ideas-that

that sort of thing, but you find yourself under the necessity of declining his obliging offer." But do I? They will certainly laugh at me if I write an assent, but what do I care? I am not

the first person who has done such a thing. Cora adds in a tone of concern, that "it is a pity to give up the ring." Not so much so as to give up----.

June 1st .- That ever I should live to write this! It is my wedding-day! I am attired in bridal robes, but I have snatched a few moments ; therefore let them laugh and be merry over this to complete my journal. It is the first day of record of an old maid's folly.

yet appeared. The trees wear that fresh, beautiful green that hangs in such delicate sprays from every bough—the birds are raising a complete concert in my ears, and the sky beams brightly with the hue of faith. The little Wilbanks are making more noise than ever, but even their voices are music to-day. Beautiful, blessed is it to live but for the loved one!-to be you shall always esteem him as a friend, and all always near him, ever at his side with a mission of love-to feel the beating heart-response to

summer, and far more lovely than summer ever

those solemn words, "until death do us part." Cora has claimed her gloves already, and I fulfilled my wager most honorably. I am laughing at my former idea of continuing this journalkeeping through life; I do not feel as much interested in it as formerly. But what shall I do with these stray leaves? I shrink from the idea of appearing in print, but it is a duty I owe the public; I would diffuse my happiness around;

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THE WISE CHOICE;: OR, MIND AND BEAUTY.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Peterson's Magazine (1849-1892); Jun 1851; VOL. XIX., No. 6.; American Periodicals

THE WISE CHOICE;

OR, MIND AND BEAUTY.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

The beautiful face of Harriet Selden was radiant with pleasure, and you would have known by the joyous glance she cast at her looking-glass, that she was not only perfectly satisfied with the beauty heaven had given her, but that some incident had that morning occurred, to afford her peculiar gratification.

In truth, Mr. Charles Fearing—the accomplished gentleman, who was perhaps as much admired by elderly, sensible ladies for the snug little fortune left him by his father, as he was adored by the young and romantic for his fine personal appearance and elegant manners—Charles Fearing, the keen observer, the highminded man of the world, had invited Miss Selden to go to the theatre.

Harriet enjoyed what she considered her brilliant triumph so much the more, as Mr. Fearing had moved in the same society with her but a short time, and notwithstanding all the attractions which had been displayed to his eyes by anxious mothers and tender-hearted maids, he had as yet shown no preference for anybody.

But he had invited Miss Selden to accompany him to the theatre-Miss Selden, chosen among the many beauties, who would envy her the dis-That gay young lady had achieved tinction! many decided triumphs, but none of which she was so proud, none which had given her greater Already she saw herself in some conspicuous box at the theatre, with countless eyes fixed admiringly upon her, and anxious opera-glasses leveled by rival beauties at her charms. how proud she would be, at the side of Mr. Charles-and how pleased would he be too, she thought, to find her beauty the centre of attraction-the bright particular star of the parquette and boxes!

Evening approached. Miss Selden was richly and tastefully attired; her complexion glowed with unusual brilliancy; her eyes beamed with the light of a joyous spirit; and her happy heart beat with wild sensations of pleasure, at the thought that she had never before appeared to herself so beautiful.

At seven o'clock a carriage stopped at the door, and Miss Selden, from the banisters above, heard a well known voice pronounce her name.

"Go down to the parlor, Maria," whispered

Harriet to her cousin—"tell Mr. Fearing I will be ready in a moment."

Maria was a girl about Harriet's own agethat is, not far from eighteen-but, although they had been accustomed to associate together as cousins from their infancy, no two cousins were ever more dissimilar in their tastes and inclinations. Maria was as indifferent to the vanities of the world, as Harriet was to the more serious duties of life. Moreover, Maria was not at all pretty-indeed, Harriet, much as she loved her cousin's generosity, and relied upon her judgment, thought her so plain that she was sometimes ashamed to be seen with her in society. Too good-hearted to suspect the existence of this foolish pride, Maria went frequently into company with her cousin, quite satisfied to see her the centre of attraction, and never dreaming that, as long as she envied her not the admiration she commanded, Harriet could once think her presence disagreeable. Maria, who happened that day to be on a visit to her cousin, had been assisting her to dress for the theatre; and now she hastened to the parlor, to carry her message to Mr. Fearing.

"You here!" said Charles, familiarly extending his hand. "I did not expect to see you. And I am taking your cousin away from you when you are on a visit——"

"Do not think of it," interrupted Maria, with a pleasant smile. "I am very glad to have her go, and have no doubt but I shall enjoy myself without her."

"I think of a better arrangement," rejoined Mr. Fearing. "Now you must not object to it, for I shall insist upon having my way. You shall go with us. It is rather late in the day for an invitation, you may say—but if I had known you were here, I should have invited you before. Come—not a word—you are dressed enough already—isn't she?" added Charles, addressing Harriet, who that moment entered the room. "I hope you are well this evening, Miss Selden—indeed you are looking finely. I was saying to your cousin that she will mortally offend me, if she does not go with us to-night—that is, if you have no objection."

"I am sure—I have none," murmured Harriet.

"Then you must certainly go," insisted Charles.

"I know I have heard you say you care little for ; from certain fashionable theatre-goers, of whose theatres, as they are generally conducted-but attention she was secretly proud, a glow of plealet me say to you that Macready plays Hamlet to-night-and it is probably the last time any of us will have an opportunity of seeing him in that character."

The temptation this held out was too great for Maria to resist. Immediately an ardent desire to see the great actor impersonate the sublime conception of Shakspeare, took possession of her She saw not the shadow of disappointment on Harriet's brow, nor once thought her cousin could be displeased; but quite carried away with the anticipation of a rich intellectual feast, she gratefully accepted Mr. Fearing's invitation.

However, if Maria did not see the frown on Harriet's brow, it did not escape Charles' obser-As much amused as perplexed, he regarded her closely, wondering why she should dislike to have her cousin accompany them; for, high-minded as he was, he had no conception of the vanity which could cause a girl to be ashamed of a companion plainer than herself. have read Harriet's thoughts, he would have found her saying to herself-

"All my pleasure is spoiled now! Why did Maria accept an invitation, which was extended to her only for civility's sake? He could not have supposed she would go when he proposed it. I wonder at her. She ought to have consideration enough to know, that it will be no triumph for me, if I do not go alone with him. People will look at us, and ask in whispers which of us Mr. Fearing is paying attention to. is too bad!"

And Harriet almost cried with vexation. scarcely spoke to her cousin on the way; and when they arrived at the theatre, and Charles, as if through inattention, placed Maria on the seat between them, all her beauty was overclouded with an expression of displeasure and disappointment.

The curtain had risen; but the great actor had not yet appeared; and Maria was not so much taken up with Horatio's sentiments touching the ghostly wonders which occurred-

"In the most high and palmy state of Rome, A little ere the mightiest Julius fell"-

that she could not see her cousin's vexation. She whispered a word to Charles, and they changed seats immediately-the latter vainly endeavoring to repress a smile, as he sat down by Harriet's

Already the eyes of several persons whom she knew were fixed upon Miss Selden; a number of glasses in various parts of the house were leveled at her face; and receiving smiles and salutations

sure chased away the shadow of disappointment. Mr. Fearing, too, bent over toward her, and smilingly addressed her: so that her heart began to warm with joy, when-alas! he turned to say a word to Maria, and Harriet's eve resting for a moment on her cousin's good-humored face, and plain, but neat and tasteful attire, her brow be-

came once more sadly overcast. But Harriet's feelings were variable as the vane which turns in every wind. Conscious of being an object of admiration and interest, the first smile she received from the opposite boxes restored her spirits, and as long as Mr. Fearing forebore conversing with Maria, she appeared radiant with pleasure.

The scene changed. Hamlet appeared, greeted with enthusiastic applause; and thence forward, until the termination of the first act. Charles and Maria were too much absorbed by the stage, to annoy Harriet with their private comments on the performance.

As soon as the curtain fell. Charles turned to the latter, and inquired how she was pleased.

"Very much," replied Harriet. "I didn't like the queen's dress-did you? Ah! there is Mr. Howard coming to us! Who is that with him? Miss Bradbury, I declare! I thought that affair was broken off."

And Harriet directed her lorgnette to the opposite side of the house, while Charles, with a queer smile playing about his fine lips, turned away.

"Well, how were you pleased, Miss Hobart?" he said, addressing Maria.

"Don't ask me yet," she replied, with a "The impression of what I thoughtful smile. have seen and heard is so strong upon me, that I am afraid you would laugh at my enthusiasm if I should freely express my feelings. frequently the case that when we see a tragedy represented, some trifling stage accident, or an instance of overacting-which we can tolerate well enough in comedy-throws a coloring of absurdity over the whole, which excites our sense of the ludicrous in the most serious part, But I have observed and thus spoils the whole. nothing of the sort, thus far, and, for the first time in my life. I have really enjoyed that awfully sublime scene between Hamlet and the Ghost. It is quite necessary that the part of the Ghost should be sustained with dignity and grandeur, or we laugh at his majesty in spite of ourselves. But excuse me-I am discoursing to you on a subject which you understand much better than I do-and Harriet has something to say to you, I think."

Charles turned to hear what Miss Selden had

to say; but almost immediately he addressed his conversation again to Maria.

"She only wished to call attention to the fact that Mrs. Martin is carrying on a firtation with one of her old beaux," said Charles, with a peculiar smile. "I really believe your cousin cares more for the people who have come to see the play, than for the play itself."

"That is generally the case with great theatregoers," replied Maria.

"True," said Charles. "I have observed," he added, after a pause, "that the same vanity takes some to the theatre and the opera which draws others to church. If it were not for the desire to see and be seen, which is so natural to us all, actors, opera singers, and preachers would receive a slimmer patronage than they enjoy."

To this sentiment Maria replied in her usual charitable, earnest way, charming her companion with the originality of her ideas, the purity of her mind and feelings, and the ease and naturalness of her manners. Their conversation was interrupted by the rising of the curtain; but it was resumed at the close of the second act; and Maria began to comment upon Macready's interpretation of Hamlet's character, with an unpretending simplicity which delighted Charles.

Thus the evening passed, until the tragedy was brought to a close. Mr. Fearing was surprised to find himself so much taken up with Maria; and several times he was obliged to make an effort to address words of civility to Harriet, in order that his neglect of her might not appear too marked. But Harriet's conversation pleased him not; and he finally gave his attention almost exclusively to Maria.

As for Harriet, she was sometimes quite happy, and sometimes very miserable. Why Mr. Fearing was so much attracted by her "homely cousin" she could not conceive; and it was a humiliation rather than a triumph, to be seen at the theatre, under such circumstances, with that much admired man. And when the play was over, and the hour of pleasure past, the remembrance of all the silent admiration she had received, could not counterbalance the humiliating reflection that she had been slighted in the presence of others, and that Maria—plain as she was—had been preferred to her.

More than half the night, Harriet wept with vexation—while Maria, unconscious of having been instrumental in embittering her feelings, slept soundly and sweetly by her side.

On the following day, Charles met a gay acquaintance, who was quite enthusiastic about the beauty of one of his companions of the preceding evening, and begged the favor of an introduction. "By the way," said Mr. Elwood, "you are not particularly interested there, I suppose."

"No," replied Mr. Fearing, with a smile. "I confess, though, I was at first violently attracted, and I actually made up my mind to marry her—if I could. But she is too gay for me."

"But, candidly, what do you think of her?"
"I think she is very beautiful," replied Charles, laughing. "I will introduce you, and you can iudgo for yourself."

Mr. Elwood judged for himself accordingly; and formed a more exalted opinion of Miss Selden, whose beauty dazzled him so that he could discover no fault in her character. From that time he paid her marked attention, and in the course of a few months offered her his hand. Harriet, angry and vexed as she had been at Mr. Fearing's total neglect since the memorable night at the theatre, now felt consoled; and flattering herself that he could not but feel a pang to see her become the wife of his friend—who she declared was the handsomer man of the two—she graciously accepted the offer.

Charles smiled good-humoredly when he heard of the engagement, and only said-

"Poor Elwood!"

Meanwhile Mr. Fearing, who remembered with peculiar satisfaction the impression Miss Hobart had made upon his mind, resolved to cultivate her acquaintance. The more he saw of her, the more he admired her amiable nature, her enruest feelings, the purity and individuality of her mind. In short—for why should this simple narrative be prolonged?—he conceived a deep and lasting affection for her, and married her about the time Mr. Elwood made Harriet his wife.

One day last winter, these two gentlemen met, and had some conversation about their experience of marriage.

"I don't know that it has made much difference with me," said Elwood. "I am as gay as ever. In short, the only thing I regret is, people know me as a married man—and so my flirtations are at an end."

"But are you not really happier than before?"
"Well—no, I can't say that I am. I have
matrimonial cares enough, but very little of what
is termed matrimonial bliss. For instance—I
thought, before marriage, that it would be delightful to have a quiet retreat from the turbulent gaieties of life—that is, a home with a
wife to make it happy. But my wife is never
contented to remain at home. She thinks as
much about making a sensation in society, and
having admirers as a maid of seventeen. But I
suppose this is always the case."

"Not always," rejoined Mr. Fearing, with a complacent smile. "For example, I now enjoy what you call a quiet retreat from the turbulent as much as ever; yet I am so happy with my wife { each other?" and child." A shadow crossed Elwood's brow.

"My wife thought she could not bear the care of our child," he said, ruefully, "and so we put

it out to nurse."

"How could you?" exclaimed Charles.

"Oh, it was not my notion."

a step to Mrs. Fearing-just to see her angry,

once in my life," laughed Charles. "Although ?

she has acquired a most perfect control of her temper, that would be too much for it, I am

afraid." · "By-the-bye," said Mr. Elwood, "our wives

Charles knew that Harriet could never forgive Maria for marrying him, nor him for marrying Maria; but he only said-

"Mrs. Elwood can answer that question better than I can; for I am sure Mrs. Fearing would be

very happy to see her-and I would be glad to see you both. You remember we visited you "Well, I'd like to have anybody propose such twice, without receiving even a call in return. Can't you come and dine with us to-morrow?"

Mr. Elwood promised; but he did not fulfil his engagement, for his wife raised insurmountable objections; and to this day there is no communication between the two friends.

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gaicties of life. I don't know but I enjoy society, are related—what is the reason they never visit

THE WITHERED ROSE. BY THE REV. JAMES STEVENS. Peterson's Magazine (1849-1892); Mar 1851; VOL. XIX., No. 3.; American Periodicals

THE WITHERED ROSE.

BY THE REV. JAMES STEVENS.

Amona all my young parishioners, there was no one that I loved more than Jessie Williams; it was not for her beauty, remarkable as it was: it was her pleasant and caressing ways, and her sensitive nature which made her irresistible. She was but a few months old when I christened her, and she had already lost her father; and this dear child was now all in all to her poor mother. I have often seen her when an infant lying on the lap of the widow, whose silent tears fell as she leant over her, trying to trace in her infantine features a resemblance to him who was gone. I felt deeply interested in the early sorrows of the young widow, and in the picty which sustained her under them.

As the child grew apace, her affectionate disposition, and the manner in which she attached herself to me, made me love her so dearly, that she became almost necessary to my happiness. She was about seven years old when I was slowly recovering from a severe fit of illness, and she would steal softly to my bedside every morning with the bunch of flowers which she had collected; and with the little basket of strawberries gathered by herself, and she would feed me with them from her own tiny fingers. such a warm and confiding nature, that she was the favorite among all her young companions; and it was even remarked of her that she never lost a friend except by death-her kindness was so unwavering, and her constancy so secure. No wonder that she was the comfort and the delight of her mother's days; the pride with which she looked at her was but natural, for she was indeed lovely; and years, as they sped on, stole nothing from the innocence and warmth of her heart.

One of her young friends, her especial friend, was to be married, and Jessie was to be bride's-maid, and the bride entreated to have her home to spend some time. Jessie longed to accept the invitation, and the young girls in the neighborhood promised to be company for her mother during her absence; and she, glad to see her darling gratified, gave a ready permission. The bridal party went to the city, and it so happened that the bridegroom's greatest friend, Captain Danvers, was there. The friends were delighted to meet, and the young officer was soon quite domesticated in his house. He was a great acquisition to the little party, for besides being remarkably prepossessing in manners and ap-

pearance, he was skilled in the accomplishments most prized in society; and, captivated immedeately by Jessic's beauty, he made himself as agreeable as possible. Ever by her side, he could look at or listen to nobody but her. He attended her to all the pleasantest walks in the neighborhood; he sung for her beautiful songs of his own composition with the most exquisite taste. Jessie was enchanted, and could have listened forever. Week after week sped on, intimacy and confidence increasing every day. All the verses which he wrote were repeated to her, and copies given; and never were verses more expressive of deep affection and touching tenderness.

Jessie's name was not mentioned in these effusions, but her heart told her for whom they were Once, indeed, the name did escape, and the betrayal produced the greatest confusion on his part as well as on hers; but in this very confusion there was so much meaning and sympathy that it was very delightful to her. Sometimes vague expressions of affection, and allusions to feelings and intentions seemed but the prelude to an open avowal of his attachment and his wishes; to Jessie's truthful and confiding disposition-his words, his looks, and his attentions were as sure a pledge of affection as any verbal declaration. As the time for her return home drew near, he became sad and abstracted, and tears rose to Jessie's eyes when the moment of leave-taking came; and then he spoke, as he often did, of their meeting very, very soon, for he had got her permission to visit her at home.

"You may be sure," he added, "that I shall not be long after you; and will you promise me, that when you see me wending my way up your avenue one of these days, you will not desire the servant to say not at home?"

A smile and a blush gave Jessic's answer, and he raised the fair hand, which he had fondly clusped, and kissed it passionately. Jessic travelled homeward, clated by love and trust. As she threw herself into her mother's arms, she felt that there was not in all the wide world one so happy as herself.

that the bridegroom's greatest friend, Captain
Danvers, was there. The friends were delighted to meet, and the young officer was soon quite domesticated in his house. He was a great road; and often has her heart jumped to her acquisition to the little party, for besides being lips as she fancied that she could discern in the remarkably prepossessing in manners and aphoreseman who approached, the air and figure of

him for whom she looked. The first glow of morning light and the last departing day discovered the poor girl watching for her absent lover.

Thus weeks and weeks passed over, and then doubts arose; he might have never loved, as she had thought; he might have forgotten. ah! that cannot be-did he not write those lines with his own hand and his own heart-and is he not good and true? And then she would read over and over again the passionate lines which he had penned-lines so fixed in her memory that she needed not to have read them, but that she loved to see the very words that he had written, as if they could ensure his constancy; and, re-assured, she would look to the clear blue skies, and think that the blessing of heaven would rest upon love pure and unalterable as theirs: but months went by, and still he did not come. At length she heard by mere chance that the regiment was ordered to a frontier post; he then would surely come to open his mind, at least to take leave of one who had appeared for a few happy months to have been all the world to him. He came not, however.

Poor Jessie strove to stifle her feelings, but she could not hide them from her mother, from whom she had no secret. They soon wrought a sad change in her, which even a casual observer could not but perceive. Her mother's looks constantly followed her, for her languid air and dejected countenance awakened most anxious fears; for my part, I could not see her without the most melancholy foreboding that we were not to have There seemed a sublimity in her shadowy form as she passed along the aisle of our little church, as if she were no longer of the earth; and the tones of her voice were so sweet and touching as she joined in the psalmody, that I thought them already fitted for mingling with a celestial choir; tears would trickle down the cheeks of her young companions as she sung. felt greatly troubled about her-physicians were consulted. Alas! they cannot prescribe for disappointed feelings? They could only recommend tonics; and, as they could not specify any particular ailment, they referred her case to general delicacy, and pronounced it somewhat precarious, and requiring great care. Every month that went was evidently loosening her hold of life, and she was gradually fading away. Some family arrangements just at the time, required my presence in town, where I was detained for a few weeks. When I returned I was shocked to see how much worse Jessie was than when I had left home. She was sadly wasted. Her poor mother still had hopes: for hope is the last thing with which we will part, "albeit, though that hope is vain;" and at times when I have called and talked with her,

I have been persuaded to hope, though there was nothing to justify it.

However, increasing weakness became too evident, and the dear child could no longer take her seat by the open window, to look out upon the green fields and woods; but was obliged to keep entirely to bed. One morning a message was brought that Mrs. Williams was auxious that I should go over as soon as possible, for that Miss Williams was much worse, and was wishing earnestly to see me. With a heavy heart I obeyed the summons. As I went on my way, fancy conjured up the scenes in which I had been accustomed to see Jessie take her part; I could picture her a merry little sprite, bounding on through the paths before me, filling her held-up frock with wild flowers, which she gathered at random on her way, and ever and anon turning to look back at me with a lightsome laugh, while the breeze

blew her hair about her sweet face.

As I drew near the porch before the door, the odor of the roses and woodbine with which it was covered brought many a recollection. How is it that the perfume of flowers, so evanescent in itself, is so powerful in re-calling feelings and awakening the memories of other days? How often the sweet girl welcomed me at that porch! What affectionate looks and glad tones used to await me there! I was soon by the bed where she lay, and by which her disconsolate mother was sitting. She looked at me with a sweet smile, but none of us could speak for a moment; she then said a word, but it was so low that I did not hear it. Her mother, to whom it was addressed, took a glass which held some flowers from the table where it stood, and brought it to With a weak and trembling hand she took a rose from among them, and handing it to me, said.

"It is not the first time."

"No, darling—no, darling—it is not indeed."

"How kind you are, my dear sir, how very, very kind. I perceive how sorry you are to see your little Jessie lying sick; but I sometimes think that I may recover. You are used, dear sir, to see sick people; do you think I may recover? I should like to walk along the green fields, and among the shady trees, as I used; and to hear the singing of the birds—do you think I shall ever?" I could not speak, but I pressed the dear wasted hand which I held.

"But I have things to say," resumed she, after a moment's silence: "what I have upon my mind, before you pray beside me—what I feel most of all—is my own dear mother—I should like to stay by her side—but you will say all to comfort her, and you will often sit by her and talk of me. I have very often heard you say, my dear sir, that you thought we should know our friends in

that they have done me wrong—that may think that through their means I have been disappointed in any way—to tell them I had no anger toward them; and if such a word as forgiveness should come to be mentioned, say that I forgave, and if them not to let a thought of me disturb their peace."

A tear trembled on her eye-lash as she spoke,

so—think of that, dear mother. And another thought she could sleep. I thought she had fallen thing that I would ask you to do—and that is all—I would ask you, my dear sir, if ever chance I found, on sending early the next morning to should throw in your way any that may think inquire fer her, that it had been her long last

heaven; think of that, dear mother-don't cry

but she soon looked in our faces with a smiling

There was a holy calm about her, as she joined

countenance.

rested her head on the pillow beside her, she

laid waste," the poor mother bears her affliction

patiently, and takes comfort in thinking of so

good a child. Nearly two years after Jessie's

in our devotions, which was soothing to her death, I saw in the newspaper, a notice of Captain mother's feelings, as well as to mine. Toward Danvers' marriage to a rich heiress. I need not evening she appeared very languid, and complained of fatigue, but said that if her mother beside me, and looked at the poor withered rose.

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